

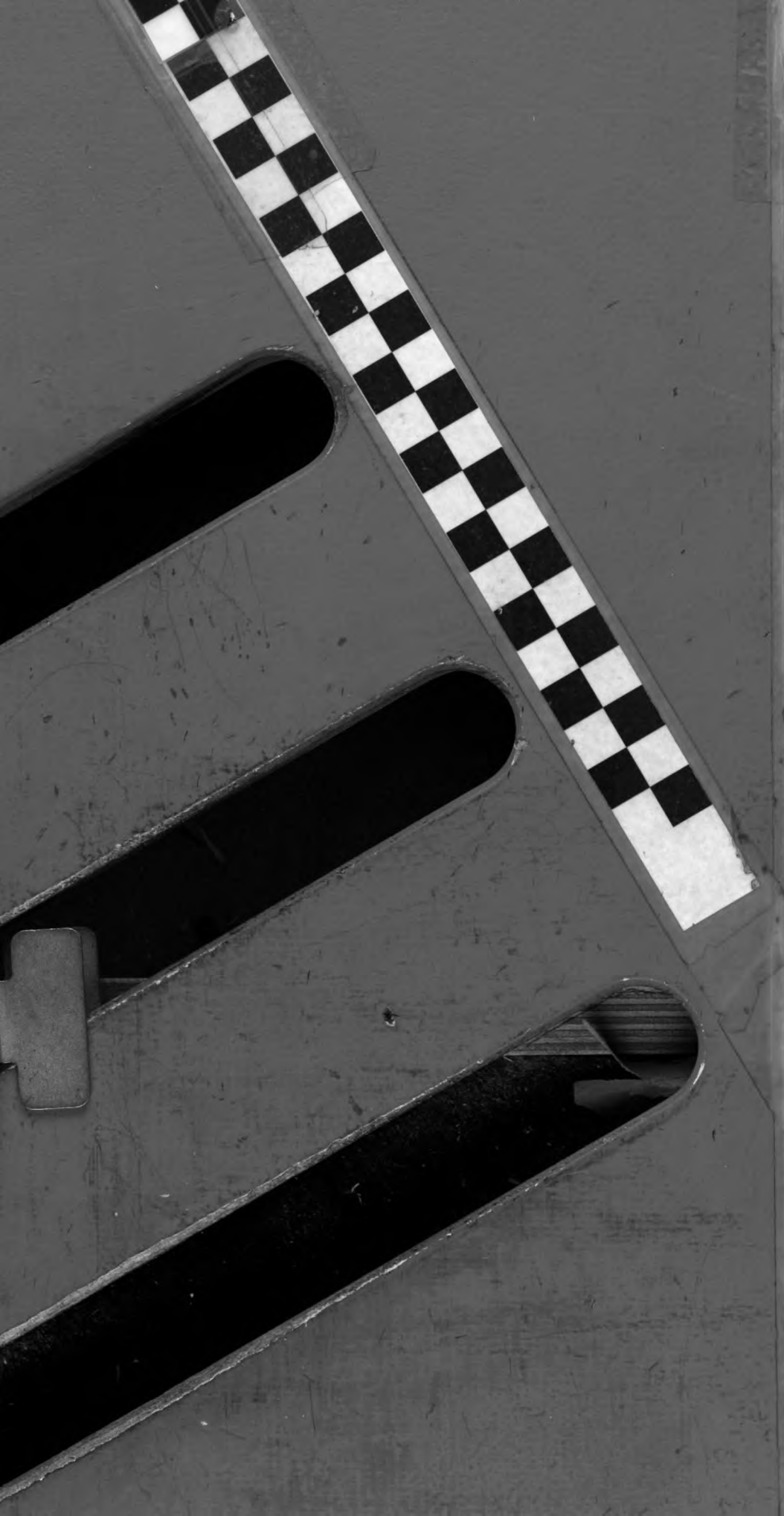
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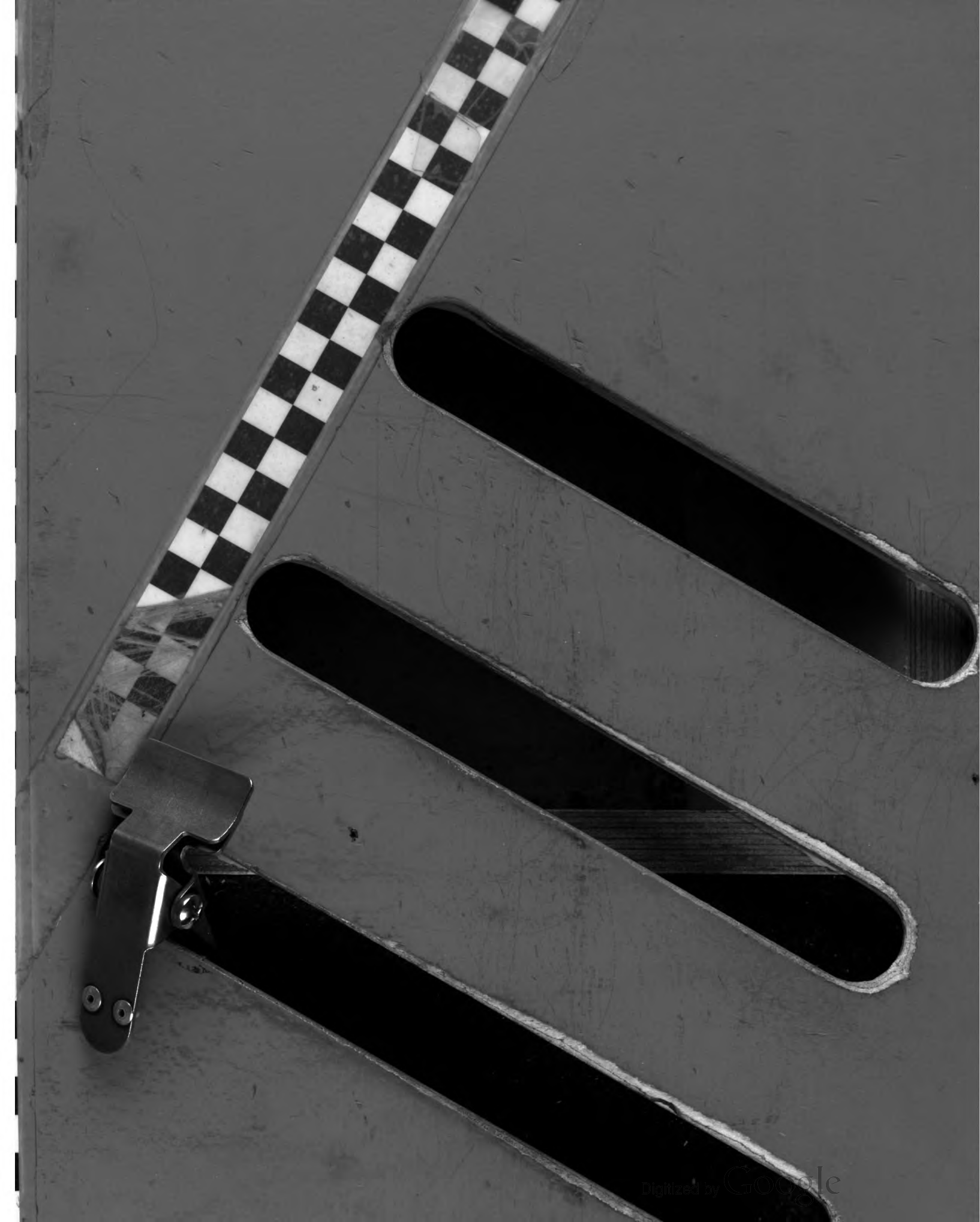
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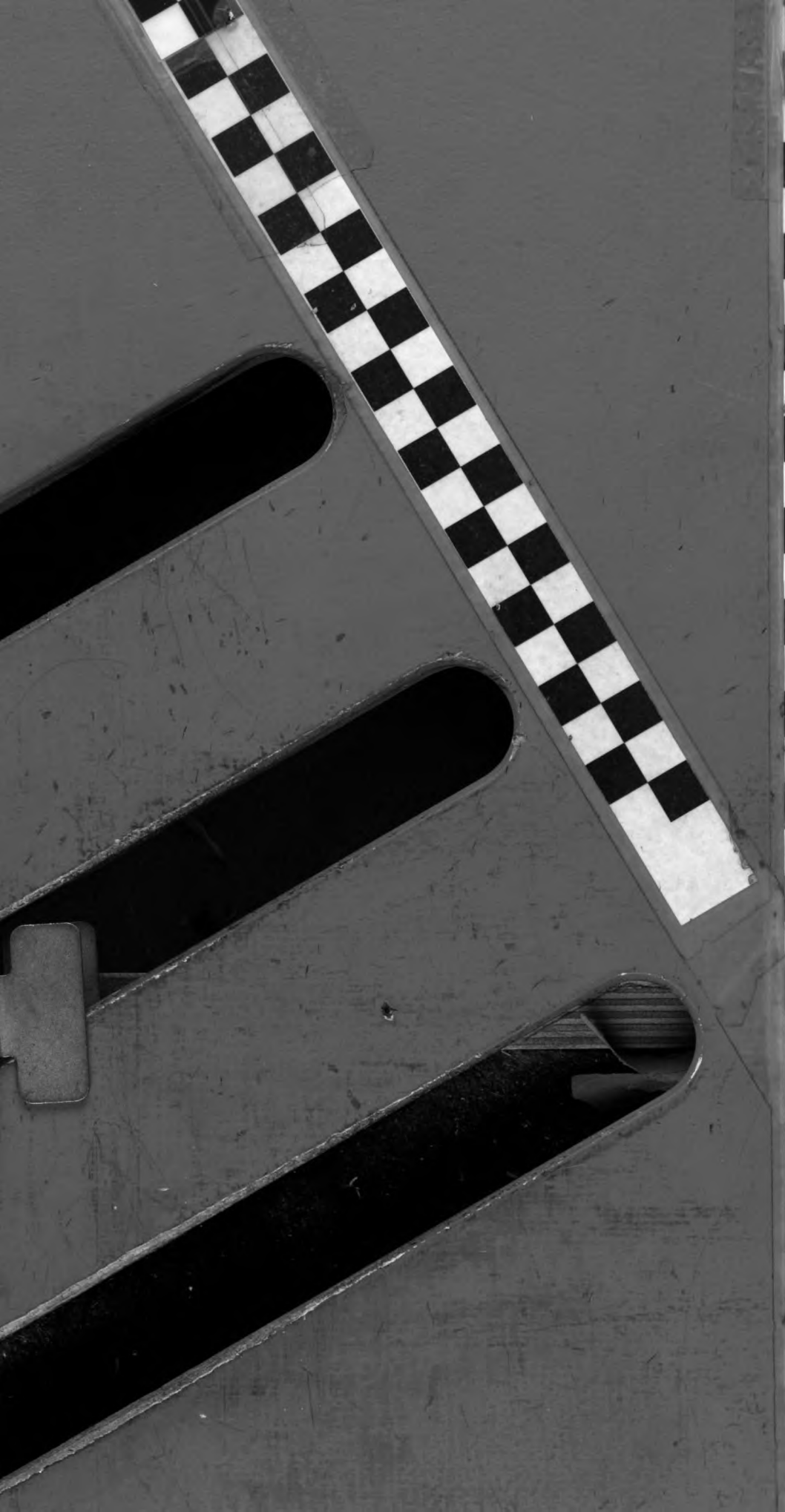








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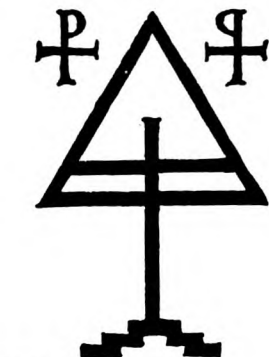








# THE FIELD AFAR



A GROUP OF 1917 HOPEFULS.  
*Some of Fr. Cothonay's treasures in Tong-King, Indo-China.*

**VOL. XI. No. 1    ✚   JANUARY, 1917    ✚   PRICE 10 CENTS**



AFTER A STORM AT MARYKNOLL.  
(St. Teresa's in the distance.)

**T**HE Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America is located on a slightly hill overlooking the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City. The place is called, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, *Maryknoll*.

The Seminary is under the direction of secular priests who have been organized as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Their object is to train priests for missions to the heathen and to help arouse the Catholics of our country to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this particular need. The Seminary has at present a faculty of eight priests, twenty students of Philosophy and Theology, and ten auxiliary brothers.

The movement was set on foot by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and the then Apostolic Delegate, now Cardinal Falconio. It was approved by the Council of Archbishops at Washington, April 27, 1911, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, of the same year.

On July 15, 1915, the young Society received from Rome the Decree of Praise and was placed directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It is incorporated in New York State and is under the spiritual jurisdiction of His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who is Honorary President of the Corporation. The corporate name of the Society is—Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

In September, 1916, it opened at Clark's Green, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton, a preparatory house of studies with the corporate title of the Vénard Apostolic School. Here thirty youths are following high school and college courses under the direction of four professors, three of whom are priests.

**From the Archbishops of the United States, Assembled in Council, April, 1912.**

The time is undoubtedly ripe for the movement and the opportunity should be seized without delay. Political changes in heathen countries, especially in the Far East, interference with the sources of supply in France, the emergence of our own country from a missionary status, and the admitted prosperity of the American Church as a whole,—these are all strong reasons, compelling not only our attention but our practical interest.

Nor will the Church at home suffer in consequence of this movement. We need more priests here, but 'the arm of God is not shortened' and we are confident that the sacrifice of self-exiled American youth will arouse extra vocations for our own country.....

We urge, then, and with insistence, that a generous co-operation be given to the priests who are zealously striving to set on foot what is bound to be, with God's grace, a most important spiritual enterprise, one that cannot fail to bring upon the Church in this country many needed graces from Him Who came to save all.

**THE FIELD AFAR is the organ of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society and is published from the Seminary.**

**THE POST-OFFICE ADDRESS IS OSSINING, NEW YORK.**

# THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBVS DEVVM OMNIA  
COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Volume Eleven  
Number Three

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Twelve Issues Yearly

## THE FIELD AFAR

Founded in 1907. Published on the  
fifteenth day of each month by the  
Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

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faithful converts.

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THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of  
the Catholic Foreign Mission Society.  
Checks and other payments may be  
forwarded to the Very Rev. James A.  
Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent  
upon application.

MARCH. The month recalls  
two of our patrons, St. Jos-  
eph and St. Patrick. The progress  
of their burses has until now been  
a little slow.

WHEN THE FIELD AFAR first  
offered itself to a long-neg-  
lected Catholic public it charged  
fifty cents a year for six appear-  
ances.

Later, for the same price, it  
made its bow every month. Now  
it insists on one dollar for pre-  
senting itself twelve times in the  
year, *but*—with your help it hopes  
one of these days to call on you  
oftener and charge you no more  
than you are now cheerfully paying.

WE have been asked several  
times, especially by friends  
among the clergy, if the priest-  
members of our Society take any  
special vows besides those made  
by secular priests everywhere.

No, we do not. We follow in  
this respect the practice of the  
Paris Foreign Mission Seminary,  
one of whose priests once said to  
the writer:

*The strength of our Society comes  
from the fidelity of its individual mem-  
bers. Though free to leave, they re-  
main, thus giving proof of their self-  
control and also of their confidence in  
the Society.*

THERE is something fine about  
the spirit of patriotism, as  
about any form of loyalty.

Recently we noted in the daily  
press a rather sensational tribute  
to a mother who had offered her  
sons to the service of our country.  
Her action was properly ap-

### CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Editorials - - - - -	33-34
Mary Louise Wholean - - - - -	34
Pittsburgh Diocese, Benefactor - - - - -	35
The Tenth Burse - - - - -	35
Cardinal Falconio's Letter - - - - -	35
The Note Page - - - - -	36
From the Field - - - - -	37
An Episcopal Tour in China - - - - -	38-39
Truth About Cancelled Stamps - - - - -	40
The Little Harvester - - - - -	41-42
The Farm in Winter - - - - -	42
The Vénard's First Report - - - - -	43-44
Jack and Jill - - - - -	46
Maria Mission Circles - - - - -	48

plauded, although, in view of mul-  
tiplied similar cases in Europe, it  
did not call for extended com-  
ment. But we wonder if this  
good mother had offered her sons  
to Christ, to battle against Satan  
beyond the frontiers, would her  
name have appeared in the public  
prints? Or, if it had, would she  
not have been dubbed a fool?

Fortunately for such "fools,"  
they have as their Keeper, Christ,  
the Son of the living God.

"THAT paper of yours is a  
clever beggar," said a Phila-  
delphia priest to one of our scribes  
recently. And he added: "I very  
nearly 'gave up' myself, after read-  
ing the last number—but I lost  
my impulse when I looked at my  
check book."

Well, if THE FIELD AFAR *were*  
a beggar it would be in the good  
company of nearly every priest  
and Catholic institution in this  
country—but did you ever notice  
that we do not beg? Of course  
we are not ashamed to do so, but  
with so many others "working  
the same side of the street" we  
prefer not to interfere with our  
neighbors' chances.

like the beginning of religious persecution.

We learn, however, on excellent authority, that a school in the diocese of Nagasaki has been the subject of more than a simple annoyance. This school is attended by children who are the direct descendants of the ancient Christians. The children on a recent occasion refused to bow their heads before the Shintoist temple,—an act that is looked upon as one of religious worship. This refusal aroused anger in certain quarters, and petty persecution followed.

If the Japanese government is responsible for such treatment of conscientious Catholics it is not to be trusted by any nations that are actuated by Christian principles. It is good to learn, however, that this attack on liberty of conscience is due, perhaps, rather to a political party than to the government itself. Let us hope that such is really the case.

+ +

FROM Fr. Manna, author of *The Workers Are Few* and editor of *Le Missione Cattolice* (a weekly paper published in Milan), we have received a letter that especially pleases us. After saying some "nice things"—how fond we poor mortals are of such!—about this American Foreign Mission Seminary, Fr. Manna writes that it is he who has started the new work in Italy, the *Missionary Union of the Clergy*. This work was inaugurated with a special letter of encouragement from the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, written at the request of the Holy Father himself.

We quote from Fr. Manna's letter:

This work responds to a vital need. If we can interest the clergy of Italy in our work, the problem of spreading the Faith so far as Italian mission enterprise is concerned will be solved. The work as outlined will be independent of any particular missionary society. Get some prayers for its success!

We venture the opinion that if this Missionary Union of the Italian Clergy succeeds the results

will not be confined to the foreign missions. They will be seen in Italy itself and in the work for Italian emigrants in this country and elsewhere.

+ +

TO us the most promising sign of Ireland's future is the rising—or should we not better say the resurrecting?—of her missionary spirit.

No country has done better for its exiles than Catholic Ireland has done for hers, but her record for the evangelization of heathen peoples is hardly commendable, although to a large extent excusable.

In recent years, however, there has been in Ireland a decided awakening to the mission needs of the Church, and the response promises to be generous. The latest development—and a very important one—is the projected *Maynooth Mission to China*, and it gives us special pleasure to reproduce for our readers the following account, submitted to us by the Rev. J. J. Conway of Maynooth College:

#### THE IRISH (MAYNOOTH) MISSION TO CHINA.

Some months ago it was our privilege in Ireland to witness an event in which all Catholics, and especially all Irish Catholics, may well take pride,—the establishing of the Maynooth Mission to China. In this project one recognizes the straining of noble Irish hearts towards the realization of that Kingdom which is not of this world and of which Irishmen have ever been the greatest defenders.

We here in Ireland who watched the birth of the movement were at first struck with the audacity of that clear bugle call, ringing throughout the land for Catholic Ireland to rise as a Catholic nation and save China. Soon afterwards the reasonableness of it shone in upon us. Day by day it became clearer that there was something deeper than mere men's thoughts, that verily the hand of God was there; and to-day, we have the deepest confidence that the pioneer priests, who leaped at the first challenge to the work, will carry the whole scheme through.

The conversion of the world, the ingathering of all peoples, has been the

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(Fr. Judge, S.J.)

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Ossining New York

vision of prophet, the song of psalmist, the consuming desire of Christ, the labor of apostles, the ideal of the Church's greatest saints. In our own day, when the vastness of China and of its accessibility was made known to us, many an eye with the clear far-visioned view of Christ has cast sorrowful looks on that un-reaped harvest and prayed for reapers.

Realize, if you can, that if the whole human race were to pass by, every fourth person would be Chinese. Do we value these souls as Jesus valued them? Is it not true as a boatman on the Yantze river has said: "It seems to me that if a man has something which he thinks is the best and the most important thing in the world—as a Christian surely does—then he is not much of a man unless he tries to share that something with everybody else."

The missionary idea has taken hold of Ireland again. Like a breeze from some heavenly hills, whose beginning can scarcely be detected, a new spirit has stolen over the lovers of the *Great Missionary*. It has fanned into life the majestic conception of a great national outpouring of Irish missionaries to China. Instead of its being a vague ideal, the fad of a few, the work has gone deep down to the very vitals of the people. The vivid realization of the work has burned smallness and sordidness away.

The conversion of China will require a vast army of missionaries until such time as the Chinese Church will be self-supporting. To prepare and maintain that force will demand sacrifice,—the giving up of sons and daughters, the giving out of money. In Ireland, as I write, the pioneer priests are going throughout the country to raise funds to prepare the missionaries. The response which is being made to their appeal is marvelous. But Ireland to-day cannot be expected to give that amount of money which would make the mission worthy of Irishmen. Hence she sends a call for

T H E F I E L D A F A R

help across the seas to all her sons, to all her daughters.

She would say to them: "I have what money cannot give,—sons and daughters with far-visioned eyes, with world-wide sympathy, with brave hearts, with burning love,—all eager to fling themselves as missionaries into China. I want means to prepare and to support them. I ask you, my richer children, to provide the means. My call is the call of Christ Himself. You will obey it."

It is the very soul of Ireland, with its great faith and its great discipline in suffering and in sacrifice, which is incarnate in this mission to China. In 1840 the Protestant Mission Society resolved to send a mission to China as soon as men and means should be available. Within 3 months a friend, who wished to be known only as "less than the least," gave £6,000 as the beginning of a China fund. Later, the missionaries came. In Catholic Ireland the missionaries have come first. Surely they will not have long to wait for the gifts from friends like unto that self-styled "less than the least."

*Subscriptions and inquiries should be addressed to Rev. J. Blowick, Maynooth College, Ireland.*

From several sources we have learned that the *Maynooth Mission* is giving signs of a successful career. It has won to the cause a group of active young Irish priests; it has gathered already a considerable sum of money (some \$30,000 we are told); and it has aroused much enthusiasm.

It is good to know that the new movement will work in harmony with *St. Joseph's Young Priests' Society of Dublin*, and will, in fact, present an attractive outlet for the students prepared by that Society, which has already been instrumental in sending several Irish boys to the "real" foreign missions.

We understand that the Bishops of Ireland have given cordial approval to the *Maynooth Mission*, and have recently united in requesting from Rome the power to organize it.

+ +

If you are already a subscriber and feel that these pages are helping you to realize more fully the mission of the Church and the sacrifices of present-day apostles, extend this influence to others—at least to one.



SAINT BONIFACE.  
(An inspiration to many a missionary.)

### The Priestly Word.

FROM priest-friends we quote these lines of brotherly encouragement:

I enjoy reading *THE FIELD AFAR* very much, and when I get through with my copy I put it in my church rack for others to enjoy. (Manchester, N. H.)

Your gloom-chaser I consider the best Catholic paper of the day. (Trenton, N. J.)

Thank you, Father. We hope some day to send it to you twice a month.

Your little "Fieldy" seems to be so accustomed to being devoured immediately on its arrival that it grew impatient at the delay. It enticed a little mouse to take a bite; and the little beast "bit"—and chewed off a corner, and that "from cover to cover!" (Komatke, Ariz.)

The Precious Blood is the Divine Gulf Stream, the warmth of which must reach all hearts and warm them with the breath of heaven. We priests especially, who have the privilege of the Chalice, ought to help swell this tide of mercy encircling the globe, and

to hasten its advent to pagan shores, by an occasional offering towards the Precious Blood Burse. (Indiana.)

Your "Life of Blessed Theophane Vénard" must have been inspired by God. It is one of the most interesting and compelling books I have read in years. No one can possibly find it dull. All will wish to pass it on to their neighbors, as I shall do to at least fifty of mine. (Illinois.)

The few stamps enclosed will buy a piece of board for a bird to roost upon.

I like to see birds roost near a house. I understand that you keep them down your way, having near you a great many jail birds that are tenderly cared for and fed and housed. Some of them, I am told, have never raised a wing, but would gladly raise Cain or checks or subscriptions.

P. S.—It will be useless to raise my check. (Odessa, Wash.)

I wish to enter, in at least a small way, into the apostolic work which you are carrying on. I am sending you the Mass intentions which my people, poor though they be, give me from time to time for your work. I am also enclosing a like amount as my own offering towards securing for myself the privileges and blessings of a Perpetual Membership. Having worked forty-one years to organize Catholic interests here, I feel that, at seventy, I should help some to advance the work of missions to all nations. (Ohio.)

WHEN the story of Maryknoll's beginnings shall be told, some priests of the Boston diocese will get their share of merited praise. It is not too much to say that this young work was kept alive during the first trying year at Hawthorne by the thoughtful generosity of these priests. It has not surprised us, therefore, to learn that we have been remembered in the wills of two of them,—Rev. James Keegan, of Woburn, Mass., who left us \$250; and Rev. Patrick H. Billings, of Abington, Mass., who made the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America his residuary legatee.

May the souls of these priestly benefactors rest the more speedily with God because of their consideration for the needs of this, His work!

H A S N O P A I D A G E N T S .



### In Passing.

A NON-CATHOLIC subscriber writes to one of the Maryknoll students:

"I hope your work will continue to be an inspiration. I never could understand how any one could help being interested in the mission cause. *We find in the Protestant churches that the strongest societies are those whose mission zeal is keenest.*"

Fr. Glavin, editor of *The Evangelist* and Director of Foreign Mission work in the diocese of Albany, keeps Maryknoll often in mind and graciously encourages his readers to be also our readers. This spirit speaks for itself and bespeaks our gratitude.

Have you read the story of *Bernadette of Lourdes*? This account of a very attractive life is affirmed to be the most authentic of all which have appeared and we are pleased to say that it has been brought out by "one of ours," whose name the angels know.

Brother Dutton, the lepers' friend at Molokai, sent to Maryknoll a Christmas card that reached here Easter Sunday,—a little late, but welcome just the same.

Brother Dutton, who has seen in *THE FIELD AFAR* an allusion to some extraordinary individual who could cut his own hair, remarks that he himself has been doing this for years. We believe you, Brother, now that we recall your photograph.

Some of our readers have noted the special interest of Maryknoll in the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception at Outremont, Montreal. These nuns sent out to Canton, China, a few years ago their first representatives. News came recently of the death of Mother St. Augustine, one of those pioneers. On the fifteenth of April four more left for the Pacific Coast and the Orient. Among those who remain in Mon-

treale is a Chinese nun, who is engaged daily in teaching children of her own race in that city.

Have you heard that Fr. McQuaide, a well known pastor in San Francisco, received some weeks ago, at the hands of the Mayor of his city, a Silver Jubilee gift of \$8,514? It was the contribution of many friends and Fr. McQuaide was grateful, but he did not wish to keep the money. He has therefore announced his intention of using it for foreign missions,—a work the value of which Fr. McQuaide, as a traveler in the Orient, has for many years realized.

Here is an act of charity worth recording as fine evidence of the kind of Catholics who patronize Maryknoll. A certain family was anticipating the marriage of a daughter. The question of a "big" wedding was discussed, and the bride-elect decided that the "big" portion (\$5,000) should go into a Maryknoll Burse and that the wedding should be a small one. Small then it will be, but God is never outdone in generosity and on that marriage it is safe to predict unusual blessings, for the realization of which we here and now ask a prayer from our readers.

The passing announcement of a *Chi Rho Ring* seems to have caught the attention of many. From the sale of this ring, as it has been prepared for us by the jeweller, we are not making money directly. We do not wish to do so. The ring seems to us a little expensive but it is well-executed and the design is simple, strong, and attractive. We handle it because some of our friends expressed the desire to wear a ring with the Maryknoll emblem, and because such a piece of jewelry excites curiosity, provokes questions, and wins friends for the Cause. Even a ring may be in God's designs an instrument for the spread of His kingdom.

### The Pin! The Pin!

The Maryknoll pin,—that little golden Chi Rho (key-roë)—is beginning to dazzle the country.

One will be yours for the asking. So don't be afraid to ask,—when ever you send a dollar, whether it be for a subscription, new or renewed, or for a mite-box offering, or for a land-gift.

*Remember!* You are welcome to one of our pins and we shall be glad to send it. This offer will continue throughout 1917.

*In these days a nation can no more let another nation live in degradation than can a man let his neighbor around the corner so live. We must cleanse the degradation before the heathen comes to our shores. Then he will come and be grateful.* (William Howard Taft.)

No book mentioned in our columns has had so wide a sale as the little volume entitled *Short Catechism of Church History*, by Monsignor Oechtering of Fort Wayne, Ind. Maryknoll, with other mission organizations, benefits by the sale of this book.

The author writes in a recent letter:

We sold last year nearly ten thousand copies in the United States alone. The sale is continually increasing. Though my royalty is only three cents a copy (the sale price being twenty cents) I received about three hundred dollars this year. This does not include the sales in Canada, Scotland, or British India.

Every cent goes to the missions. I receive scores of letters from missionary bishops, priests, and sisters, and their appeals are heart-rending. Hence I strain every nerve to raise funds to send some help. Most of this money comes from my own parish of four hundred families. God grant that the missionary spirit, which is growing, may reach all.

### A Word to the Wise.

If you would be certain that your bequest will reach us at all, or if you wish to have it operative immediately after your death, you will do well to consider the annuity idea.

O U R P R E S E N T C I R C U L A T I O N



### Field-Afaritis.

It is invaluable in my home, and I hope to be a lifelong subscriber.

We enjoy THE FIELD AFAR and could hardly keep house without it. (Westfield, Mass.)

The enclosed is to renew my subscription. Never mind a receipt, just take your hand from the last page of my copy of THE FIELD AFAR. (Clinton, Mass.)

Please let me tell you how much I enjoy THE FIELD AFAR. It opens up such a perfectly new world to one living in Protestant and very New England surroundings!

I should feel badly if I couldn't have that cheerful paper to read every month. We take several Catholic papers but I never have time to read through any of them except THE FIELD AFAR, and I always *take* the time to do that.

In view of the High Cost of Living we have been economizing on several luxuries of late, including THE FIELD AFAR. We find, however, that this must be called a necessity rather than a luxury, so please reinstate my name on your mailing list.

THE FIELD AFAR has just arrived, and I have interrupted my reading of it to send you these two dollars. I can hardly wait each month until it arrives, and when it does it is devoured "from cover to cover" and then the outside covers are "eaten up" to finish. (Orange, N. J.)

I would say the most enthusiastic things about THE FIELD AFAR, but I'm afraid you might rush me into print! It would be safe to bet a lumber-yard to a tooth-pick that you have thousands of the too-full-for-utterance kind of subscribers, aiders, and abettors. There would be no risk, either, in betting your bottom dollar that the eyes of these thousands are upon you, and their prayers for you!

Having heard many times of the wonderful work carried on by your Society, mainly through the aid of your little messenger, THE FIELD AFAR, I decided that I would try to promote its interests. I am sending you two subscriptions now and I expect to secure several others later. The Maryknoll pin which I received from you has certainly excited intense interest among my fellow-students and it is for this reason that I hope to gather more subscriptions in the near future. (A Seminarian, Pa.)

## The Field

OVERSEAS mails brought recently, through stress of wind and wave and submarines, messages as follows:

**AFRICA**—Letters, Bishop Biermans, Uganda; Fr. Bouma, Alwor.

**BURMA**—Letters, Fr. Allard, Rangoon.

**CHINA**—Letters, Fr. Buch, Ning-po; Fr. Xuyen, Penang; Fr. Ouang, Chekiang; Srs. of Charity, Wenchow; Sr. Xavier, Chusan. Letter and promise of three Masses, Fr. Durand, Poshing; letter and promise of Mass, Fr. Arcoud, Chefoo. Letters and stamps, Bishop Faveau, Chekiang; Fr. Robert, Hongkong.

**HAWAII**—Letter, Brother Robert, Honolulu.

**INDIA**—Letters, Archbishop Morel, Pondicherry; Fr. Pereira, Mangalore; Fr. Hennessy, Hashnabad; Fr. Merkes, Madras; Fr. Monteiro, Loutulim. Letter and promise of Mass, Fr. M. Joseph, Tanjore; Fr. Payapilly, Alwaye.

**JAPAN**—Letters, Fr. Roussel, Tokyo; Fr. Spenner, Tokyo; Fr. Sauret, Kurume. Letters and stamps, Bishop Berlioz, Sendai; Bishop Combaz, Nagasaki.

**KOREA**—Letters and stamps, Bishop Demange, Taikou; Bishop Mutel, Seoul. Letter and stamps, Fr. Ferland, Fusan.

**OCEANIA**—Letter, Fr. Vidal, Fiji Islands.

**PHILIPPINE ISLANDS**—Letters, Bishop Foley, Jaro; Fr. Faniel, Las Pinas.

**DUTCH WEST INDIES**—Letter and photo, Bishop Vuylsteke, Curaçao.

Less than fifty cents a week covering a period of two years will make you one of our Perpetual Associates.

### A FILIPINO MEMORY.

There is little ceremony about the Mandatum at Vigan,—it's all reality. The Cathedral has a dozen pilgrim outfits for the occasion,—gown, headgear, and staff. On Holy Thursday twelve real beggars are clad in this outfit and brought into the church for the ceremony of washing the feet. Wash their feet previously? No, the bishop must do that. It would not be the real thing otherwise.

Such is the custom, but I must confess the first time I complied with it the kiss cost me some effort. Indeed, an act of humility on the part of the bishop is apparently intended, for when I wished these old men to be photographed last Holy Week they insisted on taking a bath first. (Bishop Hurth.)

### CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

It seems as if the best results in missionary work are sometimes obtained under the most unfavorable conditions. We have before us a letter from a Lazarist Father, which tells of conversions increasing in number from day to day, of whole villages burning their idols and seeking instruction in the Christian faith, and of universal good-will and esteem shown to the Church. And then follows this description of the missionary's dwelling and chapel:



THE PRIVILEGED BEGGARS OF VIGAN.

I S M O R E T H A N 3 0 , 0 0 0 .

I have one room at my disposal, a little, low room, damp and unhealthful, possessing neither floor nor ceiling and opening on a street that is as dirty as it is noisy. This is my office, dining-room, bed-room, and store-house for everything from Mass wine to kerosene.

The chapel is an old Chinese house from which the partitions have been torn down. The light comes in only through the door and some pieces of glass placed in the roof. Often the rain pours through and in big storms the place becomes a swamp. But the saddest thing is that this "chapel" serves as a thoroughfare for both men and beasts and that I am therefore unable to reserve the Blessed Sacrament. What a privation for a missionary!

"Good for the catechists!" That is what you will feel like saying when you read this letter from Fr. Arcaud and realize the marvelous results accomplished by these native workers:

In 1900 there were 1,720 Christians in the district of Wenchow; now the number is 14,500. This wonderful progress is due to the catechists—and to the catechists only, for there has been no increase in the ranks of our missionaries.

The catechists are educated men, zealous and well disciplined. The immense field of labor is divided among them, and after their annual retreat they set out bravely to the rescue of souls. Gradually they win the confidence of their fellow-countrymen and out of the mass of pagans bring hundreds to ask about the Christian doctrine. They then prepare them to receive the Sacraments and are their guides in the many dangers that surround them.

The majority of our catechists are converts to the Faith. Five were Taoist priests, one a fervent Buddhist monk, and eight preachers of the various sects. The others were taken because they expressed a great wish to help in the work of saving souls.

That these apostolic laborers succeed in their undertaking is especially manifest this year, for 2,000 catechumens are now under instruction. Our great aim at present is to be able to keep our little army until more missionaries can be sent to Wenchow.

The heathens have no apple pie,  
Nor ever hope to have one.  
For rice they sigh, for rice they cry,  
And eat it with an onion.—A. NON.

### Thomas Ping Ko Tang.



THOMAS PING KO TANG.  
(A student at Dubuque College.)

HE is a student at Dubuque College, this *Thomas Ping Ko Tang*, and he reached there through an interesting chain of circumstances.

More than a year ago THE FIELD AFAR suggested to Catholic Colleges in the United States that each should educate one of our

Chinese co-religionists, free of any charge for tuition and board. The idea—and it was that of an educated Chinaman—was to strengthen the influence of the Catholic Chinese lay-body in the new Republic of the Orient.

For a week following this announcement we were busy with the mail but we saw no evidence that the suggestion had been heeded, although marked copies had gone to every Catholic College in the country.

Just as we were smiling over the failure of our second attack, a letter came from no less a personage than Archbishop Keane of Dubuque, generously offering board and tuition to two Chinese laymen and even expressing a willingness to help one over the seas if necessary. This letter made us feel as if a new era were beginning, and we wrote at once to two very enterprising priests in Tientsin, China, who publish that famous Chinese Catholic daily paper, — (Well, never mind the name. You would forget it any way, as we have done).

The celebrated daily then advertised for prospective students, properly ambitious, and the notice was answered by two youths studying at the Christian Brothers' School in Hong-kong.

After several exchanges of letters these two young men were accepted. At the last moment one dropped out, because of foot trouble or for some other reason not yet explained; but the other, *Thomas Ping Ko Tang*, willingly paid his passage across the Pacific and his railroad fare to Dubuque, arriving at the College last fall as unruffled as if he were sipping tea in a Pekinese garden.

Thomas is now "Tom," and one of the most popular students at Dubuque College. This says much, because Dubuque College, although not yet as large as its older brother in St. Paul, has some five hundred students, all well set-up according to the latest military standards.



THOMAS TANG'S BROTHER.  
(A Jesuit Scholastic in the Isle of Jersey.)

T H E R E A D E R S O F T H I S P A P E R

*Tom* comes from the province of Kwangtung, from somewhere near Canton. He is twenty-two years old. His people—father, mother, sister, and two brothers—are members of an old Catholic family, that for several generations has lived in a village entirely Catholic. *Tom's* father is a merchant. He has a grand-uncle a priest, still living. Of his two brothers, one is a Jesuit scholastic in the Island of Jersey, and the other is following an Arts course at the Hong-kong University.

"Some *Tom*," you say. Well yes! He went to St. Joseph's School in Macao, and St. Joseph's in Hong-

kong, and has fine recommendations from the Christian Brothers.

He is now in the Freshman Class at Dubuque, and likes his surroundings very much, although he misses his rice.

This coming summer *Tom* is expected to visit the Vénard and Maryknoll, in company with a large hearted Western priest, and all at both places will be glad to see *tous les deux*—which means, *all of the two of them*.

And now that we have said so much about *Tom Tang*, may we suggest to you, dear reader, that

#### WITH CHRIST IN CHINA.

By Rev. Joseph P. McQuaide, Ph.D.,  
Rector of the Sacred Heart Church,  
San Francisco.

Price - - - - One Dollar  
(On sale at Maryknoll.)

if you happen to have any influence with Catholic College Presidents and Treasurers, it might be well to drop a hint or throw a brick at the psychological moment. There are more *Tom-Tangs* in China, and they are "worth while."



SOME OF NEW YORK'S CATECHUMENS WITH THEIR TEACHERS.  
H A V E B E C O M E I T S F R I E N D S .

## Taro.

*(A Story of the Borneo Missions.)*

ELL the child we cannot take him. There are difficulties enough now, without walking wide-eyed into a thing of this kind."

"But the little fellow insists, Father, that he must stay, and I haven't the heart to deny him. One like Taro is not often so persistent. Perhaps our refusal to accept him will keep others away."

"Well, you may be right, but I do not like the idea. Let him come for two weeks as a day-scholar, mind you, and then report to me. You must be responsible for him. I cannot. The slightest misdemeanor on Taro's part will give me sufficient grounds for dismissing him once and for all from the school."

Stephen, the catechist of the mission, smiled gratefully at Fr. Leo and went back to his little petitioner.

Left alone, the priest knelt for a moment in prayer, begging our Immaculate Mother to preserve his flock from harm. He felt that with the advent of Taro a serpent was creeping into the fold. A little later he passed out of the poor room which served as oratory, refectory, reception room, and infirmary, into the coolness of the late afternoon.

It was a delicious hour. Soft breezes laden with dew from the neighboring waters were bringing relief to this Borneo town, which had lain all day parched and listless beneath the heat of a tropical sun. The village itself was alive again. Happy laughter, the chattering of children at play, and the call of birds filled the air.

But Fr. Leo seemed unconscious of it all, and the children stared blankly at him as he strode through the compound without so much as patting the curly head of baby James, who had gotten in his

way as used for a touch of the loved hand and a toss into the air. Straight on walked the priest till he came to the centre of the village—an open space lined with shed-like structures which housed practically all its inhabitants, as is the custom in Borneo.

One house, however, stood out in sharp contrast to its crude neighbors. Low like them, it looked lower still with its ornate, dwarfing, Japanese roof. A flower-bordered path led to the elaborate entrance. One might easily have taken it for a temple to some heathen god.

Fr. Leo stopped before it and stared at it grimly. He hated it with all the passion of his fine soul, for it was truly an abode of Satan, the most serious drawback to his apostolic labors. It was a nest of sin and vice, the haunt of every evil soul in the surrounding country. Even as he stood there, the door opened and out slouched two well-known habitués of the place—well-built, sturdy young men, whose souls the priest had striven in every way to gain. They drew back when they saw him—the constant protest against their sinful lives—but only for a moment, and then passed on.

And this was the house in which Taro—the First Born—had seen the light of day eight years before—this the atmosphere in which he had been raised.

It was Taro's father who owned and conducted this place and had grown rich on his ill-gotten gains. He had come, as a young boy, on a Japanese trader, settled in this lovely corner of the world and, step by step, arrived at his present station.

Could anything good come from such a source? Yet, he, Fr. Leo, director of the mission, had yielded weakly to the pleadings of his native catechist, and admitted the little Japanese boy to his school for a fortnight.

"My Jesus, mercy!" whispered the priest as he turned away.

He had come this far to make himself realize the serious error he had made, and to strengthen his resolution that Taro should not remain at the school.

Two weeks passed by and Stephen came to make his report.

Taro, whom the villagers lovingly called "the gentle one," had proven eminently satisfactory. He was studious, obedient, lovable, eager to learn about Christ, and a great favorite with the others.

Poor Fr. Leo was perplexed. It was not what he had expected, and, relieved as he was to learn that no damage had been done, he could not yet but feel that Taro was a wolf in sheep's clothing, come to devour his lambs.

An eight-year old boy with a perfect record for two weeks! Angels do not grow in Borneo—and the missionary, knowing that the devil's ways are sometimes stranger than Our Lord's, concluded that Stephen had not been as diligent as was necessary, and he himself had better do the watching—since there was no cause for refusing to allow Taro to go on at the mission.

So the boy stayed and the priest watched. The days lengthened into weeks, the weeks into months and Fr. Leo had found him without spot and growing daily dearer to his heart. But in all that time, he apparently paid no attention to Taro. No commendation for lessons well learned, no smile of approval for victories won in the games, no word of thanks for the exquisite flowers gathered in dangerous swamps and left quietly in the oratory, no tender "God bless you, little one," for the loving offices rendered to others, gladdened the heart of Taro. He was happy to be there and apparently desired nothing more.

It was the priest who suffered. He loved children—the worst of them seemed to be his pets—and he yearned to give this child his share of a great affection, but felt that

I F Y O U L I K E U S

the time had not come. It was hard to get entirely away from the devil idea.

Then one evening, at the close of school as Fr. Leo was reading his breviary in the garden, he heard the patter of little feet, and then a warm, soft hand was slipped into his—and the next moment he was looking into Taro's tearful brown eyes.

"Father, why do you not like Taro? Taro loves you. He wants to be one of your boys and live here all the time. Taro does not like to live at home."

The missionary dropped the little hand, steeled his heart and said sternly: "Why don't you want to live at home? Don't you see we are very poor here and your father is very rich? He does not like us. We do not like him. I could not afford to keep you. I have not enough for those who are here."

"But," pleaded Taro earnestly. "I do not like my home. There are always things that hurt me—my heart aches when I am there. I am never happy unless I am out with the birds and flowers. My father is kind. He loves me. The house is not good for me. Here I am always happy. I wish to stay."

Fr. Leo understood now how Stephen had felt.

As he questioned this pagan child who had known nothing of Christian virtue, he found in him horror of sin, a sickening disgust of the surroundings in which his entire life had been spent. Evidently Taro was one of those souls preserved by the prayers of truly Catholic hearts throughout the world for those who sit in darkness.

He drew the child gently to him, blessed him, and sent him home with the instruction to bring his father with him on the morrow and he would see what could be done. The father's consent would have to be secured.

Accordingly, very early the next day Taro came with his parent.

The ceremonious greeting over, the priest bade Taro make his own request. He did this simply and then, to Fr. Leo's surprise and delight, asked permission also to be instructed in catechism and to be baptized.

The man hesitated. Religions made no difference to him so long as they did not interfere with his own mode of living. But he loved his son. Finally he asked, "Will Taro belong to you or to me if I let him go?"

"Mine while he is at school,



"And Taro at last became one of Fr. Leo's boys."

yours when he is at home. But once he becomes a Christian he must do at all times as I say."

Apparently satisfied, the father made arrangements and departed, and Taro at last became one of Fr. Leo's own boys.

There were about fifty boys in the mission school—a big family for Fr. Leo to maintain—but he assured himself on each new arrival that God would provide. And his faith had not been vain.

The happiness of the little Japanese boy was unbounded. His sweet ways, his fun-loving nature,

his piety and zeal in his work and studies, soon became the model for all, and the result of his sweet influence was seen on every side.

Most remarkable of all was his devotion to Our Lady, and every moment that could be snatched from play or work found him kneeling before her shrine.

Then came a sad day. The time set for baptism was fast approaching and excitement was in the air, when Taro's father loomed up like a cloud on the horizon. He had decided to take a long inland trip and his son was to accompany him.

There was no denying the order. Taro must go—and without the ardently longed-for sacrament. Fr. Leo feared they might never return—and he deemed it wiser for the boy to desire baptism, than to receive it and perhaps later be weaned from the Faith.

So Taro left them and the mission heard nothing of him for almost a year.

The shouts of joy which welcomed his return spoke volumes for the little comrades who had sorely missed him, and Fr. Leo's thankfulness was deep when on close questioning he found his boy as spotless as when he left. Surely God had some special work for this child to do.

But little Taro himself was not so happy. His father was to return to Japan on the next steamer—due at the port within three weeks. Again he begged for baptism and again Fr. Leo refused on the same grounds. He knew the priests in that section of Japan for which the family was bound and he promised Taro letters which would speedily secure for him the coveted prize.

So the boy had to be content. He played cheerfully with his friends—and he prayed much at Our Lady's shrine.

Within a week of the departure, Fr. Leo was awakened in the dead of night by Taro's father. His son had been suddenly taken ill and was calling for the priest.

S A Y S O T O O T H E R S .



Fr. Leo found the little fellow suffering with pain and burning with fever. And he had been well early in the evening!

Soothed by the priest's voice and ministrations, Taro asked at once for the "saving water." Fr. Leo smiled at him, told him he would soon be better, and that baptism would be the reward of his long journey home to Japan.

"I am not going away. I am not going to get better. Baptize me." And then Taro fell asleep and Fr. Leo stole out of the house.

Hardly was he home, than he was called again. Taro was awake and perfectly conscious.

Immediately he begged for baptism and then for Holy Communion. He declared he had not long to live, and the missionary felt then that the boy knew things beyond his power, and he left the little sufferer, promising to return early in the morning.

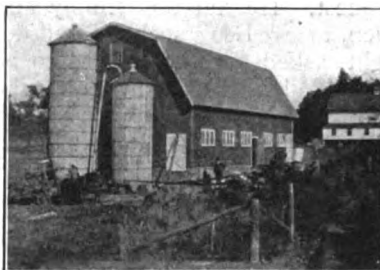
But the summons came before the dawn. Taking the Host, Fr. Leo made his way quickly to the dying boy, baptized him, heard, as he afterwards said, the confession of an angel, and sent him on to God and Our Lady.

Thus died little Taro. The children of the mission who had always felt his holiness, were sure he was a saint with Jesus. They wept for their own loss, but they would not pray for him. They began at once to say, "Little Taro, pray for us."

They built with their own hands a tomb of rough rocks on a little hillock—and laid him away with every honor. And from that day to this the place where Taro lies has been never without flowers, and seldom without a petitioner.

Should we ask Fr. Leo if the prayers are answered, he would say: "Taro's father is a Christian, his evil house has disappeared, and conversions are very numerous. We have two priests now, and Sisters to care for the women and girls. Do you need more proof?"

### Maryknolling Again.



DID we ever speak of Abe? He is our engineer, electrician, and general utility man. There is nothing that Abe cannot turn his hand to except a musical instrument which is intact—and that same instrument in Abe's hands would soon be in pieces.

Abe loves the song of machinery, the buzz of a saw, and the gentle hum of a live wire. Time never hangs heavy on his hands, which are always in motion,—and besides, Abe is one of those people who have no sense of time.

In his ante-marriage days, when Abe lived miles away in "Joysey," and had to pass through "little old New York" to answer a summons to Maryknoll, he would promise to be with us on Tuesday but would usually arrive on Monday

—of the following week. He does better now, however, because he lives in the village and Mrs. Abe is a good time-keeper.

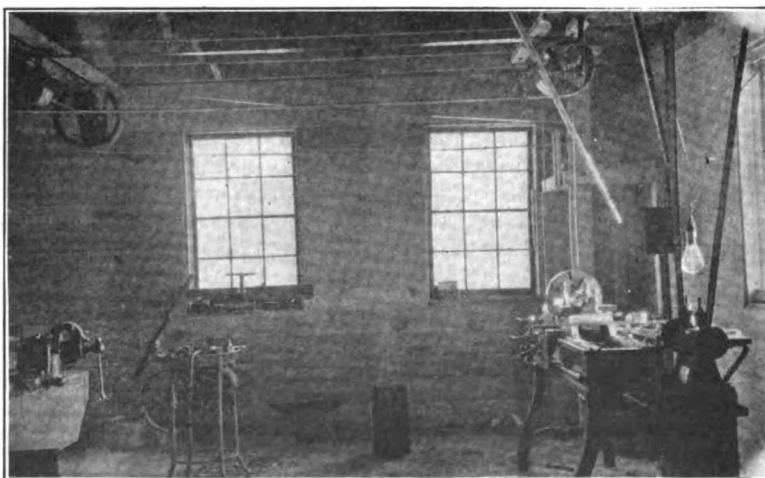
This statement is made in all kindness, and really emphasizes the opinion that our Abe is a genius. We have heard him so called and it must be true.

A few weeks ago Abe failed to land at the right moment in our Treasury Department with Uncle Sammy's mail-bag.

Now this was a serious matter, for the morning mail starts the envelope openers at the Seminary and the line-up of Teresians down at THE FIELD AFAR building. A consultation had just begun when the telephone announced that Abe was on his way, belated for important reasons. There was nothing to do, then, but get busy at something else until Abe arrived, and then—the cat was out of the bag. A little *Abe* had come to town.

The new father was radiant. Exultingly he had pushed his not over-lithe body up Sunset Hill, stimulated by the two-fold thought that the Maryknollers might start the day without their daily bread, and that the news of a great event had not been told.

"Excuse me," he puffed apolo-



THE WORKSHOP AT ST. JOSEPH'S.

W E H A V E B E E N G R O W I N G

getically, as he dropped the heavy mail-pouch on the wooden chair with a crack in its leg, "excuse me, but I couldn't get up here any earlier. I'm a father!"

This announcement was followed by congratulations from the audience. After Abe had been asked if it was "a boy or a child," the discovery was made that a future aspirant to the Seminary rather than to Saint Teresa's had put in an appearance. Since then the boy has been graced by baptism, and dignified with the name of *Joseph Théophane*. His fond parents hope that he will qualify for the American Foreign Mission Seminary, and we hope so, too.

St. Joseph's House is our latest addition to Maryknoll. Perhaps we should refer to it as an expansion, or an evolution. It was a good-sized barn, known and recognized as such by passers-by as well as by flies, rats, cats, and bats.

As we write, a transformation is going on, and we have a pleasant surprise in store for you, dear reader. St. Joseph's will be, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the most attractive frame building on this ranch. It will house the Reverend Director of our Auxiliary-brothers, the brothers themselves, and the surplus stock of budding philosophers and hope-to-be missionaries who are expected here next fall.

The hammers are pounding; the labor chiefs are warning us that carpenters must be better paid than Seminary professors; requisitions for all kinds of materials are dropping on our desk; and the telephone announces hourly that Jake the Plumber, or Electricity Tom, or Standard Heater Jim, is ready to serve us with material, labor, and bills for both. This building business, especially in these war days, is not the best sort of recreation for a beggar, but the Knoll will be windy next winter, and the wind from the north is cold, and if we

force our students to sleep in tents we shall be called beasts,—and we do not like pet names.

This new St. Joseph's causes us some embarrassment, too.

We have encouraged our friends to pay for land at Maryknoll and at the Vénard; we have presented them with opportunities to share in the expense of our new office building; and we have plans ahead for both Maryknoll and the young school at Clark's Green.

But now,—a barn is being remodelled, and how can we convince you who never paid a plumber's bill, you whose landlord is your only persecutor, that such an operation is not only useful but necessary, even if it takes the outside crusts off our daily bread?

We shall not try to convince you. If, however, the following idea appeals to you we advise you strongly to follow it up:

In the new St. Joseph's there will be thirty cubicles (a monastic term for rooms), and any one of these is yours to name if you will send us fifty dollars. This suggestion may appeal to some individual, or to a circle or society.

There will be also a simple chapel, where the Holy Sacrifice

### Premiums for the Field Afar.

These premiums will be sent gladly, *but only when requested*.

For every new subscription,

A Maryknoll Pin.

For every renewal (1917),

A Maryknoll Pin.

For 2 new subscriptions:

A colored print of St. Paul Michi (9 in. x 13 in.), or

One hundred Prayer Prints.

For 3 new subscriptions any one of these books:

Stories from the Field Afar.

Field Afar Tales.

An American Missionary.

A Modern Martyr.

Just de Bretenières.

Théophane Vénard (in French).

With Christ in China.

For 15 new subscriptions:

Statue of Blessed Théophane Vénard.

of the Mass will be offered daily. The cost of the chapel will not be much, and perhaps you would like to make it your gift,—as a memorial, or otherwise.

Candidates for Maryknoll or for the Vénard Apostolic School should make application now for admission in September. Each application should be accompanied by a reference to the student's pastor or to some priest who knows him well.



TRAINING FOR SERVICE—ON THE FARM.

B Y 1 , 0 0 0 A W E E K .



### A Western Flight.

THOSE who have lived at Maryknoll really like the thought of returning. We might, perhaps, except the Treasurer, who, if he happens to be away on the first of the month, faces the homeward journey with a heart more or less light, according to the balance in his check-book—but then, we can't suit everybody.

For the past five years,—our creeping and walking period,—the Maryknollers as a rule kept close to their centre or to the Vénard. During that period Fr. Price made one long sweep through Pennsylvania and New Jersey, raised some dust, and settled down to the hidden life on Sunset Hill. The Superior took occasional flights,—rarely more than a two days' journey,—talking, where the opportunity presented itself, to individual bishops and priests, to the heads of religious communities of men and women, and in seminaries, schools, and colleges. A priest from the far West offered his services as a lecturer, made, with one of our auxiliary-brothers, a visit to the coal regions in Pennsylvania, secured a gratifying number of FIELD AFAR subscriptions, and then flashed out in a short circuit. All this was a dipping process and the best we could do under the circumstances.

Since last fall, however, as we announced in a recent issue of this paper, Maryknoll has been quietly crusading.

In New England, Rhode Island and Connecticut have yielded a goodly harvest of subscriptions and presented fertile soil for the seed that was generously sown. Out in the diocese of Rockford, Illinois, Maryknoll's first-ordained, with the inspiring encouragement of the much-loved bishop and the unexcepted good will of his priests, has won many friends to our young work. Nearer home, two of our Reverend Professors became revenue professors also, and found time on Sundays and holidays to tell New York Catho-

lics the story of little Mary Knoll who lives up on the high hill near Sing-Sing and who thinks she can convert the world,—or at least a portion of it.

While New England, New York, and Illinois were under bombardment, Fr. Price made a circle to the north and swooped down on Montreal, where he spoke at the Seminary and elsewhere. The Auxiliary-brother who accompanied him wrote back to Maryknoll that he had "never met so many Catholics in one city who knew nothing of Maryknoll or of THE FIELD AFAR." If the same brother could be let loose in that town for about two months, we venture to say that the next man from Maryknoll to visit Montreal would have to ask for police protection. (This sentence squints somewhat we fear, but it should be kindly interpreted.)

With all these flying machines in motion, the Superior of Maryknoll took the notion into his head to do a little long jumping. He started from Ossining one Tuesday evening for New York, took the night train for Scranton and spent Wednesday at Clark's Green in the company of the Reverend Directors, an architect, a plumber, a contractor, and a few other refined thieves of time and other commodities. That night he left for Buffalo, where the Chancellor, Dr. Walsh, kept him dry on a rainy day, and prepared a trip for him to Niagara Falls.

The day was snowy and bluster and the Falls were not inviting, but there was a welcome at Niagara University, his real objective, where the Lazarists or Vincentian Fathers conduct their excellent College and Seminary. These men belong to a missionary society which has often expressed its interest in Maryknoll.

From Buffalo the Superior made Cleveland for a between-trains visit, Chicago for a change of direction, and St. Paul. At St. Paul and Minneapolis he fell into the hands of too many friends for



THIS is a reproduction of our new stamp, without the color effects. Send for some of these stamps. They will cost you one cent apiece or ten cents a dozen. They are made to seal your letters, and in using them you will benefit our work directly and indirectly.

a three-days' stay, and left the then-frozen north with a recollection of kindness warm and generous, which radiated from St. Paul's great Archbishop through his Seminary and out into the Twin Cities. The missionary spirit made St. Paul, and now in return that diocese is building up for future generations a similar spirit. A Seminary professor, the Rev. James A. Byrnes, is directing this mission movement. In this city also the Superior found friends in the Marist Fathers, whose zeal for the foreign missions is well known in the Eastern States.

A day's run brought the Maryknoll head to Dubuque, where he spent a busy day in an atmosphere Catholic in the full sense of the word. Here he found that one of the Archbishop's particular desires is to encourage the spirit of foreign missions. The task of a field afar propagandist was, therefore, an easy one. At Dubuque College is a boy from China, who reached the college through the medium of THE FIELD AFAR, backed by the generosity of Archbishop Keane. Of this boy a word will be said elsewhere in this issue.

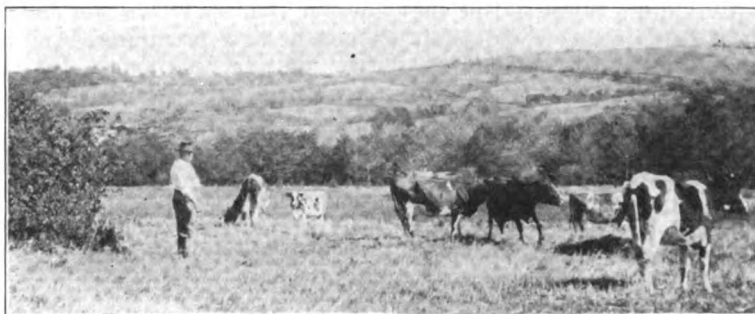
Perhaps you have heard of Sin-sinawa, Wisconsin, the home of a well-known community of Dominican nuns who conduct there an excellent school for young ladies and girls. After an hour's address to the sisters and novices

M A R Y K N O L L I S S U S T A I N E D

the Maryknoll Superior caught a night train for Des Moines, whose Bishop is claimed as an uncle by all of our students. Another night's run brought the traveler to St. Louis, where he remained two days, and which he left with the strong feeling that he would like to try it again and perhaps build a camp there so as to be near good friends. He was privileged to bask for some hours in the genial presence of the popular Archbishop; he was spoiled by kindness at the Seminary; and he found many friends, new and old, through the courtesy of Fr. Donovan, C.M., who is arousing the mission spirit in and around St. Louis by his work for the Sodality of St. Peter Claver, which is devoted to the special needs of Africa.

The next night, spent under the guard of a black prince, brought the wanderer through Cincinnati to Columbus, Ohio, where he met Bishop Hartley, one of Maryknoll's benefactors, and had the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with the Pontifical College, the Josephinum. After a day's run he reached Pittsburgh, a city in which any Maryknoller will feel at home when he recalls that every year from its diocesan office a gift is sent large enough to keep the two families at Maryknoll and the Vénard—a hundred strong—going for two weeks and perhaps longer. Washington, reached after a night trip, seemed very near to Ossining, a point which was reached that evening, the fourteenth day away from the base, after seven night runs.

The trip was somewhat rushed, but it was well worth while and proved to be a heartening experience. The Middle West is full of possibilities for the mission cause, and the East, generous though it is, should not be surprised if it finds the Western youth wider-visioned and quicker to respond to a far-off call than its own sons and daughters. The future will tell.



WHERE THE VENARD BOYS ROMP IN THE SPRINGTIME.  
(A view east from the future building site.)

### Our Budding Venard.

**W**EEKS have fled since Lent was over but the Vénard professors are almost inclined to wish that the penitential season were still on.

Fish makes brains, they say, and last Lent verified this principle. There were unwonted scintillations of intellect in those days, and the professors were happy. The procurator, too, rejoiced, because meat bills were low. Perhaps in future years all days will be fish days, with rice to make up the needed variety. Then we shall have brains galore and few bills. But seriously, if we may go back in memory, to this past Lent, we wish to say that our first Holy week at the Vénard was a very precious one.

It was the first time in the history of the School that the sacred ceremonies were carried out in their fulness. Of course we had to begin modestly. Our reader's stand and the Tenebrae and Easter candlesticks originated in our own workshop. The singing, though simple, reflected credit on the community as a whole. For many of the boys the ceremonies were new; a few of the others had the bad grace to tell us they had never seen them carried out in such a way before. Be that as it may, we are certain that those beautiful days did not fail to leave their impress upon the plastic minds of our young apostles. We feel sure they have taught their hearts to beat in closer sympathy

with the great heart of Mother Church; to descend with her to the depths of sorrow and contrition, and on Easter morn to rise with her to a keener and truer perception of Christian joy. No one who heard the deep pleading tones of the "Jerusalem" on the one hand, and the clear and enthusiastic strains of the "Regina Coeli" on the other, would doubt this for a minute.

It was on a Wednesday morning just after manual labor, when boyish hearts were busy laying plans for the celebration of the weekly holiday. Suddenly our canny farm-bell rang out its uncanny peals. Fire! On the instant all working and plan-making ceased. Every man to his post! Quick as a flash the chargé of the pump had his hand on the switch, grave with the sense of his responsibility and importance. Here rushed ladders and axes and fire-extinguishers to the tune of human feet. There ran a pale-faced youth, white not with fear, but with the fluffy lather that suffused his fair face and which a stern regard for duty did not give him time to remove. He was the only one really ready for a close shave. Clang! Clang! Clang! Three bells! The farther barn! A moment only and all were on the scene, even the fire chief himself! A pair of horses hitched to a wagon-load of hay were snatched as from destruction. Next a heroic rescuer appeared, dragging to

T H R O U G H

T H E

F I E L D

A F A R .

safety a fainting figure. But the strangest part of the whole affair was that there were no flames—perhaps not strange after all in these days of fireless cookers, smokeless powders, and noiseless fire-arms. It was the Vénard's first fire-drill. About ten minutes after, when all was over, the sacristan arrived with his fire-extinguisher, asking nonchalantly for the fire. Good that all are not as he, who apparently did not worry since his own domain was safe.

However, a real fire here would be no joke. Unless we should succeed in checking it at its very start, we should be at a loss to help ourselves. None of the buildings are fire-proof and we are located on the crest of a hill where the wind whistles merry tunes at frequent intervals. A chemical auto would be a valuable acquisition just at present, but with our usual modesty we would gladly accept any similar apparatus requiring human motive force.

"The wise man begins with the end" says the proverb. We always did believe in a kind of preparedness, a looking ahead, even previous to war times. When our boys strike the missions they will have to be prepared to support themselves as St. Paul did, by the sweat of their brows and the muscles of their arms. That is one reason why we have manual labor every day. Just at present, when the pay is running hard and even the rugged stone fences cannot keep the trees from "leaving," our procurator is forming plans for a competitive course in gardening. Each individual is to have his little plot of ground, which he may sow with lettuce, radishes, turnips, or any other fruit he fancies. Probably potatoes and onions will be great favorites. Eyeing the whole thing prophetically we rather anticipate a little friction between the tyro-gardeners and those who have charge of the hens. We also

wager that sparrows and cats will soon be at a premium. And may we not be pardoned for harboring the suspicion that when our little crops mature and we are anxious to have them appear at table, the reverend procurator will smile complacently up his sleeve and congratulate himself on the success his innocent ruse has met with?

On April the fourteenth some ladies of Wilkesbarre gave a Matinee Musicale for the benefit of the Vénard School. A large and enthusiastic gathering was on hand, and was addressed on the aims and purposes of the work by one of the Fathers from the Vénard. A liberal sum for the aid of the School was realized, thanks to the interest of our growing circle of friends.

Miss Nobechi's lectures in and about Scranton stirred up a good deal of interest. Since her departure repeated requests for similar engagements have been received. Miss Nobechi will probably be prepared to meet them this coming June.

**A Maryknoll Pin—the Chi Rho—is yours for the asking if, when sending a new subscription or renewal, you add: "Send me a pin."**

If you are interested in supplying cancelled stamps and tinfoil to the Teresians, and happen to live near any of the cities mentioned below, send for the address of our stamp depot. We have such institutions now in:

Boston,  
Brooklyn,  
New Bedford,  
Philadelphia,  
Scranton.

We need more of the same kind elsewhere. How about your town? Can you give to the Teresians a corner in your cellar to correspond to the one in your heart? They will be "so grateful."

**Keep a Maryknoll Mite-Box in sight. Place it, if you will, near other silent beggars and let it run its chance. The Maryknoll Mite-Box believes in pushing over and making room.**

May we present to you, dear reader, *Brother Junk*, who has been occupying his occasional distractions with certain reflections, the fruit of which may be noted in this shrill scream:

Look around the house, in store-room, attic, cellar, and shed, or in barn, yard, or store, for something you have no use for or can do without. Sell it to a junk dealer or second-hand man, or any one else who has use for it, and send the proceeds,—be they little or much,—to help our work.

If you are generous enough to trouble yourself about this, Our dear Lord will trouble Himself with generosity towards you.

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10 copies (12 issues) for \$8.00			
25 "	"	"	20.00
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**WE** ask our readers to remember in prayer the souls of former benefactors, whose names we here record:

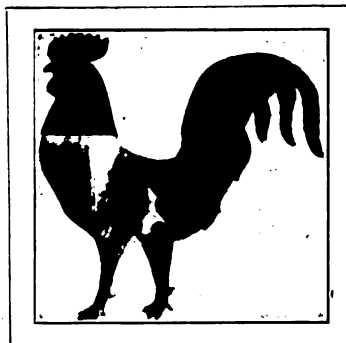
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HOW THE ROOSTER CAUGHT COLLIE.

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**Deceased:** Ellen T. McDonald; Louisa A. Metcalf; Mary E. Metcalf; Francis O. Megargee; C. Gray.

Enclosed you will find check for THE FIELD AFAR for six years. This is a bargain that appeals to any one with a corpuscle of Jewish blood in his veins. The remaining sixty-nine cents is to buy a new hat for Father T——, a former classmate of mine. The one he is wearing now looks pretty seedy.

## RECEIVED AT MARYKNOLL.

Books, Rev. Fr., N. Y.; clerical garments, M., N. Y.; magazines, K. J., N. H.; breviaries and stethoscope, J. J. K., Mass.; surplice, E. V. B., Pa.; altar linen, L. B. T., Cal.; collars, E. L., R. I.; camera, A. J. K., Mass.; socks, Mrs. J. S., Mass.; music, Woodstock College, Ind.; book, Gonzaga Memorial, Pa.; candy, M. F. McC., N. Y.; ciborium cover, A. G. G., Mass.; altar linen, "Doves of the Sanctuary," Ky.; lace, E. H. McG., Mass.; altar linen, M. V. C., Mass. Canceled stamps, tinfoil, etc.: J. T., N. Y.; Srs. of Mercy, N. J.; M. E. B., R. I.; Mrs. L., N. Y.; Mrs. T. Mc., N. H.; Anon., West Va.; Woodstock College, Ind.; Mt. St. Vincent, Halifax; A. G., N. Y.; M. B., N. Y.; A. T. McG., Mass.; Y. L. S., N. J.; M. E. D., Mass.; L., N. Y.; J. F., Conn.; M. T. M., R. I.; F. C. L., Mass.; St. Jerome High School, Mass.; Pittsburgh Missionary Aid Society, Pa.; M. C. D., N. J.; Anon., Pa.; M. E. D., Mass.; Anon., Mass.; C. H., N. Y.; Rev. Friend, Ind.

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Maryknoll is getting to be quite a "dumping ground," judging from accounts in THE FIELD AFAR. Anything from a postage stamp to a piano seems to be welcome; so I am going to contribute this fountain pen. (A priest.)

## RECEIVED AT THE VENARD.

Pillow cases, Dorcas Club, Pa.; old gold, G. B. K., N. Y.; grocery supplies, dishes, clock, electric irons, Mrs. E. M. C., Pa.; mandolin, E. C., Pa.; books, Mrs. M. H. H., Pa.; tinfoil, H. M., Pa.

The only Catholic on one of the Bahama Islands—and she is a convert—wishes that she could increase the circulation of our paper; and she is trying to fill Maryknoll landlips by saving her pennies.

## FROM YOUR STATE AND OTHERS.

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Vénard Student Fund.....	720.60
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Our Lady of Perpetual Help Fund .....	85.00

"I want each of my children to have a slice of that Vénard land," writes the father of five, "so here's for W——, E——, A——, F——, and J——."

We shall look for W——, E——, or J—— at the Vénard later, and the Teresians will claim A——, or F——.

## MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.  
Sold up to May 1, 1917, 2,620,498 "  
For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,829,502 "  
SEND FOR A LAND-SLIP.

## VENARD LAND.

Total area at The Vénard, 6,000,000 ft.  
Sold up to May 1, 1917, 992,744 "  
For sale at ½ cent a foot, 4,069,270 "

A dollar does not seem to be much when one has to get one hundred and fifty dollars a day to keep the sheriff off the premises, but that same dollar may be the fruit of many sacrifices. Here is a letter from a working-girl in Hartford who writes well enough to join THE FIELD AFAR force:

Twenty girls in the office where I am employed contributed five cents each to make up this dollar. We then chose two fortunate ones to receive THE FIELD AFAR.

I know you will not be greatly benefited by this small amount, but I do feel that I have succeeded in making some new friends for Maryknoll.

FIFTY THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.

### Three C's: The Circle, the College, the Child.

PITTSBURGH is steadily developing an interest in Maryknoll and each month records a list of gifts received through Fr. Danner, Chancellor of the diocese and Director of its Mission Aid Society. One of the most generous of these contributions was that of \$25, which came from the Maria Mission Circle No. 17.

The Vénard Centre Circle of Scranton, Pa., submits the following:

We are sending check for the money on hand after deducting all expenses incurred during the recent trip of Miss Nobechi. We hope you will be as pleased with the results as the committee are. Kindly publish the amounts received from each town in the next issue of THE FIELD AFAR.

Carbondale .....	\$20.00
Scranton .....	60.61
Wilkesbarre .....	18.70
	<hr/>
	\$99.31
Expenses .....	20.40
	<hr/>
Balance .....	\$78.91

If Trinity College, at Washington, can witness the continuance of such a spirit as the following letter indicates, some considerable blessings are in store for that already much-favored Catholic women's school.

These lines are taken from a private letter sent to one of our New York benefactors by a student at Trinity College:

I do not believe I have told you about our "Wekanduit Bureau." What you have told me about Maryknoll and the foreign missions has interested me so that I have become one of the pioneer members of a new society here, namely, *The Trinity Foreign Missions Society*.

This is the third week of our existence, so we are only in our infancy, but, like all infants, we are managing to attract attention. Our aim is to help the foreign missions, and to get others interested in them. To accomplish this we have organized a bureau and have put out a sign which reads as follows:

*We will wash your dishes after your spread at 7 cents a dozen, including silver; we will shine your shoes,—black, tan, or white,—at 6 cents a pair;*

*we will lengthen or shorten your skirts at 25 cents; we will shampoo your hair at 35 cents, etc., etc.*

*We will do it at the Wekanduit Bureau.*

The members of the Society,—fifteen in number,—volunteer their services, and all the money received is kept for the missions.

You ought to see our shoe-blackening parlor. About ten of us are seated on the floor, surrounded by many pairs of shoes. Many hands make light work and light hearts, too. We have so much fun over those shoes that you would surely think it an excellent indoor sport.

The first week the Bureau made about nine dollars. This far exceeded our hopes, because the girls here are called upon to contribute to so many enterprises. We are really only organizing this year, but next year we hope to accomplish a great deal.



### MARIA MISSION CIRCLES.

The Maria Mission Circles have a slogan which we hope the members and their friends in great numbers will adopt: *A dollar for the missions to every dollar for pleasure.*

This slogan has vast possibilities. In the everyday life of the average person a considerable sum could be saved in the course of a year by keeping a mite box at hand to receive, on the occasion of every trip to theatre, movies, or parks, an amount equal to the cost of the amusement. Among our more wealthy people the slogan might levy its toll upon dainty hats and gowns of fabulous price, purchased to satisfy a passing whim; upon yachting excursions and automobile parties; upon visits to summer and winter resorts, taken in the round of fashion or to relieve ennui.

Does our slogan seem too exacting? Let us answer the question by another: *Do we mean to save the missions?*

The Pittsburgh Circles have outlined for themselves a regular course of reading, which they will gladly extend to all Maria Circles. This schedule is drawn up with a view to giving a comprehensive knowledge of mission fields and mission work. It includes, also, books of devotion designed to educate the mind and train the heart, so that the work which zeal undertakes may be conducted with right intention and good sense. The practice of having individual members give reviews of books at Circle meetings is also being introduced. This leads to careful reading and intelligent discussion of mission topics.

A NOTRE DAME nun, who has sent us a very substantial gift made up of sacrifice-offerings from her pupils, writes:

Two weeks ago I assigned to my class the subject "Gather up the Fragments" and told the children to develop it, each according to her own ideas. I was so pleased to find one girl who turned her thoughts to the foreign missions, that I send the attempt to you just as it was written.

The "attempt" is very promising and we have selected from it these lines:

Swift as the lightning from troubled sky,  
As the eagle downward swoops,  
To the Master's call comes a glad reply,  
And a band of valiant troops;  
Soldiers of Christ in the bloom of life,  
Untouched by the frost of age,  
Journeying on to a dreadful strife,  
Braving a monster's rage.

Onward they go, that blessed throng,  
To a far and distant land,  
But their hearts ring loud with a joyous song,

As they leave their native strand;  
To parched and burning lips they bring  
The limpid waters of youth;  
They carry to heathen, slave and king,  
The words of eternal truth.

From the cheerless night of tropic shades,  
From the desert's blinding sand,  
From mists where mortal courage fades  
They rescue the exiled band.  
O Lord, let them hear that far-off strain  
Of sadness and despair,  
And find midst the chaff the wholesome grain,

The fragments here and there.  
—Agnes M. Gutzwiller.

### Routers! Routers!

Carry some copies of THE FIELD AFAR to your friends—and be a Maryknoll Router.

Here is what you should do:

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6. You must ask for this pin when you write.
7. As soon as possible after the delivery of your papers send your returns in postage stamps (any denomination) at our expense.
8. If you have any papers left tell us how many, and Fr. Ignatius will instruct you what to do with them.



*This realistic and prophetic picture has been inspired by justifiable fears of the fate which awaits your young apostles when you shall let them loose upon the soil of Asia. Quartered for the Faith they will be,—but by over-eager Christians rather than by cruel infidels. (Fr. J. Mourlanne, Burma.)*

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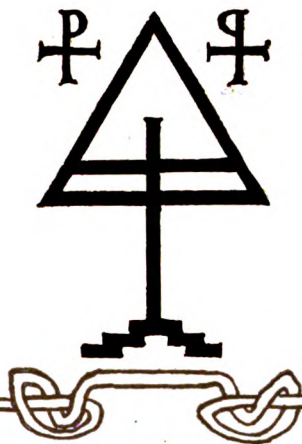
MOTHER SUPERIOR.

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# THE FIELD AFAR



VILLAGE OF 1500 IN CHEH-KIANG.

*(The Chief of this village has recently entered the Church.)*

VOL. XI. No. 6



JUNE, 1917



PRICE 10 CENTS



J U N E - B L O O M   A T   M A R Y K N O I L .

**T**HE Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America is located on a slightly hill overlooking the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City. The place is called, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, *Maryknoll*.

The Seminary is under the direction of secular priests who have been organized as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Their object is to train priests for missions to the heathen and to help arouse the Catholics of our country to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this particular need. The Seminary has at present a faculty of eight priests, twenty students of Philosophy and Theology, and ten auxiliary brothers.

The movement was set on foot by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and the then Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Falconio. It was approved by the Council of Archbishops at Washington, April 27, 1911, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, of the same year.

On July 15, 1915, the young Society received from Rome the Decree of Praise and was placed directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It is incorporated in New York State and is under the spiritual jurisdiction of His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who is Honorary President of the Corporation. The corporate name of the Society is—Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

In September, 1916, it opened at Clark's Green, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton, a preparatory house of studies with the corporate title of the Vénard Apostolic School. Here thirty youths are following high school and college courses under the direction of four professors, three of whom are priests.

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ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Volume Eleven  
Number Six

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Twelve Issues Yearly

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the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary.  
Checks and other payments may be  
forwarded to the Very Rev. James A.  
Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent  
upon application.

*If June recalls the Divine Heart  
of Jesus Christ, it should make us  
remember that Our Lord's Heart  
broke not for any one race of peo-  
ple but for all mankind. His was  
the world-wide heart, and such  
should be ours in its sympathies.*

\* \*  
**T**HREE of our Burse patrons  
celebrate their feasts this  
month,—St. John the Baptist, St.  
Aloysius, and St. Anthony.

\* \*  
**P**REPARE. This is the coun-  
try's watchword and it applies  
not only to immediate needs, but  
to the future. Even now the busi-  
ness world is looking ahead to  
after-war conditions and actually  
planning for those days.

*Prepare.* Catholic missioners  
are groaning under the strain of  
increased responsibility and di-  
minished numbers, but this condi-  
tion will yet be worse because the  
supply of men from Europe has  
been stopped—and years must  
elapse before it is resumed.

*Prepare.* Is not this God's call  
to the American Church?

\* \*  
**W**E have a friend who sighed a  
few years ago, when he real-  
ized that Maryknoll would expend  
its energies largely on foreigners  
in other lands. Lately he visited  
us and sighed again, more deeply,  
because his country had gone to  
war and he himself might have to  
lose some time—and possibly a  
leg or his life—in a foreign land.

Someone remarked to him that  
if every heart was a *Catholic* heart  
national boundaries would come

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Editorials - - - - -	81-82
St. Paul and the Nations - - -	83
About Medical Missions - - -	84
The Passing Note - - - - -	85
Letters from Uganda - - - - -	86
Chinese Jottings - - - - -	86-87
A Page from India - - - - -	88
How the Call Came - - - - -	89-90
Maryknoll and The Vénard - - -	92-93
June Roses - - - - -	94-95
New Circles - - - - -	96

to mean very little—indeed, would  
hardly be noticed. And our friend  
began to see a little light on the  
value of foreign mission enter-  
prise.

\* \*  
“**THEY** say”—whoever *they* are  
—that small nations must dis-  
appear. We are no prophets at  
Maryknoll, but we see the ends of  
the earth drawing together so  
steadily, and strange peoples get-  
ting to know one another so  
easily, that we believe even big  
nations may yet lose their identity.

A long way off, you say?  
Well nobody knows anything  
these days except that God is in  
the heavens, and the earth is  
ablaze, and great changes are com-  
ing rapidly.

We wish, however, to add this  
word. Without the Prince of  
Peace there can be no *lasting*  
peace, and those of us who follow  
His Standard must learn to look  
upon the man who walks at our  
side as a brother, whatever may be  
the country of his birth or the  
color of his skin.

\* \*  
**U**NDER the caption, “How Not  
To Get Recruits,” we read  
some weeks ago in a New York

T H E F I E L D A F A R I S 1 0 Y E A R S O L D .

daily some strictures on this poster:

**An Opportunity to See the World.  
Foreign Travel. Good Pay.  
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**For Full Information apply to Postmaster.**

The writer's point, the unworthiness in this great crisis of such a purely selfish and trivial appeal, was well taken. He contrasts the appeal with these words, addressed on an earlier occasion to the Italian people by one of their leaders:

"Follow me. I offer you neither wealth, nor ease, nor comfort. You shall have privation, distress, suffering, and in the end death. I promise nothing more than that."

These words were an appeal to the spirit of patriotism only. The motive that actuated them was a natural one, and the opportunity offered was to destroy life that a country might be free. Apply these same words to a group of Catholic missionaries leaving all for the souls of men and we could almost believe that they were the words of our Divine Leader.

+ +

**Who will have Masses and prayers offered, and who will make sacrifices, for your soul's welfare when that soul shall have left this earth?**

+ +

ANYBODY who opens the mail at Maryknoll is soon convinced that this is hardly a business enterprise. Occasional appeals bring a fair return, and sometimes the gentle hints of THE FIELD AFAR are taken, but our experience in this work has been a succession of surprises. Gifts come usually from unexpected sources, even from strangers whom we have never had a chance to impress.

Since our last issue a thousand dollar annuity arrived from a Massachusetts priest, who is building up for our future work a Catechist Fund in memory of the late revered Archbishop of Boston, John Joseph Williams.

Other indications of a watchful Providence may be noted in these receipts:

Annuity from a friend in Pa.	\$100.00
Increase to the Blessed Sacrament Burse	250.00
Response to a \$1 appeal (Brooklyn)	100.00
From a Card-party (unsolicited), Mass.	144.00
For Students' personal needs, N. Y.	150.00
From a "Spiritual Uncle"—a Dubuque priest	100.00
Legacy from Baltimore	106.34
For St. Columba's Burse	180.00
From two brothers in N. Y. C.—both strangers to the work	250.00

+ +

WILL the mission cause suffer greatly through the entry of the United States into the war? Perhaps it will: perhaps not. Undoubtedly there will be retrenchment among our people, but expenditures for the missions should not be among the first curtailed, and probably will not be. After looking into the face of death we more clearly see the affairs of life in their right proportions. Conscience will not fail to dictate wherein we have wasted time and means that might have been spent in bringing souls to God.

If we must, with agonized gaze, follow our own best-prized young men to the line of battle, our Catholic hearts will tensely pray, as Catholic hearts have ever prayed, that amid this dread tumult the sweet Saviour may seek in the Holy Viaticum those of our boys who are stricken down. Shall we not, then, grow thoughtful also for the multitudes who never have known the Saviour, nor had the joy of hearing from the lips of His priests the gently spoken, "Go in peace, and God bless you"?

However, we pray that God will save our country from the school of pain and in His mercy lead us by tenderer ways to spend our lives in His service. Our friends should throw their energy into this prayer with great confidence, in this month dedicated to the in-

## CONSIDER FOR SCHOOL PRIZES:

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Ossining New York

finite Source of Grace, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Prince of Peace.

FROM the University of Notre Dame we have received a gratifying announcement that a "campaign in behalf of the Bengal (India) Mission" was started there some weeks ago. The Very Rev. Dr. Cavanaugh is quoted as alluding to Notre Dame as "the fair flower of the foreign missionary zeal of the past century."

Missionary talks were given to the students of each residence hall by priests of the University, and, at the suggestion of the Very Rev. President, a Foreign Mission Society will be organized at the University. Already several hundreds of daily Communicants at Notre Dame are giving some of their spiritual treasure to the mission cause.

The writer of the announcement states that, as far as he is aware, this will be the "first Foreign Mission Society among lay students of a Catholic College in the United States."

First or latest, it matters not, so long as this movement shall progress. If it is the first it is a confession that our Catholic Colleges have not until now been *Catholic* enough.

It is pleasant to hear of these Notre Dame activities, but we shall not be content until we learn that this or some other well-equipped University has a branch of its School over in Eastern Asia.

T H E F I E L D A F A R

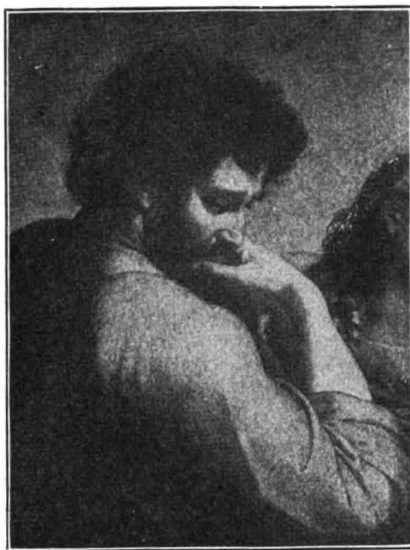
### St. Paul and the Nations.

MODERN warfare these past few years has been waged along the same plan as that against the powers of darkness. As the nations fight today in trenches that furrow the face of Europe, so did SS. Peter and Paul attack the fortress of Satan. There was no concentration of forces in one locality. St. Paul, as he crossed and recrossed the Mediterranean, set up his breastworks at every important stronghold. Ephesus, Troas, Philippi, Thessalonica, Corinth, and Athens were guarded by disciples whom he hurriedly instructed as he pushed on. He yearned to attack the citadel of the world and to withstand the Cæsars in their Imperial City, and no sooner was he landed on the shores of Italy than he began his battle against the gods of Rome.

Boldness in attack meant half the battle, and St. Paul was wholehearted, caring naught for the prudence of the worldly-wise. Had not his Divine Captain said, "Go ye into the whole world?" It was the blind obedience of the soldier that made him fearless of results. "I have fought the good fight," he afterwards said, as he saw his line of entrenchments extending from Asia Minor into the heart of Rome and soon to burrow to the coasts of Spain.

The very fields now bullet-riddled in the contest of the Nations were won to Christ by the sweat and blood of the early leaders of Christianity.

Modern warfare in the spiritual world, the end of which is eternal peace or hell, is carried on in similar mode. Fr. McQuaide in his new book, *With Christ in China*, brings out the resemblance strikingly. The outposts of our Faith in China are stretched from coast to coast. Each big city has its wing of God's army, each district is mapped out and entrusted to a single missionary. We no



(Raphael.)

S A I N T P A U L .

longer fight in solid phalanx where each man's elbow is hampered by his neighbor's, where a well-aimed blow will work havoc in the ranks. Each soldier now is in the front rank where firing counts, where ardor is enflamed by greater responsibility.

The longer the trenches in Christ's army in China, the sooner will the powers of darkness recede and leave the mighty empire of four hundred million souls a democracy of brothers under a common Father, God.

We announce with deep regret the death of Mr. James E. Boland, one of the incorporators and directors of the Vénard Apostolic School, our preparatory establishment at Scranton.

Mr. Boland was well known in Wilkesbarre, where he had been engaged in business for many years and was a director of the Second National Bank. Mr. Boland leaves a widow and a devoted flock of sons and daughters, to whom we express our sympathy. We ask prayers for the soul of this exemplary man.

### Tributes and "Contributes."

A North Carolinian refers to THE FIELD AFAR as a "refreshing little publication," and—which is better still—expresses a resolve to find for it each month a new subscriber.

From other points of the compass have come the following:

I find THE FIELD AFAR good company, and have passed it on to a different neighbor each month.

The only fault I find with THE FIELD AFAR is that the covers are too near together. (Pawtucket, R. I.)

Just a line to carry greetings from California, about which your FIELD AFAR says so many nice things. I am really growing proud of California, even if I am not a "native son."

Enclosed you will find a dollar for a landslip. You may send me some more, as I find it very interesting to fill them. This one was filled as follows: found, 25c; collected, 10c; carfare saved, 20c; tips, 45c. (N. Y. C.)

Here are the contents of my mite-box. I am sending you the pennies from my Sunday collection. They are only the crumbs,—but if every priest would send you the crumbs I am sure the result would be surprising. (Rev. Friend, Neb.)

We are sending you a box, the result of many heavy showers we had during Lent. One week it rained face towels, one week dish towels, another week soap, and last but not least Shinola, shoe laces, collar buttons, handkerchiefs and thread.

A year ago I read in THE FIELD AFAR of a young lady who saved a cent a day for the education of the students at Maryknoll. I thought it such a good idea that I followed her example, putting a cent a day into my mite-box. Now I am sending you a money-order for \$3.65. (Pittsburgh, Pa.)

A few days ago I gave a "Poverty Euchre" at my home. Twenty guests were invited, each to bring a prize costing not more than ten cents, and a small contribution for a mite-box, the contents of which were to be sent to Maryknoll for sand and cement. The hostess served refreshments, and the prizes were opened with much amusement. Result: some pleasure, some charity.

H A S N O P A I D A G E N T S .

### About Medical Missions.

A NEW ENGLAND prelate has picked up a circular bearing on medical missions (Protestant) and signed by nine well-known Americans, including, besides prominent physicians, a judge of the supreme bench, a librarian, and the vice-president of a trust company. We note a few of the more striking statements:

During the past fifteen years the alumni and students of one American university after another have taken up foreign missionary work.....A great opportunity now exists in Siam, which may even develop into the organization and maintenance of a medical school by means of funds contributed in part by Johns Hopkins University men. Such an institution will not only benefit Siam and a wide adjacent territory, but will as well exert a reflex influence for good upon all our Hopkins men, in widening their interests and giving them a larger world-vision.

Fifty years of faithful medical work by American medical missionaries have removed all native prejudice, and inspired great confidence and a strong desire for Western medicine. There is already a hospital of fifty beds, which is held in high repute by the people. Through the hospital, its dispensary, and its branches, about 100,000 patients are reached every year. Owing to the growth of the city, the location must be changed and the old, out-of-date hospital replaced by a new one.....A medical school with high standards now, will fix for generations to come the standards of medical education and practice, not only for the 7,000,000 people of Siam proper, but for at least 10,000,000 more who live in the regions east and north of Siam, who have no medical institutions, and whose territory is geographically adjacent and accessible to a central medical college in northern Siam.

Competent instructors, property and equipment are needed. The teaching is in English, so that men from America can at once begin useful service. The salary allowance is \$2,400 for a married man and \$1,200 for a single man. Two foreign nurses are also needed, and quarters for them .....It is not necessary to wait until all the funds (for building and equipment—\$95,200) are secured. Even with one man and funds for the hospital (\$25,000), a good beginning can be made.

### The Passing Note.

"THE Ossining post-mark is a real joy," writes a Sister of Charity in China.

May all who are din-dunned by our Teresians feel the same!

A K. of C. Council at Elmhurst, N. Y., heard recently, from Rev. George Caruana, a lantern-talk on Catholic Missions of the Far East.

*The Dial* of recent date,—an attractive magazine issued from St. Mary's College, Kansas,—published an article entitled, *Christ's Vineyard in Heathen Lands*. It is good to note that the eyes of young Catholic Collegians are being trained to see "beyond the frontiers." Incidentally, we may mention the fact that the writer, John J. Massoth '08, will soon be also a Maryknoll alumnus.

Some weeks ago the St. Ann's Club of Brighton sent, through the Boston Director of the Propagation of Faith, a gift of one hundred dollars, to start a Maryknoll Student Burse (for the Vénard) in honor of St. Ann. This club, we learn, has a record of several mission gifts to individuals and societies. Now that the Burse is started we shall be glad to hear from Christian Mothers' Associations and other organizations that love the mother of our Mother.

Joe Fie Ark, a young Chinaman of our acquaintance, wrote recently from Boston to say that he was on his way home to the old country and would gladly take any messages from Maryknoll to our friends in and around Canton.

"Joe" is a good type of a growing number of Catholic Chinese in the United States who cross the Pacific every few years and are a credit to the Faith which they have embraced.

Who, if not you, will remember your beloved dead?

The united missionary societies (Protestant) of the world find that last year was, financially, the greatest in their history,—this, in spite of war drains.

They admit however, that with the United States in the war, the supply of men for the mission field will steadily diminish, and that the situation is already acute so far as it concerns recruits from England and Scotland.

Thomas Tang, the Chinese student at Dubuque College whom we presented to our readers in the May issue of this palpitating monthly, has accepted an invitation to visit Maryknoll. He writes—in better hand-writing than our own:

I am in possession of your letter which, after careful consideration of the contents, gives me favorable impressions with the proposal you make me. Thanking you in anticipation.

Obediently yours,

THOMAS TANG.

Do you belong to the Anti-Waste Club? No, it is not a regular organization with President, Secretary and Treasurer, time-losing machinery and red-tape. It may extend to the circle of your household or, if you are a lone star in the firmament of this world, it may start and end with yourself.

Organize, and if you have any unexpected balance to your credit at the end of the month, set aside a little for mission needs.

The bugle call to help the missions is certainly being sounded along the line. Evidences are coming to us daily that are especially noteworthy. One Provincial Superior in the West has made it her special business to foreign-missionize every house under her direction. We feel that vocations will not be wanting where such a spirit prevails.

Lately from a convent in South Dakota we got this echo:

"Rev. Mother ——— visited us recently and was surprised that we were so tardy in recognizing the work of Maryknoll."

O U R P R E S E N T C I R C U L A T I O N



Miss Ria Nobechi, of Tokyo, has been leading the strenuous life in this part of the country. With St. Teresa's as her base she makes short flights, and returns radiant in the knowledge that she has made new friends for her beloved country and for THE FIELD AFAR. The lines that follow are from the Chairman of a committee in Valley Falls, R. I.:

Allow me to present the thanks of the Catholic Institute Lyceum for the delightful evening given us this week by the highly entertaining and instructive lecture of Miss Nobechi. It was indeed a revelation to all privileged to hear it. To say that we were delighted and enraptured does not fully express our feelings.

There was a young man of New York  
Who stabbed himself eating lean pork.  
Said he, "If I don't die  
I will go to Shanghai  
Where they don't use a knife or a  
fork."  
—A. Limerick.

St. Francis Seminary, Wisconsin, enjoyed its first Mission Sunday on April the fifteenth. The members of the St. Philip Neri Society, which was started a few years ago for the purpose of fostering the true missionary spirit in the hearts of the students, planned the program. The celebration was one of pleasure and enlightenment, not only for the two hundred and twenty members of the Society but also for the other students. The day began with the offering by the Seminarians of their Holy Communion for the missions. After breakfast, Pontifical High Mass was celebrated before His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop Messmer, by the Rector of the Seminary, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Rainer.

The *Western Watchman* shows itself awake to vital mission needs by giving prominence to the following:

Father Schwager, S.V.D., whose writings on foreign mission topics show a mastery of the whole apostolic question, thinks that the vital mission problem of today is how to get workers in sufficient numbers to offset the tremendous activity of the Protestants in every corner of the heathen world.

Particularly is the danger great in China and Japan. There the most imperative need is schools, primary and secondary. He contends that much could be done to relieve the situation if each teaching community would assume a share of the burden. For the opening of a single school would advance the interests of the Church in the Orient.

We ourselves would rejoice to see our teaching communities big and little, especially those indigenous to America, reach out to this form of heroism. There is something lacking in a religious family that doesn't link itself with the infant Church by means of representatives among "the gentiles afar off." The holocausts of supremest zeal hallow ties that were otherwise commonplace.

At the Consecration of Bishop McCloskey in the Philadelphia Cathedral, Maryknoll was represented by two members of the Seminary faculty. It was a solemn ceremony, and particularly impressive for those who realized that the zealous apostle who received the fulness of the priesthood on that occasion was soon to bury himself in Zamboanga, one of the poorest dioceses of the Philippine Islands.

After the ceremony one of the Maryknollers, a stranger to Philadelphia, took a street car for the Reading Terminal, and planted himself according to custom near the coin and ticket chopper to keep that worthy in mind of his stop.

At a free moment the chopper spoke up: "Say, Father, whose funeral was that this morning?"

An explanation was offered, and the next street was not called, but the stranger's stop was remembered and as he left the car the blushing chopper remarked, "Gosh, that was one on me!"

If you are the man, here is the suggestion. Some day, please God, we shall have a substantial fire proof building at Maryknoll, with wall space for things of educational and artistic value. In anticipation of those days, will you keep us in mind if you wish to find a resting place for some first-

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class painting, or really good copy, now in your possession?

Another suggestion—and this is for Bishops and Monsignori (we might have added Archbishops):

We have been asked more than once for episcopal outfits by poor missionary bishops. At present we have in mind a bishop, above the average height and portly, who needs a mantelletta and a biretta, but who cannot spare the money to buy either article. In answer to his request we presume to ask our Most Reverend and Right Reverend friends to flash a light on either their own ward-robcs or those of their predecessors and send the result to Maryknoll.



TANTUM ERGO SACRAMENTUM.

I S M O R E T H A N

3 5 , 0 0 0 .



THESE letters have escaped the submarines and we are pleased to record them.

**AFRICA**—Letters from Fr. Gutersohn, Belgium Congo; Fr. P. Rogan, Dar-es-Salam. Letter and photographs, Fr. MacLoone, Iganga. Letter and sketches, Fr. Stam, Mumias.

**BURMA**—Letter and sketches from Fr. Mourlanne, Ywegan.

**CEYLON**—Letter from Bishop Joulain, Jaffna.

**CHINA**—Letters from Bishop Rayssac, Swatow; Fr. Ouang, Kin-wha; Fr. Tsing, Ping-hu; Fr. O'Reilly, Chu Chow Fu. Letter and sketches, Fr. O'Leary, Kashing. Letter and promise of Mass, Fr. McArdle, Kashing.

**INDIA**—Letters from Bishop Eestermans, Lahore; Fr. Dominic, Trivandrum; Fr. Benkers, Madras. Letter and photographs, Fr. Merkes, Madras. Letter and promise of Mass, Fr. Grand, Pirangipuram.

**JAPAN**—Letters and stamps from Bishop Berlioz, Sendai; Bishop Combaz, Nagasaki. Letter and promise of Mass, Fr. Lemarie, Kumamoto. Letter, Fr. Hayasaki, Tenshudo.

**KOREA**—Letter and promise of a Mass, Bishop Demange, Taikou.

**MALASIA**—Letter from Fr. Bergh, Sarawak, Borneo.

#### FROM BRITISH E. AFRICA.

Foreign mission bishops publish yearly a report of *spiritual returns*, and for those who have become interested in the Catholic propaganda these reports make as a rule very satisfactory reading. Here, for example, is a brief report from Bishop Biermans (of the Upper Nile, British East Africa) who visited the United States a few years ago:

You will be pleased to learn the following items from the Yearly Report which I sent lately to the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda. The number of catechumens increased by 6,739, making their total now 37,989; 3,476 persons, of whom the majority were adults, were baptized; and Confessions and Holy Communions showed a remarkable increase, the latter totalling 2,501,98. Certainly we have many consolations in the midst of all our difficulties.

With reasonable economy enough could be saved from the expense account of an ordinary funeral to enroll in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society, as a Perpetual Associate, the deceased relative or friend.

God forgive our good Bishop Biermans for making me a Superior for the time being, here in Busoga. I love the Busoga but I detest the word *Superior*,—not that there are not many excellent men Superiors! As the *Imitation* says, it is easier to obey than to command. Well, any way, here I am working among my dusky darlings the Busoga, all of which I love even more than dollars,—and you know I have a weakness that way, too.

I have just got back from my first Safari in Busoga. After doing about 500 miles on my own bicycle through the scattered posts of our tremendous district, with its population of 100,000 heathens, here are my spiritual returns: Confessions, 141; Communion, 155; Baptisms, 9; Extreme Unctions, 3.

You have heard, no doubt, and read in all the American papers, about the wonderful bravery and many gallant deeds of the Irish officer, Lieut. MacLoone, during his brief visit to German East Africa, where he went to assist the Baganda. But let me tell you something else, which was published in the angelic papers of heaven: I baptized 69 in danger of death, heard 495 Confessions; and administered 135 Communion, 59 Extreme Unctions, and 6 Holy Viaticums. God blessed my poor efforts at the front. I loved the time spent there, and found it far too short. (Fr. B. F. MacLoone.)

#### CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

? ? ?

*What is the difference between a priest in China and one in the United States?*

The Pacific Ocean.

*Where is the Chinese Wall?*

One part of it is in China; the other may be around your heart and you don't know it.

*Is the average heathen worth baptizing?*

That depends on whether he is to be considered a human being or not.

We have been holding a reading-glass over the latest report of Catholic Missions in China, published in Peking. Here are a few facts worth noting:

The war has cut down results about forty per cent. In other words, there was an increase of 60,000 Christians during this past year as against 100,000 the year before.

#### WITH CHRIST IN CHINA.

By Rev. Joseph P. McQuaide, Ph.D., Rector of the Sacred Heart Church, San Francisco.

Price . . . . . One Dollar  
(On sale at Maryknoll.)

The native Chinese priests are more numerous than ever. There are actually 828 of them, all doing excellent work.

A new vicariate has been created by Rome in East Honan, and given to our friends from Milan, Italy.

To-day there are nearly 1,800,000 Catholics in China, ministered to by 1,437 European priests assisted by 828 native priests,—a total of 2,265 priests in all.

The Jesuits at Kiang-nan (which includes Shang-hai) have a vicariate that embraces within its territorial limits no less than 50,000,000 inhabitants, of whom not many more than 200,000 are Catholics,—that is, one out of every 213 people.

The Lazarists in North Chihli (where Peking is located) report almost as many Catholics as the Jesuits,—204,861 out of a population of only 4,300,000, or one out of every 20 people.

On the other hand, the Lazarists in Cheh-kiang have in a territory occupied by 10,000,000 only 31,251 Catholics,—hardly one out of every 350.

The Steyl Fathers (Society of the Divine Word) report in South Shantung 86,150 Catholics out of a population of 12,000,000.

In Hong-kong the Milan Society counts 19,820 spiritual children out of 3,400,000 people.

The Dominicans in Foo-chow are working among 14,000,000 and have yet to reach the number of 50,000 Catholics.

The largest vicariate territorially under the Paris Foreign Mission Society is that of Canton, over which Bishop de Guebriant has recently been placed. To many Americans this vicariate, which holds 19,000,000 people, has a special interest from the fact that most of our laundrymen claim it as their native province. There are in the Canton Vicariate 35,773 Catholics, or one out of every 500 pagans.

T H E R E A D E R S O F T H I S P A P E R

Do any of our readers remember Mother Agnelle, a Franciscan Missionary of Mary, who spent several years in the United States?

She has been in Harbin, Manchuria, and now has received word from Rome to go to Shansi to found a new house. The house will be consecrated, she tells us, to the harboring of little Chinese babies who would otherwise be thrown to the pigs and dogs as soon as born. Three hundred such infants are already awaiting Mother Agnelle's care. They are at present under the protection of the Virgins of Purgatory, an order of native religious women.

We owe to Mother Agnelle this kind appreciation of Maryknoll and the American clergy:

The progress of your Seminary is marvellous. I cannot tell you how I rejoice for the great good which it will accomplish. The young and zealous priesthood of America has certainly a great rôle to play in the future. Where will be the field of your first priests?

I congratulate the Seminary also on the splendid idea of forming an auxiliary-brotherhood as companions for its priests. Solitude is so depressing in a foreign country and the presence of one or two brothers will be a great help to your missionaries.

#### FROM HERE AND THERE.

Traveling would not seem to be an attractive feature of life in Tongking. Fr. Cothonay writes of a recent journey:

After visiting my several missions in the mountains, I came back to Lang-Son through rain and mud. Two typhoons had ravaged everything and the roads were very bad. To ascend a swollen river for thirty miles, I had to spend two days and as many nights in a small, rotten, ill-smelling boat, where I was surrounded by quarreling passengers, opium-smoking rowers, and all kinds of merchandise.

If you have, or have access to, a "stock of funny books, riddles, puzzles, etc.," send them—*no not here*, because we have no time for such things—but, for his school, to

Rev. L. Bergh,  
Banan, Sarawak, Borneo.

Fr. Bergh—who is a Van den Bergh—says that he wishes to keep his little blackies "daily bussy," which, after all, insinuates a condition preferable to that expressed by a German friend of ours, a hard worker, who said that he was always "boozy."

A venerable priest, Fr. Laurence Mulder, O. P., passed to his reward lately on one of the smallest islands of the West Indies. He was known as "The Man on the Rock." For more than twenty-five years he labored on his little island, which was hardly

#### Bernadette of Lourdes

The only complete account of her life ever published.

Translated by J. H. Gregory

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more than a huge boulder. Every Sunday morning he said Mass and preached a sermon in the church on the top of the rock, and then made a seven-hours journey down the steep cliff to perform the same duties in the chapel on the beach. During his

forty-five years in the West Indies Fr. Mulder never returned to his own country, Holland. His mother, a woman of simple faith, resigned herself generously to his absence, saying, "If I felt that a single soul would be lost through his return I should not wish to see him."



A STRIKING SCENE IN THE FIJI ISLANDS.

(Photo sent by Fr. Guinard.)

From the Fiji Islands out in Oceania comes a balmy breeze in the form of a letter from Bishop Vidal, who once called at Maryknoll and who has always kept, as he left, a pleasant impression of his visit. The bishop is fond of his flock, and the Fiji sheep follow their shepherd with great devotion.

H A V E B E C O M E I T S F R I E N D S .

## A PAGE FROM INDIA.



MONSIGNOR MERKES—THE "V. G." OF MADRAS—WITH HIS "VACOMOBILE."

If you, who meditate often on eternity, wish to get in touch, while in this your exile, with *Always*, write to Fr. Varghese Payapilly (no, this name is Indian) of Alwaye, Travancore, South India. He has a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, and now he is looking for the gift of a grotto.

Fr. Merkes—he is Vicar-General and Monsignor, by the way—of Madras likes Maryknoll, where he spent some pleasant days during a rather unprofitable American hat-in-hand tour a couple of years ago.

Fr. Merkes was ill for a long time in Europe before he could get back to his much-loved mission, and now he writes that he has spent another month in bed. He adds, however, that sacrifice is a great help in missionary work.

Archbishop Morel, of Pondichery, in a recent letter says that he is busy buying trees and preparing brick kilns to repair the ruins wrought some months ago by a cyclone in his district.

"It is wonderful," he writes, "how quickly the natives rebuild their huts." His Grace adds that the crops are not so bad as it was thought they would be and he is thankful.

Archbishop Morel is the spirit-

ual superior of Fr. Gavan Duffy, who spent some months at Maryknoll last year.

Notre Dame in Indiana has a fine chance to help one of its sons and to lay the foundation of a branch in India. Fr. Hennessy, of the Holy-Cross-Bandura-Gobindpur-English (perhaps some other names should be added here) High School in Bengal writes:

Our school is named Holy Cross, after the Mission of Holy Cross; Bandura, after the village formerly the centre of the Catholic mission; and Gobindpur, after the Hindu school which asked to be amalgamated with it. Starting with about 100 pupils, it now has over 500. Once the stronghold of paganism, it now bids fair to become a centre of great Christian influence.

We have the full High School course of arithmetic, algebra, geometry, English, Bengali, Persian, Sanskrit, Arabic, Indian history, geography, and drawing. The languages include grammar and literature, as well as translation into English.

Twenty teachers are employed. Of these twenty, but one—besides myself and a Brother—is Christian. Why is this? Because Christians simply cannot be had. It is only now that Christians are beginning to go in for High School education. This is the only High School for natives in the diocese, but if all goes well, and financial aid is forthcoming we shall be able in the future to replace the Hindu teachers by Christian ones.

Pagans and Mohammedans are most anxious to go to the Mission School, and are most docile and willing. At

present there are 300 Hindus, 95 Mohammedans, and 92 Christians. All play and go to class together and are the best of friends and neighbors, just as "thick" as chums among the different persuasions in an American school or club. If you ever pay us a visit you will not find it an easy task picking out Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians, as they sit side by side in the classroom or jostle one another in the playground.

The Christian attendance is small, because the Christians are the poorest of the poor. At the age of twelve their boys run to the cities to take up the work of cooks. *Cookism* runs in their blood. They begin by being water-carriers or potato-peelers for some cook relative. The parents, when approached on the question of having the child continue at school, argue in this manner: "It is bad enough to have to feed my son in idleness while he is at school, but to pay fees in addition is a burden I cannot and will not bear. He must go to work if he cannot get his schooling free." So to work he goes, as is shown by the fact that there are upwards of 6,000 Christians in the school district and yet less than 50 Christian pupils in the High School classes.

Many a good and promising lad has his desire for study denied and has become a dishwasher from want of school fees. Yet the fees are paltry. Tuition alone is \$1.75 a month; with board, \$2. The handicap to our further progress at present is lack of means. Not only Christians, but Hindus and Mohammedans, come to me and cry, actually cry, for a chance to go to school.

*There are pins more expensive than the Maryknoll Chi Rho (key-roe), but we know of none more simple or more expressive.*

I F Y O U L I K E U S

## How The Call Came.

By a Vénardier.



It was hot, intensely hot; so hot in fact, that the two boys who were stretched lazily on the beach, watching the waves beat against the rocky cliffs, found speaking an effort.

Presently one of them broke the silence: "Whee but it's hot; isn't it, Bob?"

"Yah, you bet," was the answer.

Silence reigned for awhile, until the same youngster again broke it: "Let's take a swim, Bob."

"No, I don't want to. I was in this morning."

"Say, Jack, let's pay 'Old Cap' a visit."

The suggestion met with approval and soon the two boys were hurrying towards a small shack at the far end of the beach. There they found "Old Cap" seated on a bench, quietly smoking his pipe. *"Bent, like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean, Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the captain before them;*

*Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;*

*White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak leaves."*

"Hello, youngers," he slowly drawled, as he took the pipe from his mouth. "Where be ye a-goin' this hot day?"

"Oh," replied Jack, "we were tired of watching the waves beating against the rocks, so we came down to have a chat with you. My, but isn't it hot, though? Do you remember a hotter day, Cap?"

"Lots of 'em," replied the old salt.

The boys took this as a signal that a story was coming, so they sat down beside the captain and waited patiently.

"Yes sir'ee, sonny," began the old man, "many's the hot day I spent on the water, an' in t'other

places too, but I calc'late none was as hot as the months I spent in Chinee."

"China!" exclaimed Bob, "and were you away over in China?"

"Thet I war, sonny, an' Chinee sure is some place. I remember one very hot day I was in—lemme see—Hing King?—no, Hong Kong, that's it—an' I saw a crowd of Chineemen goin' into a large buildin', so I ups and an' follers arter, so's to escape the heat."

"When I got inside I looks around an' saw thet it was a temple, an' away up front war a big statue of a heathen god. Well, it war the funniest thing to see those Chineemen a-bowin' an' a-scrapin' an' a-shakin' their pig-tails at thet there thing, as if it was alive."

"Pretty soon a band of ugly-dressed Chinees came in, a-beatin' a large drum an' a-shoutin' at the top o' their lungs."

"What did they do that for?" broke in Bob.

"What for? Why to drive the evil spirits away, sonny."

"And don't they believe in the one true God, Who became man and died for our salvation?" asked Jack earnestly,

"No, sonny," the captain made reply, "the pore little children over there know nothin' about the Babe Who was born in Bethle'm. Why sonny, when a father can't take keer of his child he throws him into the river, that's what."

"And arn't they ever saved at all?" asked Jack.

"Well, I remember meetin' some mish'ners what took 'em in, but often the pore little kids dies of starvation."

"Aw, that's too bad. Arn't you sorry for those little babies, Jack?" asked Bob. "And arn't you, Cap?" he continued.

"I shore am," replied the old salt, "an' ef I war young again, sonny, I would take the first boat for Chinee an' start a-preachin' the true religion to them Chinks, right away. 'Pears to me there oughter be some young 'uns in this neighborhood that 'ud take it into

their heads to help the pore Chinks out. Don't you think so, son?"

"I sure do, Cap," Jack made answer. "When I get big and can earn money, I'm going to buy a lot of those Chinese babies—just you wait and see."

"Thet's talkin', sonny. I reelly b'lieve yer have the makin's of a mish'ner in yer, thet I do. I often wishes myself thet I had a younker your size thet 'ud some day go a-preachin' to them there Chinees. An' take it from me younkers, ef I knew a young 'un from this neighborhood thet 'ud go there I'd be willin' to help him. I ain't so very rich, but I guess I could spare a mite for the Lord. Yes sir, I shore would."

At this moment the long threatening thunder was heard pealing in the distance so Bob broke in, saying, "Well, Cap, it looks as though it would rain soon, so we'll be going."

The old captain shook hands with the boys, thanked them for coming, and then slowly entered the shack, muttering to himself, "I shore would, I shore would."

Three years had passed since the chat with "Old Cap" but, for some unexplained reason, Jack was unable to forget the suffering Chinese babies told of by the old sea-captain. Time and time again the thought occurred to him that he ought to be helping these poor unfortunate Chinese children.

He tried to banish the thought, but was never able to rid himself of it completely.

*"Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,*

*Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded*

*Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,"*

"Go ye into the whole world, and preach the Gospel to all creatures."

Soon the thought became a desire. Then at last Jack realized that it was the voice of the Divine

S A Y S O T O T H E R S .

Master urging upon him that best of all His gifts, the call to the Apostolate.

But how could he answer it? He was a poor boy, with no means to provide for the necessary years of study and preparation. Then all at once flashed into his mind the closing words of that never-to-be-forgotten conversation of three years ago:

"Ef I knew a young 'un from this neighborhood thet 'ud go there I'd be willin' to help him—I shore would."

Sure now of his vocation, and seeing the road to its fulfillment clear before him, Jack made application to the Foreign Mission Seminary. When the welcome letter of acceptance arrived from the Superior, Jack made haste to break the glad news to his friend, and so great was the joy of "Old Cap" that he fell on his knees and thanked his Maker for having fulfilled his wish, that he might help educate a youth from the neighborhood for the foreign missions.

Six years were spent by Jack in preparing for his holy calling. At last the day of his Ordination came. How happy was the young priest as he celebrated his first Mass! What great joy was his when he called his Maker from His heavenly throne to the altar before him!

But if his joy was great, it was almost equalled by the happiness that filled the heart of one other on beholding him offering the Holy Sacrifice. This was "Old Cap," rejoicing in the thought that he had helped educate a young priest to carry Christ's message of peace to the heathen and to save for Heaven some of those "pore little Chinees kids."

Years after, when one would stop at the shack to chat with "Old Cap," he would always say:

"An' ter think thet there story o' mine made Jackie become a priest! I allus knew the Good Lord would sometime let me do somethin' to help those pore Chinks out."

#### ON FIELDS AFAR.

No post is there in that great throng  
Whose quarrel is the Lord's,  
But what the grace of such a place  
An honest pride affords.

I love the good and holy nuns  
Who live to work and pray;  
And I love well the monks that dwell  
Within the cloister gray.

Those other Christs to me are dear  
Who wend the busy mart,  
That souls may feel the burning zeal  
That flames within their heart.

Full many are the ways to serve,  
Nor any yields to mine;  
But as for me, I needs must be  
Out on the firing line.

Out where the fight is desperate,  
Herculean the toil;  
The foeman's steel I long to feel  
With button off the foil.

And, if 'twere there my fate to fall,  
Such happy destiny  
No angel prone at Heaven's throne,  
But what would envy me.

Oh, glorious is any post  
Within the King's array;  
Nor is His call the same to all,  
Each serveth as he may;

And in that army never soul  
Unworthier than mine,  
Yet, for my part, I cannot be  
But on the firing line.

By A VÉNARD.

*This is what happens when you fail to send in your changed address:*

1. The paper goes to the old stopping-place and—it can't get in.

2. It goes back to your former post-office.

3. Your former postmaster fills out a card and sends to Maryknoll the awful news that you have moved. He requests instructions and stamps to forward the darling.

4. If we know to what part of the world you have gone, we arrange to have the waiting paper sent to your new address.

5. Then your stencil is taken from its box. The frame is saved but a new stencil must be hammered out, and when this is done the change must be noted on your index-card and on a tab-card that goes into your stencil-frame.

We do not ask you to relieve us of operation No. 5 (we move ourselves, occasionally) but you can help us considerably by sending on a post-card your full name, old address, and new address. Do this before you pay the furniture-mover and we shall be quite certain of notification.

#### The Maryknoll Pin

(The Chi-Rho.)



Twenty-five cents apiece.  
Six for one dollar.

Forty for five dollars.

It consists of two Greek letters—Chi (key) and Rho (roe)—the monogram of Christ. The circle symbolizes the world, and the entire emblem signifies the mission of Christ to the world.  
Address: Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.

To the *Buffalo Catholic Institute Library* we are indebted for a Chinese Manual of considerable interest.

*With Christ in China*, the latest book on Catholic Foreign Missions, is having a good sale. It is being read in seminaries and colleges, and by many interested readers of THE FIELD AFAR. Our present stock is limited, but we have about twenty copies on hand. The rest of the consignment is held up "somewhere on the prairies."

The *M. A. C. W. Mission Message* is the title of a Catholic Mission Magazine devoted to the organization of Catholic women for missionary effort at home and in heathen countries. The *Mission Message* is published in Milwaukee, Wis. It has the approbation of Archbishop Messmer, and is the organ of the American Branch of the Missionary Association of Catholic Women, whose center is in Europe. The magazine is printed by the *Society of the Divine Word*, in Techny, Ill.

#### THE LIGHTNING CHAIN.

*Here is an idea (we borrow one occasionally) for pushing THE FIELD AFAR:*

Get 12 friends to become subscribers.

Induce each of the 12 to find 8 more and to ask each of these 8 to secure 4 others.

If the plan works, you will have added nearly 500 to our circulation. Figure it out!

W E H A V E B E E N G R O W I N G



### Maryknoll Activities.



"They lay for us in a friendly way."

ALMOST every male citizen at Maryknoll is "doing his bit" for his country, and those who cannot work can talk or boss. The land's the thing, especially when it holds such possibilities as corn, potatoes, cabbages, beets, turnips, carrots, onions, together with other edibles, and the Maryknollers' gave up some weeks ago their weekly walk,—occasional study time, also—for service on the farm.

The live-stock, too, has become livelier. The cows are making milk when the sun shines and when it doesn't shine. They are all on the day and night shift. The hogs work a great part of the day, ceasing operations only when there is nothing else to do. They are a loyal bunch and they root for us with slightest encouragement. The two mules—dear, faithful creatures—and *Starlight*, our only horse, have made up for the untimely deaths of some of their kind who failed us at crucial periods. These three are models of perseverance.

We should not forget the hens. They lay for us in a friendly way, and their respective families run into an aggregate of hundreds. Chicken Park is really quite a village, and we feel that some cocky individuals down there from Plymouth Rock are quite justified in throwing out their chests and cackling, these fine mornings of early summer.

Farm help has of course been a problem here. Fortunately we do not have to reckon with a su-

perintendent. We have the one and only original one with us yet—now a priest—and he is training a young auxiliary from the Middle West, who would rather run the length of a furrow behind a plow than take a day off.

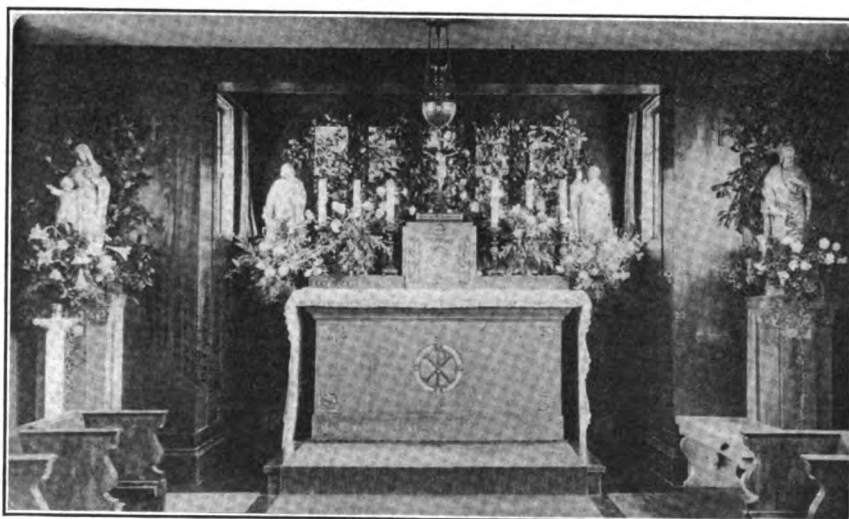
Passing under the eyes of these two steady members of our community, have gone—perhaps to return, for nearly every one comes back to Maryknoll,—a little procession of willing workers and heavy eaters. They came and went, and some came back and went again. One was a lordly French refugee, a man who would have looked the part if he had worn an evening suit at a White House reception or straddled a horse as a traffic policeman on Fifth Avenue. Albert was his name. When we watched him curl the ends of his golden mustache until they pointed cloudwards we forgot that we were supposed to give him orders. Albert had troubles of his own outside, so one fine day he packed his overalls and jumper, made a profound how, and left us,—in the lurch.

Our supervising farmer brushed up his Sunday suit and took his eyes off the fields once

this past spring, when he went up to Brewster to *preach a sermon and buy a cow*,—something of a St. Paul combination.

We have had quite a list of bills to settle, but we are happy to be able to settle them. After all, what is money good for but to pay it out? We do not like to spend it, however, for digging trenches and we have been doing quite a little of that kind of war work the past spring. An antiquated pipeline leading to the brook had to be replaced, and St. Joseph's House needed a two-hundred-foot connection with the main sewer. When we had such miserable kind of work to accomplish before, we did it with *John D.'s* money. This time some of your hard-earned dollars went into it,—but what could we do?

We gave a delicate hint once that we should welcome a contribution towards digging the grave of a huge sea-serpent up on our hill. The hint waved out from our wireless but was caught by only three stations. The return from one of those, however, was worth what might have come from a few hundred, and it enabled us to square a substantial percentage of the cost.



THE SEMINARY CHAPEL IN FEAST-DAY GARB.

B Y 1 , 0 0 0 A W E E K .

We were getting along rapidly with St. Joseph's when word came from the local chief of the labor wigwam that wages had advanced beyond the scale for which we had contracted, and we felt obliged to discharge all but two of the saw-wielders.

Those of our readers who live anywhere along the high road between this blessed Knoll and Boston, or from there to the wilds of Maine, may expect, sometime this coming summer, to be visited by two of Maryknoll's aspirants, —or to be passed by with nary a nod if the Chi Rho sign is not high on the door post.

One of these lads,—tall and lean as a German periscope,—hails from Connecticut and will pay an afternoon call upon his family the third or fourth day out from Ossining. He will be seen afar off, as he looms up on the horizon; but no fatted calf will long detain him under the parental roof. The other aspirant is of "low visibility" but can be detected at close range, standing "5 ft. 3" when not too much "down at the heels,"—as he is likely to be before making *his* afternoon call upon relatives in Maine.

The two will walk. The plan is to leave Maryknoll with neither "scrip nor purse," to sleep under haystacks when other hospitality is lacking, and in general to trust to an all-seeing Providence as the good Maryknoller habitually does.

Will any readers who meet with these travelers on their journey report latitude, longitude, and other observations to Headquarters-on-the-Hudson, for the edification of our more conventional or less venturesome souls?

Everybody knows the need China has for apostolic workers, but no one realizes it better than does a bishop in China. He senses it in a manner positively sad. May God bless your Seminary at Maryknoll! May He raise up many vocations among the young and ardent Catholics of the United States. (Bp. Rayssac, Swatow.)

Over at St. Teresa's and at THE FIELD AFAR Building, which the Teresians have invaded, war-time activity is noticeable. The patriotism of these good women is expressed by the flag that flies its inspiring appeal outside of their workroom windows, and by the gardens which, in spare moments, they stoop to cultivate.

This leads us to say something more than usual about the Teresians, and the subject is one that has elicited many inquiries.

The Teresians now number twenty. It is largely to their energy that our FIELD AFAR readers owe the regular appearance of this monthly visitor and of occasional messengers like Dinny Dun, Hokey-Poki, the Red Hand, and the Touch family. To the Teresians our printer looks for the prompt appearance of copy, corrected proof, and so forth. The Ossining post-office is swamped with the work of Teresian hands; and some office-supply companies would lose considerable profit if they were withdrawn from Maryknoll. The Seminary counts on them for several household needs, and their stitch in time saves many a dime for needy students and for not less needy faculty.

Better than all this co-operation, however, is the value of their daily Communions, their frequent prayers, and their unstinted sacrifices.

Loyal they are to a woman,—and this means that they are strong in their loyalty to Maryknoll and all for which it stands. Few who have come into their body in the past five years have left it; and of those, one, offering her life for the work, is with God as its intercessor.

The Teresians have already been recognized by Rome as a society of pious women, banded together to aid the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. They have been warmly encouraged by His Eminence, Cardinal

## Bernadette of Lourdes

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### THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SEMINARY OF AMERICA

Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., New York

Farley, to establish themselves in a permanent home at or near Maryknoll.

All of the Teresians have been made Tertiaries of St. Dominic, that they may share in the numerous spiritual privileges of the great Order, and they are under the direction of a Dominican nun who has come out of the West—from Sinsinawa, Wisconsin—to help in their more perfect organization.

*In these days when the great war in Europe has closed the door of support to the heroic missionaries in far off heathen lands it is the Will of God that we do all we can to keep alive the seed of Catholic faith watered by the blood of so many heroes, and while we cannot go ourselves to share their dangers we can at least give a little of our goods to feed and clothe them. (Bishop Cusack.)*

A Record Book for twelve subscriptions will be mailed to you at your request.

M A R Y K N O L L I S S U S T A I N E D

## Vénard Notes.

ACTING on the President's message of April 15, we have turned in earnest to the farm. All classes but two have been dropped and all available energy not essential to the administration of the institution has been turned out-of-doors. When one



"THE PROFESSOR"—A FAMILIAR FIGURE AT CLARK'S GREEN.

realizes that we have a hundred acres of arable land, it will be readily seen that we are in a good position to render patriotic service as farm-soldiers.

We have planted seventy-five bushels of potatoes, about six thousand cabbage and cauliflower plants, five acres of turnips and mangels, plots of beans, peas, parsnips, kale, spinach, Brussels sprouts, lettuce and onions, and about six hundred gooseberry, raspberry, currant and other bushes. Then there are on the premises an apple and a plum orchard, which rendered a favorable account of themselves last year. Five horses, twenty head of cattle, six hogs, and three hundred hens constitute our supply of live-stock.

With all these resources we hope to be not only self-supporting, so as to avoid all unnecessary drain on the general market, but also able to contribute something of a surplus towards the needs of our country in the present crisis. The regular daily toil of thirty young men, even though they are for the most part still inexpert, is no small item in the present economy of things. Judging by the success thus far attained, we hope to accomplish much by the end of the year.

On rainy days, when the soil is unfit for cultivation, the energies of the

farm contingent are turned to the improvement of house and grounds, the building and repairing of fences, and the removal of trees that have seen their best days.

While we would not for a moment deny the existence of dark clouds, we insist whenever possible on seeing the silver lining within them. We were loathe to have the Vénards suffer a set-back in their studies; yet we see certain advantages for them in the change. The idea that they are making a sacrifice for their country—which is next to God in their hearts—cannot fail to quicken their patriotic pulse; a perfect spirit of good fellowship is fostered by their being thrown constantly together; and the hard work in the open air, by toughening their physical frames, must do them a world of good. Our only misgiving now is that, if their appetites keep on increasing as they have done with their labors, there may not be much of a surplus for Uncle Sam when harvest time comes around.

We have been amused at times with the names given us by tradesmen and correspondents. Now, by the irony of fate, some of these names fit better than we thought. *e. g.*, "Van Art School" and "Catholic Farm Missions."

With the advent of real spring weather, the temptation to write poetry becomes almost irresistible. Even the normal American boy, who usually enjoys a fair share of "poise," finds himself sometimes under its spell. Consequently, at the Vénard, there have been perpetrated of late not a few poetic effusions of "more or less" literary merit. Here is one inspired by the *Euterpean* muse, entitled:

"The Vénard Song."

(To the tune of "Alleluia, Alleluia, let the Joyful Anthem Rise.")

Vénard, cherished Alma Mater, loyal hearts well up in song,  
Thee to tell their deep devotion: hear it echo sweet and strong.  
God has called us to thy standard; we are grateful one and all.  
We'll be faithful, Alma Mater, to thy spirit and our call.

As we love our God and country, as our hearths and homes are dear,  
So we love thy sacred portals, and thy blessed name revere.  
Thou shalt find us e'er devoted, while there's life-blood in our veins,  
Ever faithful, Alma Mater, we'll be other Théophanes.

Allow us to present to you the "Vénard Literary Society." Its aim is to foster the writing and spreading of mission literature and to create an interest in the English classics, especially the works of Cardinal Newman. The

Candidates for Maryknoll or for the Vénard Apostolic School should make application now for admission in September. Each application should be accompanied by a reference to the student's pastor or to some priest who knows him well.

meetings will take place every three weeks. Already the Society is furnishing a weekly column to the *Scranton Light*, and enthusiasm and ambition along literary lines are much in evidence.

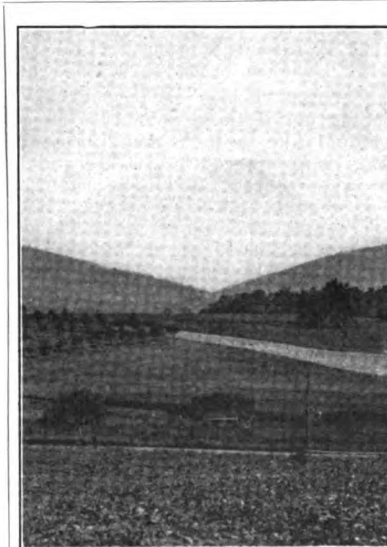
By those who realize the missionary's need of a ready pen, the importance of the newly established society will be seen to be of no little moment. May the "Vénard Literary Society" have a long and successful career, and effect all the good for the missions which it at present promises.

FIELD AFAR readers may yet be victimized by this innocent young thing.

In the issue of THE FIELD AFAR for December, 1912, there appeared a note of thanks for some help from South Framingham, Mass. The note concluded with a prophecy that some day that parish might have a personal representative in the work of the Foreign Missions. This prophecy seems to have been realized by the entry last September of a S. Framingham young man to the Vénard School.

Yours faithfully,

A. VÉNARD,  
Clark's Green, Pa.



WHERE PATRIOTIC SERVICE IS BEING RENDERED BY FARM-SOLDIERS OF THE VÉNARD.

T H R O U G H                      T H E                      F I E L D                      A F A R .

## June Roses.

*This bouquet is for you on your 10th birthday, dear Maryknoll. It is made up of pluckings from all over the country.*



*Yours sincerely, An Admirer.  
Thank you, thank you, dear Admirer; and may you live to bring more bouquets.  
Gratefully yours, Mary Knoll.*

A SEMINARIAN may feel that he is not in a position to do much for such a work as ours, but in many of our seminaries individual students find a way of satisfying their desire to help us.

If you were not a busy man I would write you a longer note, and if I were not a poor man I would send you a bigger one. (Menlo Park, Calif.)

This offering is the result of the efforts of some six seminarians to correct their English. Each mistake in English is subject to a fine of one cent.

We will try to get others interested. (St. Bernard's, Rochester, N.Y.)

The retreat of our students is approaching and I thought that perhaps you would like to have me distribute among them some of the literature descriptive of your activities. Then, too, I should appreciate very much if you would send me about a dozen mite-boxes because I am in hopes that I may be able to collect a few cents for you. (St. Xavier College, Ohio.)

We always like to hear from Maryknoll, for we have learned to love her ways and to know her needs. Smiling, she cheerfully and touchingly tells us her troubles and noble ambitions, and then with varying ingenuity she suggests that we might help her. On these occasions our hearts grow large and generous. Unfortunately, however, our pocket-books, with their few chips, retain their same poor proportions. We do the one thing we can do—we give a little, but with a large, generous, and praying heart. Let's hope the day is not far distant when we shall be able to give more.

Your land-slip took well with the seminarians; we had some genuine fun in choosing and assigning the "lots." Please send me a few more of these slips. Perhaps I can send you in exchange a few more greenbacks. (St. Charles' Seminary, Carthage, Ohio.)

Being greatly interested in the work your FIELD AFAR is doing for the spread of missionary zeal, we take this opportunity to tell you of one of the means by which we try to aid the missions. We have here at St. Francis' a society called the Eucharistic League for the Missions. The majority of the students belong to it. Every Monday morning the members go to Holy Communion in a body and offer those Communions for the welfare of the Missions. After Mass prayers for the missions are said as part of the thanksgiving.

We mention this as a suggestion to other seminaries and to schools and colleges. Over two hundred students belong to our League and there is no reason why like numbers should not be found to join elsewhere. The establishment of a League is very easy; we will gladly give all desired information.

May all seminaries and college soon have their Eucharistic League for the Missions! (Prov. Sem., St. Francis, Wis.)

Here is a refreshing breeze from a seminary in the Middle West. The writer reveals himself without further introduction:

In the very act of attaching the Chi Rho pin to my cassock I became a Maryknoll booster. After several inquiries from my confreres as to where I got that "Pax" or "Free Mason" pin, I became quite proficient in explaining that it came from Maryknoll, the headquarters of the wide-awake Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

My next move was to devise some more effective way of putting your Society before the public. So I put a "bug in the ear" of the Senior of the Seminary and of the Moderator of our Literary Society, suggesting that they make one of our meetings a Mission Session, during which the two main papers should treat of "The Development of the Mission Spirit in the U. S." and "The Parish Priest and the Foreign Missions."

I am enclosing a list of our Seminarians, so that you may, if you think advisable, send to each a mite-box and an appeal to come to the aid of the mission cause, if not financially at least with interest in the work and use of personal influence to interest others.

## With Our Youth.

Out in Hiteman, Iowa, the children of St. Patrick's School have disposed of seven dollars' worth of land-slips. Another hundred feet of Maryknoll ground is credited to the altar-boys of the same place.

From a class at St. Joseph's Academy in St. Augustine, Florida, came recently a gift of nearly seven dollars, with the announcement that it was made by publishing a small class paper,—a generous rival to THE FIELD AFAR.

Little Agnes Finnicks, who has been *bursing* for Maryknoll, signs herself, "Yours truly to death." This looks like a Teresian in the making. Agnes has also entrapped her sister and her chum. She herself is eleven years young and her sister Mary is twelve—considerably older.

*Holy Spirit, Spirit of Truth, come into our hearts; shed the brightness of Thy light on all nations, that they may be one in faith and pleasing to Thee. (100 days' Indulgence, once a day.)*

We still hear that babies cry for THE FIELD AFAR.

Mary Angela is beginning to talk. Her first prayers will be offered for foreign missions.

So writes a subscriber, thereby proving that babies can do better for THE FIELD AFAR than cry for it.

"Accept this dollar from the savings of a tiny little girl with a heart for the missions. I ask your prayers for all my family of five who are sick. Two have been very sick, and the oldest boy, eight years old, is never very well. He is very sick now. I wish I could know if I would have even one son a good missionary. I would be glad. I ask God to spare them for His service only, not for this world or for me, but for our Blessed Lord. Mary, four years old, gave me her pennies. Please pray for us all."

If you wish not to be bothered with annual payments, send, within the space of two years, fifty dollars and you will receive The Field Afar during your life.

W E A R E A I M I N G T O S E C U R E

## RECEIVED AT MARYKNOLL.

Camera, M. O'K., N. Y.; books, J.O'D., Conn.; vestments and missal, Rev. Friend, N. Y.; altar linen, M. V. C., Mass.; ink pencil, J. C., R. I.; clothing, J. J. O'T., N. J.; scapulars, F. S.; cinctures, M. D., N. Y.; soap, H. K., N. Y.; seed, J. R. C., N. Y.; clothing, Rev. Friend, Conn.; clothing, Rev. Friend, N. Y.; books, G. G., N. Y.; stole and burse, R. M., N. Y.; book, Sr. M. C., R. I.; collar-buttons, shoe-strings, etc., St. Francis', N. Y.

Old coins, jewelry, etc.: M. B., Mass.; P. J. C., Conn.; M. A. S., N. Y.; R. A. M., R. I.; J. H. B., Mass.; E. C. M., Mass.; M. O'C., Mass.; M. A. S., Conn.

Cancelled stamps, tinfoil, etc.: M. E. D., Mass.; Anon., Pa.; J. McK., Ala.; T. L., Conn.; M. G. B., R. I.; S. S., Pa.; Anon., Conn.; M. R., N. Y.; M. A. K., Pa.; E. J. M., N. Y.; A. W. C., N. J.; J. C., N. Y.; J. R., Pa.; C., N. Y.; E. V. S., Ala.; St. Elizabeth's, N. J.; Sr. C., N. Y.; Srs. of Mercy, Vt.; Poor Clares, Mass.; Srs. of Charity, N. S.; P. J. O'B., Conn.; Catholic Women's Club, Mass.; F. R. M., Pa.; G. R. M., Pa.; G. M. Q., Conn.; Mt. St. Mary's, N. H.; M. L., N. Y.; St. Joseph's, Ind.; H. E. T., D. C.; M., N. Y.; A. M. C., Md.; A. B., Pa.

## RECEIVED AT THE VÉNARD.

Books and stationery, M. A. T., Pa.; candlesticks, L. C., Pa.; candy, flowers, fruit, Mrs. P. J. J., Pa.; P. and A. C., H. C. B., Mrs. T. O'G., Mrs. M. C., Pa.; M. R. and Mrs. D. M., N. Y.; clothes, C. McC., Mass.; linen and candy, G. and J. C., Pa.; tinfoil, M. M., Pa.

From "somewhere in Hartford" have come vestments, a monstrance, and other church furnishings, for all of which we are grateful to the unknown giver.

Milford, Connecticut, has lately supplied Maryknoll with a goodly stock of Church needs, including vestments and sacred vessels. The church sacristy, the pastor's pocket, and the convent treasury, were evidently all drawn upon to make up the generous offering.

**W**ILL our readers remember as they would like to be remembered in prayer the souls of:

Rev. Joseph Little Mrs. P. Monakey  
John W. McGuire Patrick F. McGuire  
John Slamon Mrs. E. McLoughlan  
James E. Boland M. M. Flannagan  
Mrs. J. Bangasser Sr. Neri

## NEW PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES.

Living: J. C. S.; Mrs. C. Q.; Rev. Friend; P. J. S.; E. B.; J. B.; Mrs. J. E. O'B.; M. R.

"Render to God the things that are His—for the night cometh, when no man can work."

## FROM YOUR STATE AND OTHERS.

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California	\$218.42	7
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Connecticut	84.50	219
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Florida	6.65	
Idaho		1
Illinois	25.25	265
Indiana	10.00	2
Iowa	100.00	12
Kansas		1
Kentucky	17.90	5
Louisiana	10.00	1
Maine	76.75	6
Maryland	166.34	3
Massachusetts	1,833.51	64
Michigan	16.00	1
Minnesota	1.00	3
Missouri	23.00	78
Nebraska	1.00	2
New Hampshire	25.35	8
New Jersey	52.05	45
New York	1,268.08	758
North Dakota	18.00	
Ohio	47.90	6
Oregon		1
Pennsylvania	516.07	65
Rhode Island	181.27	243
South Dakota	3.00	1
Texas	15.00	10
Vermont	102.15	
Virginia		1
West Virginia	6.00	1
Wisconsin	5.00	

## FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS.

Belgium	\$1.00	
Canada	17.00	6
England		1
Hawaii		1
Ireland		1

Total of New Subscribers 1,822

A Maryknoll Pin—the Chi Rho—is yours for the asking if, when sending a new subscription or renewal, you add: "Send me a pin."

## MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.  
Sold up to June 1, 1917, 2,631,443 "  
For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,818,557 "  
SEND FOR A LAND-SLIP.

## VENARD LAND.

Total area at The Vénard, 6,000,000 ft.  
Sold up to June 1, 1917, 1,014,444 "  
For sale at ½ cent a foot, 4,047,570 "

## STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS.

A burse or Foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.

## COMPLETED BURSES.

Cardinal Farley Burse	\$5,000.
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse	5,000.
John L. Boland Burse	6,000.
Blessed Sacrament Burse	5,000.
St. Willibrord Burse	5,000.
Providence Diocese Burse	5,000.
Fr. Elias Younan Burse	5,000.
Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse	5,000.
O. L. of Miraculous Medal Burse	5,000.
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse	5,000.
Holy Trinity Burse	5,000.
Father B. Burse	6,273.31

## PARTIALLY COMPLETED BURSES.

Abp. John J. Williams Burse	\$5,278.21
Bishop Doran Memorial Burse	4,938.00
Cheverus Centennial School Burse	3,177.12
All Souls Burse	3,176.34
St. Joseph Burse	2,446.40
St. Teresa Burse	2,043.50
O. L. of Mt. Carmel Burse	2,000.12
Little Flower Burse (Vénard)	1,984.49
Holy Ghost Burse	1,768.54
St. Patrick Burse	1,599.87
Bl. Th. Vénard Burse (Vénard)	1,201.00
Holy Child Jesus Burse	1,169.29
Pius X. Burse	1,041.00
St. Dominic Burse	976.57
Precious Blood Burse	966.60
Fr. Chapon Memorial Burse	935.87
St. Columba Burse	915.90
O. L. of the Sacred Heart Burse	838.76
St. Anthony Burse	826.60
Bl. Sacrament Burse (Vénard)	412.50
Curé of Ars Burse	371.23
St. Francis of Assisi Burse	354.60
St. Stephen Burse	346.00
Susan Emery Memorial Burse	302.20
C. Burse	300.00
Holy Family Burse	250.00
St. Francis Xavier Burse	223.51
St. Lawrence Burse	221.75
St. John the Baptist Burse	198.00
O. L. of Mercy Burse	160.54
St. Boniface Burse	149.40
St. Agnes Burse	141.25
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse	140.00
St. Rita Burse	135.25
St. Anne Burse	125.00
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Burse	110.00
All Saints Burse	95.95
Joan of Arc Burse	73.20
O. L. of Victory Burse	67.00
Gemma Galgani Burse	36.00
Holy Name Burse	28.00

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

A new burse cannot be listed until it has reached one hundred dollars.

## SPECIAL FUNDS.

Abp. Williams Catechist Fund	\$9,500.00
Foreign Mission Educational Fund	5,000.00
Vénard Student Fund	1,371.91
Bread Fund	303.47
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Fund	85.00

\*On hand but not operative.  
†\$1,000 on hand but not operative.

FIFTY THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.

### New Circles.

TWO Philadelphia friends who visited Maryknoll during Holy Week returned to their homes anxious to form a Maryknoll Auxiliary. One of the two died shortly afterwards, on the eve of the first meeting, but the little Circle was formed—with the encouragement of Rev. Dr. Garrigan, Diocesan Director of the Propagation of the Faith—and the death of the first member, for whose soul we ask a prayer, will insure the success of this new centre of effort for Maryknoll.

The meeting of the new Auxiliary coincided with the Consecration of Bishop McCloskey, and as that occasion brought to Philadelphia two Maryknoll priests one of them attended the meeting and outlined the work of our young Society.

Miss Katherine Dever was chosen president and Miss Mary McGuchin secretary and treasurer.

Philadelphia's well-known generosity has been doing much to gather alms for the foreign missions, and its Maryknoll Auxiliary will help to supplement that needed work by its interest in aspirant missionaries. The Auxiliary will probably take for its first task the completion of the Blessed Sacrament Burse for the Vénard Apostolic School. This burse was started by a Philadelphian.

Here is a suggestive Circle letter from Bridgeport, Connecticut:

The postals and prayer-prints arrived safe. So many wanted the China and African postals that we want you to send us some more. One new subscriber, an associate member, and four Memorial Associate members, were obtained by just showing the cards, and the girl who showed them was thanked for the privilege given.

We enjoyed Series 2 in the Maryknoll Talks and would like to have them twice a month hereafter. We followed them up with reading from THE FIELD AFAR one evening, and a story from *Stories from The Field Afar* another.

Enclosed is a money-order for \$16.12, the fruit of last month's efforts. The dues and mite-box offerings are for what ever purpose you wish to use

them, but we should like to have our Burse boosted a little.

All have not yet decided on the Chi Rho rings, but hope to order them soon. (Joan of Arc Circle.)



### MARIA MISSION CIRCLES.

June is the month of roses. The rose is an emblem of charity. "Charity" is the motto of the Maria Circles. The month of June, then, our Circles feel is especially their own.

The spirit of charity prevails in a very marked degree with the Maria Circles, through the rule forbidding discussion of persons or of personal affairs at our meetings.

If, under the spell of the month of June, we may be allowed a fanciful comparison, just as we cannot toil among the roses without an appreciation of their beauty and fragrance, so we cannot work for God's glory and our neighbor's good without finding return blessings on our own souls. This is happily evidenced by the latest development in the plan for Maria Circle reading. The regular mission reading is to be supplemented by a more extensive reading of the New Testament and such books as "The Following of Christ," the Lives of the Saints, "An Introduction to the Devout Life," and so forth. Special attention is to be given to review and explanation of the Catechism.

The Catholic Women's Foreign Mission Auxiliary of New York City made its yearly pilgrimage to Maryknoll recently.

The day was threatening but a goodly number, including the President and Secretary, came and found all at the Knoll glad to welcome them.

Why not think of *A Maryknoll Annuity*? The plan could not be simpler. Here it is:

You give to Maryknoll (i. e., to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, which is incorporated by the State of New York) a sum of money, in the hundreds or thousands as you decide.

Our Society draws up a written agreement, accepting your money and binding itself legally to pay interest to you regularly until your death. In this way much trouble is avoided.

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# THE FIELD AFAR



Bishop Combaz. Archbishop Rey. His Excellency, Msgr. Petrelli. Bishop Berlioz. Bishop Chatron.

THE BISHOPS OF JAPAN WITH MSGR. PETRELLI, APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

(See page 100.)

VOL. XI. No. 7



JULY, 1917



PRICE 10 CENTS



M A R Y K N O L L I N S U M M E R .

**T**HE Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America is located on a slightly hill overlooking the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City. The place is called, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, *Maryknoll*.

The Seminary is under the direction of secular priests who have been organized as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Their object is to train priests for missions to the heathen and to help arouse the Catholics of our country to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this particular need. The Seminary has at present a faculty of eight priests, twenty students of Philosophy and Theology, and ten auxiliary brothers.

The movement was set on foot by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and the then Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Falconio. It was approved by the Council of Archbishops at Washington, April 27, 1911, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, of the same year.

On July 15, 1915, the young Society received from Rome the Decree of Praise and was placed directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It is incorporated in New York State and is under the spiritual jurisdiction of His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who is Honorary President of the Corporation. The corporate name of the Society is—Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

In September, 1916, it opened at Clark's Green, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton, a preparatory house of studies with the corporate title of the Vénard Apostolic School. Here thirty youths are following high school and college courses under the direction of four professors, three of whom are priests.

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Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent  
upon application.

July—Month of the Blood that  
was shed for all.

EVIDENCE is growing stronger  
that the day of the truly Catho-  
lic parish has come. Priests and  
people already interested in the  
wider activities of the Church as  
well as in parochial life, the fo-  
cussing of public thought on  
events in Europe, the now very  
common references to events in  
Eastern Asia, these are a few of  
the influences which are leavening  
the masses and making easier the  
task of those who would see the  
American Church take her place  
—and a large place—in the apos-  
tolate of heathendom.

WE are well satisfied with the  
campaign for subscriptions  
which we began this year. For  
several months past, with four of  
our priests talking, principally on  
Sundays, and assisted in taking  
names by several auxiliary-  
brothers, we have been adding  
one thousand and more every  
week to THE FIELD AFAR sub-  
scription list.

The success of this effort is  
due, under God, in no small mea-  
sure to the good-will of priests to  
whose congregations the claims  
of Maryknoll have been presented.  
Invariably these priests have  
given a previous announcement  
and expressed a strong hope that  
their people would become our  
friends..

AMERICAN Catholics are get-  
ting to think about foreign

### CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Editorials - - - - -	97-98
The "C. W. B. L." Resolution - - - - -	98
Jotted - - - - -	99
Death of Bishop Chatron - - - - -	100
Notes - - - - -	101
From the Field - - - - -	102-104
Story: Nothing Is Idle - - - - -	105
Events at the Knoll - - - - -	107-108
The Vénard Letter - - - - -	109
Co-operation - - - - -	110-111
The Circle Page - - - - -	112

missions and we may look for  
something more than words from  
such expressions of thought as  
this:

I have talked with missionaries in the  
Far East who have never been in this  
country, and most of them seem to  
think that we Americans trip over  
gold bricks every day on the way to  
our meals. But they do need help  
badly over there, so I must not be un-  
kind.

I wish more of our Catholic people  
would wake up to the needs of the  
missions. It is too bad there is not  
better organization among us. I be-  
long to a society that gives an enter-  
tainment now and then for Charity.  
A theatre is engaged and professional  
talent employed: we are soaked a  
dollar or more for tickets: and when  
the net proceeds are figured up Char-  
ity gets off with only six or seven cents  
a ticket. I have more than once sug-  
gested that we forego the usual fire-  
works and contribute ten cents each to  
Charity.

When I think of the good use to  
which all this money wasted by Catho-  
lics could be put I could weep, if I  
were built that way. But we have to  
cheer up and try to remedy conditions.  
I am strong for the plan advocated by  
*Our Sunday Visitor*. Fr. Noll has  
hit upon the right idea, and it will  
surely succeed if our priests will pull  
together on it and remind the people  
of it now and then. (Paradise, Calif.)

THE world did not know that it  
was heroic. There was so

T H E F I E L D A F A R I S 1 0 Y E A R S O L D .



much talk about the smallness of the individual and his glaring lack of soul qualities,—deductions, one supposes, from his fondness for pleasure and from the absence of anything like sacrifice in his life,—that it came to be believed that all was wrong with the world, and that the thing most wrong in it was man. For his gods were the household gods with a vengeance, household gods in their meanest sense, gods such as "What shall we eat?" and "What shall we drink?" and "Wherewith shall we be clothed?" It is only the simple truth, indeed, to say that all appearances registered unequivocally in favor of this pessimistic view of our friend the world.

And yet the optimist, without any apparent reason on his side, but with, perhaps, some sort of intuition, was right, while our logical pessimist was wrong. The world was better than it seemed; there was a great deal of good down below the surface; there was actual heroism in its make-up, if anything arose to call it into being. The fact seems to be that a man is not going to be a hero on a slight provocation; he refuses to drink his coffee or read his morning paper in a heroic way; but give him something worth while and you will see the stuff that is in him. In short, it is there, but it takes something of cosmic importance to bring it out.

Of such importance is this World-War. Without entering into the merits of it, one must admit it shows that the "average man" is a pretty fine sort of individual after all; that there is a world of sacrifice and heroism where some thought there was only *sublimated ego*. Browning says, "You have a life to give." "Give me a cause worthy of it," is all that a man's man will reply to this. That is why those promoting works that compel sacrifice can afford to be so confident.

That is why the country is safe. That is why God's work, wherever it be, is never going to suffer.

\* \*

IN the wake of our World-War, which seems to be slowly finishing its course, there will follow a host of theories on permanent peace. Statesmen and poets will theorize, but few will strike at the root of the evil; few will find the cause of war in the violation of God's great command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself for love of God;" fewer still will seek the remedy in the Foreign Mission ideal.

Yet the Foreign Mission ideal is the antithesis of restricted nationalism, of prejudiced provincialism, of narrow racial barriers, of social exclusiveness. The Cause of Foreign Missions is the Cause of the Universal Brotherhood of Man. The apostolic spirit makes men equal on God's earth and kin to all the world,—no longer Jew or Gentile, Greek or barbarian, but all children of God our common Father.

The Court for Permanent Peace was set up in Galilee, when Jesus Christ sent forth His chosen men to preach the Gospel to every living creature, to bring peace to men of good will. This spirit, once thoroughly grasped, would override all national prejudices that blind us to the good in other peoples. If Governments were actuated by the principles behind the apostolic mission work; if Christians the world over were enrolled under the standard, "Going, teach all nations;" if rulers, spiritual and temporal, kings and bishops, priests and congressmen, had minds and hearts big enough to embrace the welfare of their fellowman without regard to his color; the racial hatred that rules today in Christian hearts would be swept away, and man would see in every other man a brother.

This is admittedly ideal, but ideals should be the gauge of our actions. Every act that furthers

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the cause of Foreign Missions is a step nearer the ideal of Christian life, a blow to jaundiced nationalism, and another link in the bond of the universal brotherhood of man.

\* \*

ASCENSION THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1917.

"In the name of God and the Blessed Mother, we, the Representatives of the Catholic Women's Benevolent Legion, assembled in Convention at Scranton, Pa., do pledge ourselves to furnish a Burse of Five Thousand Dollars for the purpose of *continuously* educating a young man to the holy priesthood, said Burse to be presented to the Catholic Foreign Missionary Society of America and to be known as the *Catholic Women's Benevolent Legion Burse*.

"A contribution of *only fifty cents* is asked from every member of the Legion to furnish amount of said Burse. On the 23d of August, 1917, we observe the 22d anniversary of the Institution of the C. W. B. L. As a birthday gift let us present said Burse in honor of the love and devotion we owe to God and Mary the Blessed Virgin."

The above resolution was passed unanimously by the National Convention of the *Catholic Women's Benevolent Legion*. This splendid act of confidence in Maryknoll was initiated by the Legion itself and marks the first organized movement on the part of any Catholic fraternal society to help found the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America.

May the Legion be the firmer in its noble purposes and the more successful in its career as a result of its resolution!

T H E F I E L D A F A R



### The Burse Idea Growing.

FOR lack of space we print only once in two months the progressive list of Burses. It is gratifying, however, to note that this method of co-operation in our work appeals as strongly as ever. The idea of providing the Church with priests is one that touches the very main-spring of Catholic faith.

The number of Burses for Maryknoll itself must be limited, but its preparatory school needs similar provision, and those who will be disappointed when the Maryknoll burses shall be filled may find an outlet in The Vénard for their beneficence.

### The White Cornettes.

THE *White Cornette* of the Sisters of Charity is known to many of our readers. It has always been identified with Christian heroism and self-sacrifice, and for it Catholic mission fields form a fitting background. From the ranks of the American Sisters of Charity a few—two or three, to our knowledge—have gone to the foreign missions and their sacrifices will undoubtedly react on those at home, no one of whom, we believe, would hesitate to cross the seas in the service of Christ. Evidences are coming to Maryknoll with increasing frequency that under the American *White Cornettes* the keen eyes of apostolic women are looking out from the many occupations here to the fields white for the harvest in heathen lands, and that prayers are being said that laborers may soon be sent to reap that harvest.

Here is proof from a letter recently arrived at Maryknoll:

I was pleased to read of the interest taken by the *White Cornette* in your apostolic labors. It was the same *Cornette* that made me love your work, and I have always given it a special share in my prayers.

Please ask your living martyrs to pray that we shall not all be martyred here in Texas, between the Germans and the Mexicans.



OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL.

### Jotted.

FROM a recent sermon by an Augustinian Father we gathered two excellent suggestions:

1st. That at the funeral of a Catholic fifty dollars might well be saved from the price of a handsome casket and expended instead for the purpose of securing for the departed dear one a perpetual membership in a Missionary Society.

2d. That instead of the flowers customarily presented on the occasion of a death Catholics would more suitably offer a spiritual bouquet: prayers and good works definitely promised and devoutly said and performed and offerings sent to mission priests for Masses for the repose of the departed soul.

The enterprising students at Techny, Illinois, have organized a *Students' Mission Crusade Bureau* and have addressed to Catholic students in various parts of the country these questions:

1. Do you think that the students of our Catholic colleges and seminaries should take more interest in our home and foreign missions? Why?

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2. Do you think that our Catholic students, as a body, could contribute more than they do at present, to the work of propagating our Faith? How?

3. Can you assign any reason why Catholic students in general, but American Catholic students in particular, should take a special interest in mission work?

4. Are you in favor of introducing mission circles, mission clubs, mission study classes, etc., in our institutions?

5. Have you any theory as to how a mission society in an institution such as yours could achieve the best results?

6. A sufficiently large number being established, do you think they would gain by *federation*? Why?

7. How would you answer the objection that our schools already have a sufficient number of clubs, societies, etc.?

8. Could you suggest any method as to how the many clubs, sodalities, etc., already in existence in colleges, could be made to co-operate in the interest of the missions?

9. Have you any suggestions whatsoever to offer as to how this *Students' Mission Crusade* can be made to achieve the greatest success? Please, give them freely.

It is not necessary that one alone should answer all these questions. It would be an excellent idea for a number of students to club together for the purpose, each taking one or more of the questions and thoroughly studying them before vouchsafing the answers.

Next September the *Bureau* will issue a bulletin giving the consensus of opinion extracted from the replies to the above questions.

"The Redeemer came and gave a price: He poured out His Blood and purchased the orb of the earth. Do you seek to know what He bought? See what He gave. The Blood of Christ is the price; what was it worth? What indeed, unless the whole earth? What indeed, unless all nations? Surely they are ungrateful or supremely proud who say that it was quite proper to redeem only the Africans, or that they are of such consequence that the price was offered for them alone. They should not be thus vain-glorious. He gave what He gave for all." (St. Augustine—Breviary.)

H A S N O P A I D A G E N T S .

In the spring of the year we send out habitually to colleges and academies a bargain-suggestion on using mission literature as premiums. The discount offered leaves us, of course, a very narrow margin of profit, but it secures a wider reading for our books.

Take, for example, *A Modern Martyr*. We brought it out some years ago as a dollar book and just made both ends meet on the first edition. Today, after several editions and with ten thousand copies circulating among individuals and libraries, public and parochial, it sells for fifty cents.

The premium offer reduced this price to such a low figure that our friends began to worry about the financial results to Maryknoll. We know, however, that "it pays" in more ways than one for a work like ours not to look for direct material profit from the reading matter which it would scatter broadcast among the Catholics of the United States.

Even a good wind may blow somebody ill.

Bishop Berlioz, over in Hakodate, Japan, gets occasionally some American dollars, but his joy is not altogether unmixed. It seems that not long ago an American professor at the Episcopal University in Tokyo was arrested, charged with having attempted to blow up a Japanese warship. Since then all foreigners who receive money from America are on the list of suspects.

The Post-Office authorities have already visited Bishop Berlioz three times, and are especially disturbed over the fact that somewhere in the United States somebody with a German name sends money to him. As a matter of fact, the sender hails from the "blue Alsatian mountains," is a well-known prelate, and was formerly a classmate of Bishop Berlioz in Paris,—all of which means nothing to the Sendai Post-Office.

### The Bishop of Osaka.

THE death of Bishop Chatron of Osaka, Japan, means to Maryknoll the loss of a much-valued friend.

When the present Superior was directing in Boston the diocesan work for the Propagation of the Faith he first met Bishop Chatron,



RIGHT REVEREND JULES A. CHATRON.

and, in common with all who were likewise privileged, was charmed by the simple apostolic spirit, the unaffected manners, the gait under trial, and the delightful humor of the little prelate,—who, as he himself often remarked, had been eating rice so long that he had grown to look like a Japanese.

Since then correspondence with Bishop Chatron has been frequent and regular. Occasionally only have his letters appeared in *THE FIELD AFAR*, but all at Maryknoll, and many among our readers, will be glad to keep the saintly prelate in their prayers.

Bishop Combaz, of Nagasaki, writes of the end:

Monsignor Chatron passed away calmly. He frequently made an of-

fering of his life, and put carefully in order all his spiritual and temporal affairs.

The funeral was most imposing. Msgr. Petrelli, the Apostolic Delegate, who was passing through Japan, officiated, assisted by all our Bishops and a great gathering of Christians.

The diocese of Osaka will feel for a long time the loss of its revered Shepherd, who, in his long episcopate of twenty-one years, had put the Church under his care on a good footing.

Few were the consolations and many were the trials of the late Bishop of Osaka, and yet, to the end of his life—more than three score and ten years—he retained his spirit of cheerfulness. None toiled harder than he; and we have reason to believe that his spirit of prayer kept pace with his activities.

What is especially admirable in such a life is the perseverance in prayer, in effort, and in good spirits, under conditions that were naturally discouraging, because it must be admitted that Japan—for the present, at least—is not a fertile soil for Christianity. The writer has watched the figures for a dozen and more years and has marked little development.

In looking over, recently, the correspondence between Bishop Chatron and Maryknoll, the report made by the late prelate for last year and signed by him came to hand. Here are some of the lights and shadows:

Population of the Mission,	11,880,400
Christians,	4,131
Baptisms during the year,	1,120
Deaths during the year,	976
Lost track of,	66
Confessions,	20,936
Paschal Communions,	1,993
Communions of Devotion,	58,262

Start a *Maryknoll Shelf*. Make it yourself, or send to us and we will provide you with one of simple design. Reserve this shelf for books and albums on Maryknoll and the Missions. We will help you gradually to fill it with interesting material.

### Noted for You.

THE lepers of Molokai gave more than a hundred dollars last year to help propagate the Faith in other lands.

A prophet may be without honor in his own country, but we understand that it was the intelligent activity of an Ossining member that started a Maryknoll current running through the *Catholic Women's Benevolent Legion* at Scranton,—in *Hotel Casey*, no less.

A New York *Holy Name* man writes:

I have an idea that when we are about to send our priests to the "Front," provision ought to be made in advance for taking care of them. Why could not the various branches of the *Holy Name Society* each adopt a missionary and agree to deposit with you monthly a certain sum,—say \$50,—to his account, for his upkeep?

To the kind-hearted and retiring individual who sent a check for one hundred and fifty dollars, drawn on the Corn Exchange Bank of New York, we bow our thanks. The concealment of his identity was complete but we hope that he sees *THE FIELD AFAR*.

We found a stereopticon for Fr. Faniel of Las Pinas, P. I., although we have been wondering how he can make use of it. And now he writes for some slides, on "religious, instructive, or comical" subjects. We have none for you, dear Father, but keep your hat in your hand—and some may yet drop into it.

A bird from the South that flew up north left a message that the *Trinity Foreign Missions Society*, Maryknoll, and *The Field Afar* all received a "cum laude" at the Trinity College Commencement. The honors were conferred, we learn, by no less a personage than His Excellency Archbishop Bonzano, Apostolic Delegate.

With 36,000 and more names on our lists occasional mistakes are bound to happen, although we are taking special precautions to be accurate.

Of our subscribers we ask that, when writing, they put their full name and address on the letter. The "babies get mixed" rather amusingly sometimes, because we have no way of distinguishing between Mr. Smith of New York City and Mr. Smith of East Wayback.

The late Mother de Chantal (Keating) of Brooklyn, whose death has been widely noted, was a constant friend of Maryknoll.

So, too, was the late Msgr. Doyle, the dean of the St. John, N. B., diocese, who, though advanced in years, visited here in the summer of 1915 and spent several days with us.

May Jesus have mercy on the souls of both.

We expect from nuns no more than this, which comes from one in Chicago:

It is not in my power to do anything for your great work, nevertheless my interest in everything "Maryknoll" is very keen. *THE FIELD AFAR* is devoured regularly, and from time to time I try to get a new subscriber for it, but there are many interests strictly local in this big place, which needs more and more to become all-embracing and to learn to drop the daily headline, "We lead!"

Into the list of *Completed Funds* has jumped that which we have called the *Foreign Mission Educational Fund No. 1*. The purpose of the fund is to foster in American Catholics a practical interest in the world-wide work of the Church, especially in heathen lands. This fund has been secured through the generosity of a devoted priest, who has never seen Maryknoll, but who, from the beginning, has had a strong faith in its usefulness.

We live by the "little from the many" as a rule, but no month passes in which we may not

A MODERN MARTYR  
sells for fifty cents.  
Postage ten cents extra.

AN AMERICAN MISSION-  
ARY IN ALASKA  
(Fr. Judge, S.J.)

Price 50 cts. Postage 10 cts. extra.

Address: THE FIELD AFAR  
Ossining New York

record a few larger gifts. Here are some lately received:

From Minnesota, payment for a student's board and tuition.....\$250.  
From a Missouri layman..... 200.  
From a Michigan priest..... 100.  
From a Massachusetts priest..... 100.  
From a New York priest..... 100.

The Annunity idea is catching, and we record for the past month \$6,500.00 received from five friends of the work, four of whom are priests who are anxious to invest in God's work rather than to leave their belongings to an uncertain fate.

A legacy of \$300 from the estate of Elizabeth R. Newman, of Cambridge, Mass., has also matured.

The *Catholic* spirit runs on a broad gauge. Here is Fr. Alphonsus Duff, a Franciscan in Buffalo, who has been trying to add spare dollars to a Burse which he started for Maryknoll. Fr. Alphonsus has many needs to think of in his own district, but his heart is so Catholic that he must think occasionally of Maryknoll. He loves his Franciscan Saints too, and he might have added the mites of his friends to burses in honor of the gentle St. Francis or St. Anthony, but no,—he emphasizes still more his Catholic spirit by interesting himself in a poor old parish priest, the saintly Curé of Ars. We have a feeling that some of our parish-priest friends would like to give an occasional boost to Fr. Alphonsus' Burse, and we ask the Buffalo Franciscan padre kindly to forgive us for mentioning his name. He is willing to suffer for the Cause.

I S M O R E T H A N

3 6 , 0 0 0 .

## The Field

AGAIN the ocean has borne to us welcome letters from friends on the field:

**AFRICA**—Letter from Fr. Röttgering, French Camp, Naigola.

**CHINA**—Letters and promise of Mass, Fr. Botty, Chinchow-fu; Fr. Haloux, Kiang-si.

**INDIA**—Letter and promise of Mass, Bishop Faisandier, Trichinopoly; letters and cancelled stamps, Bishop Aelan, Madras; Bishop Joulain, Ceylon. Letter, Fr. Bonneford, Attipakam.

**INDO-CHINA**—Letters from Fr. Al-land, Burma; Fr. Cothonay, Tongking.

**KOREA**—Letter and cancelled stamps, Bishop Mutel, Seoul.

**OCEANIA**—Letter from Fr. Dunn, Borneo.

### AFRICA.

Fr. Röttgering of East Africa is no optimist by halves. He believes in smiling though the heavens weep. He finds plenty of silver lining in a missionary's career, even though he has to look for it while sitting on an anthill in the shade of a tree. He writes us from somewhere in British East Africa:

Yesterday I walked to Bugilli, a village where we had sent a catechist to instruct the natives. I found him with more than two hundred natives assembled in a mud stable where I sat up my temporary headquarters. My bald head could not stand the hot sun that smiled through the equally bald spots in the roof's covering, but Providence relieved my headache by an overgenerous thunderstorm that broke up our meeting and drenched us thoroughly. After a night spent in the smoky cheeriness of a wet wood fire, I found in the morning my happy crowd of natives gathered under the friendly beams of a warm sun. That's what I call satisfaction, the joy that makes the troubles of traveling in a country like Africa seem as a mist in the Garden of Eden. I enjoy excellent health though four doctors in Europe gave me up as dying years ago. Now my case has become "doubtful" and I am taking "the benefit of the doubt."

Look over your old silver and gold. What is the use of keeping broken rings, single cuff-buttons, and other things that will never be repaired or mated? Put all your jewelry junk in an empty confectionery box and send it up our hill.

If one of the "brethren" has an extra set of breviaries, our friend Fr. Rogan—he of Uganda—makes a practical suggestion as to what might happen to it. The much abused missionary writes:

I am saying Office out of a breviary that should have been put on the Index centuries ago. It takes no notice of saints who flourished since the fifteenth century, and only for the merit due it for saying that St. Patrick surpasses all other saints of our acquaintance I should have discarded it long ago.

In other and shorter words, I need a breviary, with a full set of "Horæ Parvæ" thrown in, if such things already exist. I hear from young Fathers coming out from Mill Hill that some recent Pope brought out a new breviary beginning with "Ne Temere," or some such words, and being a dutiful son of Holy Church I desire to keep apace with it. Please send a *Puslet* breviary, about six inches long, with good readable print, and not too thick, without any pictures.

Do you wonder why I have been so quiet all these months since last September? I am now more than 1,000 miles from Mumias, acting as Army Chaplain in the capital of what used to be German East Africa,—Dar-es-Salam, *Harbor of Peace!* The heat is terrific here and I have suffered much from prickly heat. Army chaplains rank as captains and draw twenty shillings a day pay, so I hope to have a few dollars for my mission by the time the campaign has finished its course.

One or several steamers has or have been submarined, so I am wondering if my last poetic effusion reached Maryknoll. I have often intended sending you some verses from this place, but the climate is against me and I miss my quiet mission surroundings. The German Benedictines have a beautiful Cathedral, monastery, and convent here, but all Germans have had to quit. (*Rogan Rogue.*)

### CHINA.

The new Prime Minister over in China, Dr. Wu Ting-fang, is characterized by the *New York Tribune* as "America's favorite Chinaman,—diplomat, statesman, vegetarian, baseball fan, famed for wit and philosophy." Dr. Wu expects to live a long life. May it be a good and useful one.

We learn that a missionary at Tung-sun has received from the king of Annam the decoration of the *Kim-Khanh*. We can offer no further information, except that this *Kim-Khanh* is not a facial decoration and that it bears the good will of the giver.

We have just finished a retreat, so we have put on the new man and cast off the old. There were nine of us, six Chinese Seculars and three of ourselves. The oldest Secular is called La Fon Kung. He celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood the day after the close of the retreat. He is a fine old sort, full of stirring stories of the days when, as a young priest, he toiled among his scattered flocks away up in the mountains, taking his own bed and Mass box with him; crossing mountain torrents at night on long sick calls; and, in the days of persecution, when the mad wave of Boxer fanaticism swept the country, shaving his beard and going about as a beggar. Oh, he is a man with many honorable scars from the fight, a stern, lovable old soldier of Christ. (Fr. O'Leary, Kiashing.)



While it is true that in many foreign missions such ideas as passing around a collection box, establishing a Church Debt Society, or renting pews, are unheard of, it must not be supposed that no support at all is given to Catholic missionaries by their faithful Christians. Labor is often given for nothing or for a mere pittance, and food is supplied generously at times for the priest's table. Writing on this subject lately, Fr. Durand of Shantung says:

My impression is that quite a few of us missionaries are helped a little by our Christians. Here in my district they are not extremely poor and they manage to provide us with our meals.

During 1916 my flock did even more than that. They gave me their savings,—amounting to \$60,—to put into condition a piece of ground near the church. Then the village band (yes, we have such an institution) gave \$10 to supply a flight of stairs to our gallery which was hitherto reached by a ladder. Last fall the parishioners brought me \$30 worth of grain as a thanksgiving to God for a good harvest. That money went into oil, candles and altar-furnishings. And \$30 is quite a fortune in this Chink town where I live, I can tell you.

On other occasions, too, my people give,—quite enough, in fact, to show their American benefactors how much they appreciate what is being done for them with the help of American dollars even if we have only a handful of American priests in this part of the world.

#### INDO-CHINA.

This awful war may yet have an influence on our future. At least, so thinks the Prefect-Apostolic of Lang-Son and Cao-Bang, who writes:

The concerted action of the United States with France will certainly remove any objection that the French governor of Indo-China might have to the coming of the sons of Maryknoll to fight at our side in these mountains full of devils.

The governor-general prescribed three days of rejoicing to welcome America among the Allies. These were the 14th, 15th, and 16th of April. The schools were closed, and in every town and village flags were hoisted and houses illuminated. In many places lectures have been given on the United States,—why they joined the Allies, their wealth, their strength, and so forth and so on.

In Lang-Son we had a splendid torchlight procession. All the troops, French and native, took part, bearing flags and torches. There were wonderful fireworks; and all sorts of music, from the gay bugle to the tomtom of the native; and shouting and hurrahs. In the public square a strange game of chess was played, the square being the chessboard and the pieces being boys and girls dressed in gorgeous colors and moved by two directors with flags in hand.

Msgr. Velasco, Vicar Apostolic of Bac-Ninh, has promised me two native priests, and will ordain one of his seminarists for my mission next December. I have now thirty-five students in my seminary, but as fifteen years of study are required before a native student may be ordained it will be a long time before I see a native priest from my own district. For the seminarist I shall have to pay to his bishop the price of his support for the last fifteen years, which will be about \$500. This is a very large sum in this country, but I did not hesitate to promise it and will gladly beg until I find it, for native priests we must have since we can no longer get European ones. For myself I wish to die poor, like a rat, but for the needs of my mission how I should like to be rich for a few years!

I tell you all this because in a few years your own missionaries will write you the same things and will ask for money to found a seminary and support it, and to buy priests and profes-

#### WITH CHRIST IN CHINA.

By Rev. Joseph P. McQuaide, Ph.D.,  
Rector of the Sacred Heart Church,  
San Francisco.

Price . . . . . One Dollar  
(On sale at Maryknoll.)

sors if there are any for sale around. Oh, the responsibility of having before God charge of thousands of souls!

A Christian Brother now in Scranton formerly taught in Singapore, where he knew one of our present students. We shall be glad to learn the names of any Christian Brothers from America at present in the Far East.

In Indo-China the Christian Brothers are well-represented. They have in Cochin-China five boarding-schools, including one for deaf-mutes; in Cambodia they have another school of two hundred pupils; in Annam, in addition to a novitiate and scholasticate for native Brothers, they conduct a school which has three hundred pupils; at Tongking three other establishments provide for six hundred and fifty pupils.



A TONKINESE MOTHER, WHO PULLS AND PUSHES THE WOOL THAT CLOTHES HER DARLINGS.

H A V E            B E C O M E            I T S            F R I E N D S .



## JAPAN.

When the Maryknoll organizers were in Rome they met a Japanese student who had just been ordained at the College of Propaganda, of which his Excellency, our present much-esteemed Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Bonzano, was then Rector. The young priest, whose name is Januarius Hayasaka, shortly afterwards returned to his native land for work in the diocese of Hakodate. A letter from Fr. Hayasaka, in English as he wrote it, will interest our readers:

More than five years are already passed away since we met with. While you have been striving, with success of course, for the establishment of Maryknoll Seminary and now getting foot on it, I a humble Japanese priest have been ever since working, though so little as it may be, for the better glory of Almighty God and for the conversion of the heathens. During these five years I have been in the different places and now I am in this town some seventy miles north of Sendai, the town of Kensennuma, containing some eight thousand souls, among whom I am sorry to say there are only some hundred Catholics. But I must thank God even for that if I think that there are many other towns which having much more people have almost none of Catholics. May Our God bless and multiply this little flock and keep every one of them a faithful sheep.

You may perhaps know that one of my younger brothers is ordained priest last year also in Rome at the Propaganda College. He is now at Ogawara, near Sendai, working in the vineyard of Our Lord. We are both quite well and happy. So it must be, simple because we are Vicars of Christ Our Lord.

On account of this awful war many of our French missionaries went back to their home. So did the Father of this mission of Kensennuma. That's why I came here since the last year to take his place. Let us hope that the *Deus Misericordiae* be touched and may have pity on the suffering European people so that we may congratulate the peace and enjoy the true fraternity among the different races under the same banner of Christianity.

The Marist Brothers in Japan have for some years past been recognized as among the best edu-

## A YANKEE TO SANDY.

B'gosh, I've read the piece that you Called "Sandy" wrote 'bout what Was said about our dear Saint Pat By Dutch and Gael and Scot, By Frenchman and Italian too, But see what I have got.

—Bije.

Ah've come to church to sing mah song Dis sebenteenth of March, Because St. Patrick found a soul Wherever he did sarch, A black man's soul to him would be Jes' white as whites' starch.

—Sam.

I velly glad to lovee saint Who lovee me all same, And so I come to Catholic church, You muchee glad I came? You go to China bimebye soon To tell um 'bout Pat name.

—Quong.

Vell, I vas nod a Irish born, Bud now I dink you'll guess, Saind Badrick I, too, venerate Because his God I bless. They both were Jews, so hist'ry says, So I'm ad home,—vhy yess!

—David.

Wall, that ain't much, as poetry goes, I'm 'shamed to write such bosh,— But Jew I knew, and Chinese too, And colored man, by gosh! I've knelt at altar rail with all— It's true—it ain't no josh.

So German's saint is Scot's and Celt's, Italian's, Frenchman's, Jew's. The negro, Chinaman, and all, No better could they choose. And Yankee too, lays claim to him, But, like all of my breed, Not satisfied with one, I claim All saints of the Great Creed.

—Bije.

cators in that country. Their schools are attended by hundreds of non-Catholic boys, some of whom embrace the faith as a result of contact with the truly Christian ideals they find. Lately the demand for admittance has been so great that hundreds of applicants have been refused for lack of accommodation.

Fr. Ferrand, of Korea, reports two important conversions, one of a Shinto priest, a man of high intelligence and great learning; the other of a physician in charge of a well-known hospital.

## A LETTER FROM HONOLULU.

"The mite-box is already at work, taking nickels and dimes into its capacious maw. Pennies are not in circulation here, except at the post-office. We're a large-hearted people over here in these blessed isles of the Pacific.

Send me fifty more landslips. I'll distribute them among my friends. I'm here twenty-three years and I know a good many noble generous hearts around these diggings who are glad to lend their money to the Lord and wait for the interest. I'll get some foundlers for you, too—nothing is too good for Maryknoll.

Perhaps you're thinking, "I hope this is more than a first burst of fervor, and that it will keep on growing!" Surely it is, and it will. Maryknoll and its spirit have some warm friends here already, and more will be added to the list. Meanwhile, you must say, as did the good old Irish peasant. "Sure we'll smile at the potatoes while we have some, and afterwards hope for more." I assure you the future will bring results, once the missionary spirit is securely rooted here.

This is a mercenary world, isn't it? We're always ranting about money and all its attending evils, and even quoting the Scriptures to confirm our statements, but isn't the click and jingle of Uncle Sam's coin a pleasant sound? Of course it is, looked at materially or spiritually,—and the spiritual good, of course, is the end. That's what I tell my boys, and my preaching is bearing some fruit.

I wish the fruit were bigger, but you know how it is at college. Every imaginable demand is made on a boy's pocket-book, and of course he thinks if he doesn't dig in he won't be considered a sport, or won't be showing enough class or college spirit, etc., etc. On the whole, the lads are pretty generous, I'm glad to say, even for those things which bring only spiritual returns.

It gives me great pleasure to send you from them a little encouragement in the form of

\$14.60 for landslips,  
2.50 for mite-boxes,  
.25 for Holy Childhood Burse.

The boys, and Brother Robert, too, are very happy to be instrumental in the noble work of removing that big mortgage from dear old Maryknoll. May it soon dwindle to a minus quantity!

Ever devotedly yours in Christ,  
BROTHER ROBERT,  
(St. Louis College, Honolulu.)

Send for a Chi Rho (key-roe) pin and wear it.

I F Y O U L I K E U S

## Nothing Is Idle.

By Helen Moriarty.



"HAT'S the matter, John? You look cross today," Mr. Fanning said to his friend, the laundryman, as he handed a package across the low counter.

The Chinaman grunted. "No like American ways," he answered at last, grumpily. John Lee was a very sophisticated Chinaman, raised in America, and it was only when he was put out that he relapsed into Chinese lingo.

"Why not?" his customer inquired in some surprise, knowing John's heretofore loudly expressed devotion to the land of his adoption.

"No treat my children right at school," was the reply. "Call 'em heathens—won't play with them." A touch of feeling showed in the pale opaque eyes. "Make me mad," briefly.

"Where do they go? Oh, the Hardin school. I see. Well, it's rather a mixed crowd," Mr. Fanning remarked thoughtfully. "Did you complain to the teacher?"

The laundryman nodded. "She says, she no can help." He shrugged with Oriental resignation. "No more school, I guess."

"Oh, but that won't do," the American argued. "Of course they must have an education. Why not," on a sudden thought, "send them to St. Gregory's Parish School?"

John looked interested. "On the avenue?" he queried. "Would they take them?"

"Of course I can't say as to that," was the hasty reply. Perhaps, Fanning reminded himself, he had spoken too quickly. "But you might go and see. And you would have to pay, you know."

A single gesture indicated that that was a small matter. "Want my children to be happy," John said concisely.

That was how it happened that

John Lee's three children were sent to St. Gregory's School. Their father was well to do, and their mother, who had been born in America of Chinese parents, had inherited some money, so the children were always well and



"John Lee! By all that's cool, who would expect to see you here!"

daintily clad. To the little Catholic children in whose room the three Celestials made their first appearance they were like so many dolls off a Christmas tree, all the more delightful because they could walk and talk and suffer themselves to be played with. Far from being ostracised, they ran immediate risk of being spoiled by too much attention; but gradually the children became ac-

customed to their continual presence, and they themselves became quite at home in the school.

The year that John Lee, Jr., graduated in the eighth grade at St. Gregory's Mr. Fanning left Plainville, and it was many years before he saw the little town again.

In the year of Our Lord, 1914, Mr. Fanning, who was traveling for the American Scraper Factory, found himself in France, with business gone to smash and poor prospects ahead, owing to the war whose first opening hostilities had just shaken the world. Knowing that the company's representative in the Orient had been called home the previous spring, he decided to go to China, assured that there he would pick up considerable left-over business.

On a glorious day in October, Mr. Fanning, making his way along one of the busy streets of Hong Kong flowing with its picturesquely cosmopolitan crowd, was feeling curiously lonely and far away from any one he knew. It was with a pang of real home-sickness that he heard two English-speaking people greet each other, and he turned the next corner with the private resolution that it would not be long until good old America should see him again. In the midst of the pleasant glow that came with the thought he heard his name spoken.

"Mr. Fanning.....don't you know me?" It was a Chinaman who spoke, and it was a moment before Mr. Fanning recognized his old acquaintance of Plainville, John Lee, into whose shop he had made many a trip.

"John Lee!" the American exclaimed. "By all that's cool, who would expect to see you here?" and they shook hands cordially.

John Lee grinned. "Chinaman always come home to die," he stated jocosely. "But why 'are you here, so far from America?"

"Business, John, business," Mr.

S A Y S O T O O T H E R S .

Fanning said briskly. "And you don't look much like dying, I must say. Are you here to stay?"

"Yes, to stay," The Oriental's face sobered. "You don't know about my son," he went on. "He is a priest, and has come home to be a missionary among his own people. So we—his mother and I—came along and will help him in his work. You know we are Catholics?"

"No, I didn't. You see, I left Plainville so long ago—"

"I know. It was after you went away. After John graduated at St. Gregory's he went to a Catholic college," the Chinaman related quietly, "and it was there he became a Catholic. His mother and the two girls followed him into the Church."

"And you?" Mr. Fanning asked, interested.

There was a shake of the head. "Took me some time longer," John Lee admitted. "My little Chica—she died. Then.....I came in too. My other girl is married now and lives in America. So," the familiar shrug, "the rest of our years—to God."

Mr. Fanning was deeply impressed, and a memory too often harshly stilled awoke with a sharp insistent pain. The little story so briefly and simply told was yet weighted with an earnestness that went straight to his heart.

"So little John Lee is a priest," he said at last. "How strange it seems! And how odd that I should meet you," he added, "of all people, right here—"

The Chinaman smiled quietly. "It was the good God Who let me meet you here," he announced calmly, "that I might thank you. It was because you told me to send my children to St. Gregory's School that all these good things came to me. We pray for you every day."

"What? Pray for *me*?" The hot blood rushed over Mr. Fanning's face. "Why, that's most awfully good of you, John," he stammered.

"And my son,—would you like to see him?" John asked.

"Yes indeed," was the quick reply.

"Come then," the Chinaman said. "Today he is here. Tomorrow we leave for his distant mission in Kwangtung."

And discoursing on the happenings of the years since they had seen each other, John Lee led his American friend by a curious narrow street to a small Catholic chapel, where in the vestry they found Fr. John Lee receiving a gift of vestments from the pastor of the humble church, none too rich himself in the matter of sanctuary fittings. Tears came unbidden to Mr. Fanning's eyes as he knelt to receive the young Chinese priest's blessing.

"Do you know what I call you?" Fr. Lee said a little later. "My benefactor," smiling seriously. "My father never lets me forget that but for you I might still be a pagan—far from the light, instead of looking forward to a lifetime of work such as my soul longs to engage in."

His eyes lit up and his whole face glowed as with an inward light. The American's eyes were fastened on him wistfully.

"It would make me very happy," he declared, "to think I had even the very smallest part in the making of your wonderful vocation. It brings home to one, doesn't it," he went on thoughtfully, "what great things may appear at the time but the idlest suggestion."

"Nothing is idle," the young priest said gravely. "It is well for us when we come to know this."

The pastor, an old Chinese priest, took them to his study, where tea was forthcoming, and there they chatted for a long time on various subjects. Then Mr. Fanning rose to go.

"Thank you again, my friend," Fr. Lee exclaimed, taking the American's hand in a fervent clasp. "Be assured always of my prayers and good wishes."

"Will you," Mr. Fanning asked, an odd intonation in his voice, "pray that I may get—safe home?"

"Safe—home?" The young priest flashed him a sudden close look. "Do you mean—" He paused, and allowed himself to smile a little, lifting his shoulders, "do you mean—America, or—heaven?"

"Oh," Mr. Fanning flushed, and smiled also, but affected to speak lightly, "both, perhaps. I've been something of a wanderer,—from my Church, I'm afraid, as well as from the land of my birth."

Marvelously beautiful and tender was the light that came into the young priest's eyes, and he reached out both hands in a gesture of passionate appeal.

"My friend," he murmured in a voice broken with feeling, "oh my friend, will you not complete your benefaction to me by coming home now,—as my first penitent?"

Perfect peace and happiness enfolded the wanderer the next morning as he knelt in the little church, the low voice of the celebrant at the altar coming to him like the soft touch of a beloved hand. The gray light pierced but dimly through the high windows, and the early shadows concealed the deficiencies of the poor chapel, rude temple enough for the housing of the Most High; but to the foreigner kneeling among the few Chinese worshippers, the humble place was filled with light ineffable, and joy was his that he had indeed come safe home.

He had breakfast with Fr. Lee, and later accompanied the father and mother and the young priest to the train that was to take them to the scene of their labors. Tears filled his eyes as he waved them a last good-bye; but it was with a lighter heart than he had carried for some years that he turned his face to the days that were to take him back to his home land.

W E H A V E B E E N G R O W I N G

## E v e n t s   a t   t h e   K n o l l .



THROUGH THE WOODS ON THE DAY OF BLESSING.

THE ordination of a Maryknoll student to the priesthood is no longer a remarkable event. In the past two years three have received this sublime privilege in the little chapel of St. Paul, at the Seminary itself. Time, however, or the lengthened line of apostles, will never take from those who live at Maryknoll the exquisite satisfaction experienced when one of its sons is made a priest, and the latest ordination, although it did not take place in our own chapel, was a joy to all.

The ordinations covered two days, May thirty-first and June second. There was only one priest (we have not yet presented more than one at a time), but when all those to be ordained from Maryknoll appeared before Bishop Hayes, at the New York Diocesan Seminary, for tonsure, minor orders, and deaconship respectively, they formed an apostolic group of twelve, a respectable number for a young seminary. So at least they themselves thought and there was pardonable pride in the observation.

The Dunwoodie students, too, were glad to note the increasing size of the "Maryknoll Bunch." Dunwoodie seminarians are beginning to know Maryknoll, and that means, of course, that they are learning to like it,—an attitude which gives promise of a practical sympathy in the years to come towards their self-exiled brothers.

Our latest ordained, Rev. John J. Massoth, received his priesthood in the Cathedral of New York City, at the hands of Bishop Hayes. Fr. Massoth is no dwarf and his Kansas-proportioned frame quite dominated the line of new priests that day.

A delegation from Maryknoll represented the Seminary and made up to some degree for the absence of the new priest's relatives. After the ceremony the delegation escorted the new Levite in quiet triumph back to his Alma Mater, and shared in the radiance which his arrival produced.

*Elizabeth* was at the Ossining station, awaiting the distinguished company. *Elizabeth*, you know, is the name we gave our only automobile, a Forded truck that came a year ago and lost its good looks before many moons had waned. Among the score of shining machines that fringed the station platform that morning none looked quite so distinguished as our *Liz*,—but the distinction lay in her shabbiness. Under the caked mud her browned-oak body appeared occasionally, and there was enough black left on the rusting guards to recall her former beauty.

For the Maryknoll Superior a cushioned seat, with excelsior bulging at one end, was reserved beside the driver. The new priest,

with an older confrère and our three deacons, managed to get firmly settled among groceries, provisions, Express-Company pick-ups, and post-office parcels, and the journey continued through the busy Main Street and up the hills until the Maryknoll entrance was in sight.

It was almost the climax. Through the fir-trees we could see on the Seminary porch the expectants,—priests, students, auxiliary-brothers, and some odds and ends. At St. Teresa's, which was yet to be passed, there appeared a little company in gray, with fluttering handkerchiefs. *But*—there is always a "but" in this life, and it comes usually when everything seems to be going well—we got stuck in the mud and stalled behind the Bread Man's machine, which had sunk its cumbersome wheels into the freshly-mixed earth that covered the new-making State road.

There was nothing to do but get out, which all did except the bill-payer, and push each machine out of the mire. Then, preceded by the daily bread van, *Elizabeth* puffed by the flutters of the Tere-sians and rode in triumph to the Seminary grandstand, throbbing to the tune of her own horn and bowing acknowledgment to the cheers from two score iron throats.

The dinner was not much that day. The fatted roosters were not ready, and besides, the feast had been set for the next day, which would be Sunday.

Fr. Massoth's first Mass was the low Mass usually said for the Community at six-thirty. All at Maryknoll received Holy Communion and offered It for the perseverance in God's grace and love of this latest among Maryknoll's priestly sons.

The next event was the absence of the Maryknoll Superior, who left to make a retreat. The

B Y 1 , 0 0 0 A W E E K .

writer of this column has thought it best not to describe what happened at the Knoll during that happy period.

A few days after his return several of the Superior's classmates arrived. They were expected, because, having come a few weeks before to a realization that twenty-five years of their ministry had passed, they met for a reunion at the home of Bishop Anderson of Boston, and at that time decided to make a pilgrimage to Maryknoll.

Four arrived "the night before." Among these was the only Bishop in the class, who determined to set aside his dignity at the station when he found a hired "fliver" awaiting him. Maryknoll was reached in time

for Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, and the evening was spent "under the linden," with the Hudson in haze.

Masses and Communions were offered the next morning for the living and dead members of the class. At nine o'clock Bishop Anderson officiated at Solemn High Mass, assisted by several of his spiritual nephews. In time for this Mass two more jubilarians arrived,—one a prothontary-apostolic. A third came as the *Te Deum* announced the end of a simple and impressive ceremony, which brought from the lips of the officiating prelate eloquent words that sank deeply into the hearts of all present.

Later in the morning the "fliver" was dancing attendance again, accompanied by a more

pretentious car, the property of a local undertaker whose identity was concealed until after all danger had passed. These two vehicles conveyed the class—or what was left of it after a quarter-century—through beautiful Westchester County, over to Hawthorne, the cradle of Maryknoll, out under the hills that *John D.* calls his own, across the Briarcliff Manor grounds, to—must we confess it?—*Sing-Sing*, where one of the class was being detained—by Fr. Cashin.

On the way back to Maryknoll several interesting equipages were met but none was more keenly noted than our *Liz*, the dear old mud-spotted truck, loaded to her neck with bags full of "Field Afars" destined for the suffering public of New York and around the orb of the earth.



A F T E R   T W E N T Y - F I V E   Y E A R S — 1 8 9 2 - 1 9 1 7 .

Rev. J. A. Degan, of Beverly, Mass.   Rev. J. A. Butler, of E. Cambridge, Mass.   Rev. F. X. Dolan, D.D., of Milton, Mass.  
 Rev. P. J. McGivney of Bridgeport Conn.   Rt. Rev. T. S. Duggan, V.G., of Hartford, Conn.   Rt. Rev. J. G. Anderson, D.D., V.G., Auxiliary Bishop of Boston.   V. Rev. J. A. Walsh Supr. at Maryknoll.   Rev. J. F. Stanton of Stoughton, Mass.

M A R Y K N O L L   I S   S U S T A I N E D



Shall we speak of the dinner? Yes? The refectory was decorated with green from our woods and a couple of hanging flower-baskets skillfully concealed a shabby ceiling beyond. On the white-scrubbed board, which makes our Religious-Order guests green with envy, there was a stretch of white linen with the Chi Rho embroidered on either end; and then,—there was food,—enough for all, and all of it, except a few *munch-betweens*, "grown on the place." Following the example of royal families in the belligerent countries the courses were few, but the after-dinner toast was filling and war-conditions were not felt.

Our guests saw THE FIELD AFAR offices, were received in state by the Teresians, and signed their lives away on the pages of the Visitors' Book. They thought they saw the whole of the place but really they caught hardly more than a few good glimpses. They liked Maryknoll, and Maryknoll, down to that very discriminating beast, *Collie*, liked them. *Ad multos annos*, was the salutation at their coming, but when they left all the Knoll expressed the hope that the next anniversary might be soon.

St. Joseph's, the coming feature on our landscape, is still coming. Carpenters are as scarce as they are high-priced, and the hours of labor forbid too rapid progress, but we are conscious that out of the barn-that-was is evolving a thing-of-beauty-to-be,—as the butterfly said when he swept away from his caterpillar coat.



THROUGH the kindness of friends the Vénard School has been enabled to begin work on its new chapel.

While the convention of the Catho-

lic Women's Benevolent Legion was being held in Scranton we were honored by a visit from its Supreme Council. The ladies showed much interest in our house and farm, but especially in the work. One expressed a desire to see the Vénard serve during the summer as a camp for boys. The idea is worth considering, and we may come to it by and by, but what we want just now are permanent campers, boys who will stay with us winter as well as summer until they secure their passes to Maryknoll.

Speaking of camps calls to mind our present congestion. Just now it looks as though we shall have more applications for entrance into the Vénard next year than we shall be able to take care of. We are anxious to get vocations, yet now, when they are coming in gratifying numbers, we are hardly ready with the necessary accommodations. This condition, we understand, is to be expected in all rapidly growing institutions. But, God helping, we shall be ready to meet all demands, because we learned at Maryknoll how to push over and make room, and how to turn into the hay even in December.

Plans are maturing for the erection of a permanent building which will accommodate one hundred and fifty youngsters. A fine site on the property has been chosen,—the crest of a hill, overlooking a valley several miles wide and facing some large hills, or mountains, as we call them here. These grand aspects of nature will furnish our students with all the wholesome inspiration so useful to the proper development of a religious vocation.

The prospected Vénard Chapel is soon to be a reality. It ought to be completed before the reopening of school in September.

Until now, as many of our friends know, we have managed to get along by using one of the largest rooms of the house for this purpose. But this make-shift has several disadvantages. It has always been rather dusky, having windows on only one side,—the north, at that. The Chapel is the spiritual engine-room of every college of this kind, and all life radiates from it and all activity centres around it. It will be readily understood, therefore, why we desire a new one, even aside from the fact that we have outgrown the present one. The new Chapel will be built on the east side of the house, where plenty of sunlight will help to create a pleasant and cheerful atmosphere.

May thirty-first is a date which will not soon be forgotten. It was the day the first Vénards were graduated from

**Candidates for Maryknoll or for the Vénard Apostolic School should make application now for admission in September. Each application should be accompanied by a reference to the student's pastor or to some priest who knows him well.**

the School since its permanent location at Clark's Green,—surely a golden day in our annals. There was nothing formal about it. Through the courtesy of some Scranton friends the Seniors were treated to an all-day auto trip, visiting *en route* Pittstown, the Wyoming Valley (scene of the famous massacre of revolutionary times), Wilkesbarre, and the Boys' Industrial School at White's Ferry, Pa.

That evening there was a little farewell banquet. Next morning the departing Seniors attended an early Mass and skipped off quietly while the remainder of the students were engaged in the Chapel. Now they are at Maryknoll, so long the object of their fond hopes, and may we be forgiven if we say that they will rank among the best there. They are our first fruits. Watch them grow!

A brand-new A-1 Victrola is among the recent benefactions which found their way to the Vénard. Now that we have the machine, we shall probably need records to play on it. Perhaps some of our friends have some with which they might like to part. Just a hint—our taste is preferably religious and classical.

Further needs at present are old shoes for the boys, who have become farmer lads and wear out many of them on our rocky soil; athletic goods of all kinds for play hours; and old cassocks for the Seniors.

#### VOCATION.

It came—I know not how or when—  
It filled me, thrilled me; then  
It bade me come, obey the call of God,  
Leave all for Him. 'Twas but a tiny spark

Deep in my heart.  
It grew; it seared my brain,  
Until from out my pain,  
"What shall I do?" I cried,  
"Lo," it replied,  
"Come! Leave all!  
Follow Me! Heed My call!"  
I yielded. Oh, what sweetness,  
Startling in completeness,  
Did flood my soul,  
Now eager towards the chosen goal.  
Then gave I thanks  
To Him, Who called me to His ranks.

—By a Vénard.

## What Will You Do?



**T**HE Religious Orders of women in this country are bound to exercise a strong influence in propagating the foreign mission spirit. Already the seeds of their work are in the budding, as may be noted by these letters:

They are deeply interested and ask many questions about the foreign missions. The Sisters are trying to sow seeds for the good cause. (Sisters of St. Joseph.)

Our offering is only a mite, but it is a sign that at least a seed of missionary zeal has been planted in our hearts.

I am sorry to say that we have never given much thought to the Foreign Missions, until Sister Superior told us about all the priests and sisters who have left home and country to teach the little pagans to know and love God, and that often the priests and nuns have not enough to give the children to eat. We were surprised that the Chinese children are anxious to learn.

We are going to abstain from gum and candy so as to save our pennies for our unfortunate brothers and sisters.

We shall pray, too, for the success of Maryknoll and its great work. We remain,

The pupils of St. Joseph's School,  
Danville, Pa.

We have an "apostle" in our room, who takes the mite box around to each boy every morning and afternoon, and reminds him of all the odd change he has, by jingling the box before his eyes and saying a little verse. One of his best was:  
Dig in your pocket and drop in a cent,  
Then you'll be doing some penance for Lent.

We now have the pleasure of sending you seven dollars for cement or for "sand-bags." Ours is the first mite box from St. Edward's School and the first one from Room 12, and we are

proud of the fact. Our Fr. — got a lot of mite boxes and we are glad to tell you that every room in the school has one now, but we were the first. We have started a new box and shall send it when it is filled.

We are the boys of the Eighth and Seventh Grades, and we think that some of us may go to Maryknoll within a few years. We hope we shall be as good as our two boys who are there now. We are proud of them.

We all like THE FIELD AFAR, which comes every month. We enjoy its stories and drawings, and think it is great.

With the ardent wish that we may be able to fill many more mite boxes for Maryknoll, we are

Your friendly boys and well-wishers,  
THE 8TH AND 7TH GRADES.

## With Other Children.

A far-seeing *router* elect down in Fall River writes:

Just a few lines to let you know I have read in THE FIELD AFAR how little boys and girls could help the college by selling FIELD AFAR copies each month. I would be very willing to do so. I am also saving up so as I can enter your college to become a missionary as soon as I graduate from St. Mary's Cathedral School.

Enclosed you will find three dollars—the proceeds of a fair which we little girls got up in aid of the foreign missions.

We like your work very much, as we often read about it in THE FIELD AFAR. So we thought the best way to use the three dollars would be to give one dollar to the *Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help*, another to the *Burse of St. Joseph*, and another to the *Burse of the Little Flower*.

Bernard Doherty had an exciting time recently. Bernard is a young "router" for Maryknoll and he writes:

You came near having to wait a little longer for this dollar. Sunday I went for a swim, leaving your dollar and fifty-five cents of my own rolled up in a handkerchief in my pocket. When it came time to go home, I found that some clever but still generous fellow had relieved me of your dollar and my own half-dollar, being kind enough to leave me the five-cent piece—my car-fare home. Things looked pretty dark for me and also for you for a while, but Monday through an accident I found out who the thief was and after some time I got my dollar and a half back. This is how I happen to be sending you your dollar now.

Our young friend does not tell



## The Maryknoll Pin

(The Chi-Rho.)

Twenty-five cents apiece.

It consists of two Greek letters—Chi (key) and Rho (roe)—the monogram of Christ. The circle symbolizes the world, and the entire emblem signifies the mission of Christ to the world.

FREE.

To every new subscriber and to every renewing subscriber in 1917, we will send a Chi-Rho pin, if requested. We do this in the hope that our subscribers will wear the pin.

us the details, but we presume that the other fellow's eye has cleared up by this time. Come to us, Bernard, and we will enter you as a recruit in the army of Christ.

Harold is thirteen years old. He lives a long jump from Maryknoll, and he is in the Seventh Grade. Harold hopes to be at the Seminary in about three years. He hopes,—and he writes:

Father, I do not think I should like to be a missionary. I love to be a secular priest. The Sister in my room in school wants me to be a missionary. But I like to be a secular. Good-bye, Father.

Well, Harold, your first name ought to be Frank.

You will have longer than three years to decide, and then if you want to be both a secular priest and a missionary come across the country and we will measure you for a Vénard fit.

Good-bye, Harold. And God bless you!

FR. IGNATIUS.

## LAND SLIPS FROM HONOLULU.

Ernest Vredenburg.....	\$1.00
Andrew Lum.....	1.00
Wilfred King Tan.....	2.00
Clarence Lum.....	1.00
Joseph Kong Lau.....	2.00
Peter Sun Lee.....	1.00
Frank Akau.....	1.50
Bernard Mackenzie.....	1.00
Joseph Lam.....	1.00
Jack Howe.....	1.00
Ph. Chun Chew.....	1.00
Herman Kam.....	.60
Edw. J. Chong.....	.50

\$14.60

W E A R E A I M I N G T O S E C U R E

## RECEIVED AT MARYKNOLL.

Clothing and books, Mass.; towels, C. B. F., Conn.; books, H. F. G., Mass.; pyx and clothing, Mass.; linens, A. H.; Calif.; books, Holy Cross College, Mass.; altar linens, Convent of the Good Shepherd, N. Y.; silverware, A. D., Wis.; pyx, M. E. A., Mass.; album, R. J., Pa.; burse, stoles, surplice, S. J. M., Mass.; clothing and silverware, M. A. F., Conn.; albs, S., Ind.; cotton and sponges, M. A. B., R. I.; religious articles, St. John's Convent, Pa.; Benediction stole, C. and T., Pa.

Cancelled stamps, tinfoil, etc.: Rev. Friend, D. C.; Anon., Conn.; St. Joseph's School, Del.; St. Ambrose College, Ia.; M. E. D., C. M., G. K., M. T. B., St. Jerome's High School, of Mass.; Sr. A., N. J.; A. C., I. M., of Pa.; C. M. K., M. M., M. K., P. G., R. R. H., A. E., M. L., M. R., Srs. of the Good Shepherd, Convent of Mercy, of New York.

Old coins, jewelry, etc.: R. C., P. W. M., J. W. C., M. McG., of Mass.; D. J. O'M., N. Y.

## MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.  
Sold up to July 1, 1917, 2,654,543 "  
For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,895,457 "  
SEND FOR A LAND-SLIP.

A Boston layman, whose friendship for the missions is sincere and constant, sent a gift of money to supply missionaries with copies of THE FIELD AFAR. No fewer than twenty-two priests and nuns were supplied through this act of generosity.

## RECEIVED AT THE VÉNARD.

Towels, G. E., Pa.; zither, A. W. K., Mass.; linens, N. H., Mass.; pins, H. J. S., Pa.; books, H. F. G., Mass.; sheets, Dorcas Club, Pa.; tinfoil, E. W., A. M., C. C., H. McN., Pa.

## VÉNARD LAND.

Total area at The Vénard, 6,000,000 ft.  
Sold up to July 1, 1917, 1,035,044 "  
For sale at 1/2 cent a foot, 4,964,956 "

"I want each of my children to have a slice of that Vénard land," writes the father of five, "so here's for W—, E—, A—, F—, and J—."

We shall look for W—, E—, or J— at the Vénard later, and the Teresians will claim A—, or F—.

## NEW PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES.

Living: J. B.; S. F.; Rev. Friend.

Dead: Katherine Byrne; James Byrne; Mary Riley; Luke Riley; Catherine Riley; Holy Souls.

If you would be certain that your bequest will reach us at all, or if you wish to have it operative immediately after your death, you will do well to consider the annuity idea.

A reader gives us the information that cast-off artificial teeth are bought by certain dealers for a pin that supports the material. This friend managed in some mysterious way to find and dispose of several sets, which netted almost three dollars. Did you ever—think of that?

We have more than once been bumped against the Fall River docks, but till lately we never knew there were poets or rhymesters in that city on the hill. We do not, as a rule, publish unsigned communications, but here is a "loser," written, we suspect, by a Scandinavian in disguise:

I am from the River Fall I am making a call on Hokie Pokie<sup>1</sup> to pay my due How nice he look at his desk at night with his pen a writing to me he say I owe him five dimes and he makes me smile to think he would pick out me so pass the paper along to some one in want and tell him that will please me I am not a Bee but a little curious you see<sup>2</sup>

A Newport friend is under the impression that the Children of Mary (*Enfantes de Marie*) along the line from Narragansett Bay to the Pacific Coast would like to provide Maryknoll with a Children of Mary Burse. Our friend offers twenty-five dollars to start, but we must add seventy-five more before the bars can be let down and this new burse enter the lists. (This does not mean that we refused the offering. It is quite secure.)

<sup>1</sup>The Maryknoll Dun.

<sup>2</sup>The punctuation marks fell out of this in transit.

## STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS.

A burse or Foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.

## COMPLETED BURSSES.

Cardinal Farley Burse.....\$5,000.  
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse.... 5,000.  
John L. Boland Burse..... 6,000.  
Blessed Sacrament Burse..... 5,000.  
St. Willibrord Burse..... 5,000.  
Providence Diocese Burse..... 5,000.  
Fr. Elias Younan Burse..... 5,000.  
Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse.. 5,000.  
O. L. of Miraculous Medal Burse 5,000.  
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse 5,000.  
Holy Trinity Burse..... 5,000.  
Father B. Burse.....6,273.31

## SPECIAL FUNDS.

Abp. Williams Catechist Fund..\$9,500.00  
Foreign Mission Educational Fund ..... 5,000.00  
Vénard Student Fund..... 1,371.91  
Bread Fund ..... 303.47  
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Fund ..... 85.00

Membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society may be secured for one year by the payment of fifty cents. Such membership, with its many spiritual helps, is applicable to the living or the dead. As special certificates are prepared in each case, it should be stated whether the person to be enrolled is living or not.

KINDLY offer a prayer for the souls of those whose names we give below. They were among our benefactors:

Rt. Rev. Mgr. E. Doyle	Mary Kiesel
Rev. Francis X. McKenny	Sr. Ida Carey
Mrs. C. Griffin	Mrs. Carey
John McAlvannah	James Matthews
John Cashman	Thomas Matthews
Alice M. Sullivan	William Gray
Sarah MacDonald	William Steele
Charles Bresnahan	Samuel Haltman
John Moonan	Elizabeth Stafford
James Brennan	Mrs. H. Nolan
Rose Raggio	Mrs. Farrell
John Raggio	Mrs. M. O'Connor
Daniel Raggio	Katherine Butler
	Margaret Langan
	Sr. Catherine



THIS is a reproduction of our new seal, without the color effects. Send for some of these seals. They will cost you one cent apiece or ten cents a dozen. They are made to seal your letters, and in using them you will benefit our work directly and indirectly.

FIFTY THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.



## MARIA MISSION CIRCLES.

Fr. Garesché, S.J., head of the Sodality Union, recently gave a series of lectures in St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburgh, and as a result about forty sodalists, volunteering for mission work, have been organized into Maria circles.

Please note the following Resolution of the Circles:

*"We will invite our members and friends to include among their Christmas presents a Gift to the Christ Child for His Missions, the amount to be in proportion to one's other Christmas gifts; and we will advertise this resolution, to the end that this Gift may become customary among all Catholics."*

We need your earnest, present co-operation, to bring this resolution before all Catholics. We want to reach Catholic children with the suggestion that they hang up beside their own Christmas stockings a little red stocking for this Gift. We want to get this stocking into every Catholic home. Every one of you is urged to help, and to invite your friends to help, to make and distribute these stockings.

Make the stockings of red calico, the size for an infant, close with red cord, attach a card reading, "Christmas Gift to the Christ Child, for His Missions," and whatever number you succeed in making, distribute over as wide an area as possible. Suggest to your friends that they make the stockings and copies of this appeal and distribute the same among their friends. Particularly during vacation, an interest in this work be aroused.

The Gift need not be sent through the Maria Circles. It may be given through whatever mission society is working in each locality. We will of course be glad to forward any donations sent to us. Further, we will gladly furnish information as to how to establish a Maria Circle to anyone who desires to work for the missions, not only for Christmas, but systematically throughout the year.

Show your friends the stocking and the resolution: they carry their own appeal. We want to get back the holy Christmas Day, which belongs to the Christ Child. Two-thirds of all in the world do not know of Him: we want to tell them. We want our Catholic people to become possessed with the

determination to bring everyone along when they come to Bethlehem to adore; we want to fill the little Arms outstretched upon the straw; we want to give the Christ Child the Birthday Gift He desires,—the souls of all men.

Take our Circle slogan with you to the seashore: *A dollar for the missions to every dollar for pleasure.* The missions need the money: we need the grace which comes through self-denial for God's sake.

## The Philadelphia Auxiliary.

PHILADELPHIA has quietly launched its Maryknoll Auxiliary. This account of its second meeting may be suggestive to others elsewhere:

There were twenty-five present, of whom four were new members. We elected Miss Agnes Byrnes treasurer, Miss Mary McGuckin secretary, Miss Mary Beamish vice-president, and myself president. In making the selections we chose members who would be able to interest others in different parts of the city.

The meeting was very satisfactory. A real interest was shown in the readiness of all to make suggestions for ways of carrying on the work. Mite-boxes were taken by all. The four new members were given the little pamphlets explaining the work at Maryknoll. One member volunteered to visit subscribers who have not renewed their subscriptions for THE FIELD AFAR. Would it be convenient to send us a list of names and addresses?

The next meeting will be in September. Meanwhile, each member is to work earnestly to promote any activity that she thinks will be for the benefit of the Auxiliary. Some intend to form smaller groups or circles. The sum total of mite-boxes or any general collection will be forwarded to the Rev. Dr. Garrigan, for Maryknoll.

**Notice the expiration date on your Field Afar Envelope.**

*"Gethsemane of Maryknoll,  
Christ's tested school of fortitude,  
Where saints are taught by Christ's  
brave soul  
On far-off hills to rear Christ's  
rood."*

With these graceful lines written by the author on the fly-leaf, a book of helpful meditations on the Passion of Christ has come to us. The title of this attractive

volume is *The Holy Hour in Gethsemane*. Its author, now well known among English-speaking Catholic readers, is the Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.

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- to keep you and your household in touch with the work of conversion which is going on in America, and imbued with that missionary spirit which will bless a hundredfold every home into which it is infused.

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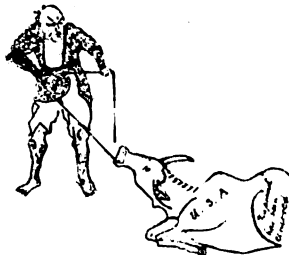
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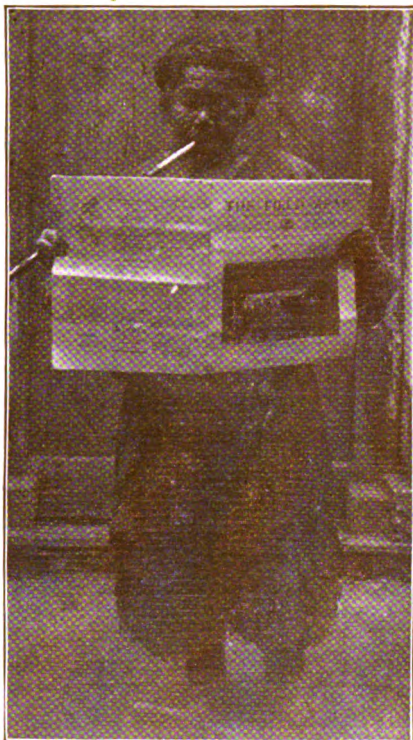
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("One of ours.")

## The Field Afar A Globe Trotter.

THE FIELD AFAR is excellent.—*Bishop Casartelli, Salford, England.*

It is certainly a well-edited paper. Do not fail to exchange with us.—*Rev. Paulo Manna, M.Ap., Editor of "Le Missioni Cattoliche," Milan, Italy.*

It fell into my hands by mere chance, but I consider it a gift of Divine Providence.—*Sister Angelique, Amsterdam, Holland.*

I am most interested in THE FIELD AFAR. Our dear Japan will doubtless profit by the interest Catholics of America are taking in the missions.—*Rev. C. Jacquet, Sendai, Japan.*

May your beautiful work as shown in THE FIELD AFAR grow ever more prosperous.—*Rev. A. M. Clauser, Yule Island, Papua, Oceania.*

I have derived great pleasure from reading it. I wish the dear little paper a long life of useful work.—*Bishop Gramigna, Allahabad, India.*

May THE FIELD AFAR be largely instrumental in cultivating the missionary field, far and wide, to the greater glory of God and as a lasting honor to the Catholics of America.—*A. Hopfgartner, Sibiu, Borneo.*

It manifests a completely new spirit and is an object-lesson for the whole English-speaking world. God knows it was badly wanting.—*Rev. H. Browne, S.J., University College, Dublin, Ireland.*

It is most admirably conducted; the material and form are equally admirable. It has a variety and life which our old countries in Europe have not yet known how to catch.—*Bishop Mutel, Seoul, Korea.*

It is destined to promote a great and noble purpose, the work of building up Christ in souls. The work to be performed here is immense and only awaits missionary laborers and assistance, spiritual and temporal, from those to whom the Faith has been preached for centuries. THE FIELD AFAR deserves every encouragement and I shall recommend it to all our Catholics.—*M. Kennelly, S.J., Shanghai, China.*

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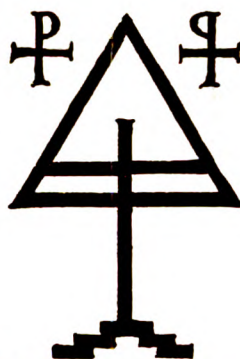
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# THE FIELD AFAR



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(September 3, 1917.)

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B I N D I N G   T H E   S H E A V E S   A T   T H E   K N O L L .

**T**HE Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America is located on a slightly hill overlooking the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City. The place is called, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, *Maryknoll*. The Seminary is under the direction of secular priests who have been organized as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Their object is to train priests for missions to the heathen and to help arouse the Catholics of our country to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this particular need. The Seminary has at present a faculty of ten priests, twenty-five students of Philosophy and Theology, and ten auxiliary-brothers.

The movement was set on foot by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and the then Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Falconio. It was approved by the Council of Archbishops at Washington, April 27, 1911, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, of the same year.

On July 15, 1915, the young Society received from Rome the Decree of Praise and was placed directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It is incorporated in New York State and is under the spiritual jurisdiction of His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who is Honorary President of the Corporation. The corporate name of the Society is: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

In September, 1916, it opened at Clark's Green, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton, a preparatory house of studies with the corporate title of the Vénard Apostolic School. Here thirty youths are following high school and college courses under the direction of five professors, four of whom are priests.

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upon application.

THIS month, some hundreds of  
years ago, Christopher Colum-  
bus set out to find a shorter route  
to the wealth of the East and to  
bring the blessings of our Cath-  
olic Faith to the heathen. He  
stopped halfway on his journey;  
and the world, finding there  
wealth, forgot his nobler aim.

This month the American  
Church is taking up the journey  
where Columbus left off, and  
is sending its pioneer to continue  
the sailing westward. The true  
wealth of Eastern lands—immor-  
tal souls—is still unmined and the  
name of our *San Salvador* un-  
heard by millions of the East.

The same *Te Deum* that arose  
from the hearts of the pioneers of  
old at the first sight of Columbia's  
shore, now rises in the hearts of  
thoughtful Catholics of America.  
For the nobler aim of Columbus is  
about to be realized.

\* \*  
"The first of the fruits of thy  
ground thou shalt offer in the  
house of the Lord thy God."—  
*Exodus xxxiv. 26.*

THE harvest time is with us  
again, recalling the bountiful  
providence of God Who takes care  
that there shall be sufficient for  
all. Only the perversity of man  
prevents some from getting their  
share.

We are no longer commanded  
to offer God the first fruits of the  
soil, but we have the same duty  
of acknowledgment and thanksgiv-  
ing as did Israel. Of another har-  
vest He asks of us our first fruits.

### CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Editorials - - - - -	145-146
The San Francisco Procure -	147
Chinese Propaganda in the	
United States - - - - -	147
Dissociated Press News - - -	148
The First Departure - - - -	149-150
The Pioneer's Log - - - - -	151-153
From the Field - - - - -	153-155
Story - - - - -	156-158
The Month's Menu - - - - -	159
Circles—and so forth - - -	160

The Church in this country is  
just now in the full time of the  
harvest. We are reaping where  
our fathers have sown. But it  
is God Who gave the increase.  
He it is Who sent the warm sun-  
shine of grace and tempered the  
cold winds of persecution. And  
now He asks of us the first fruits  
in testimony of His bounty to the  
Church in America—men and  
women for His service in foreign  
lands. Shall we show ourselves  
an ungrateful people?

\* \*

NEAR the climax of the great-  
est war that ever blasted the  
world, with nation rising against  
nation until very Armageddon  
seemed at hand, there was found  
one among the leaders of men  
who could present, with a dig-  
nity that impelled respectful hear-  
ing, a plea for peace inspired by  
principle.

Catholics everywhere have  
reason to be proud of the fact  
that, while the intervention of His  
Holiness, Benedict XV., has not  
ended the war, his advances were  
received with deference by most  
of the belligerents, and have  
opened a way to the consideration  
of peace terms which are more

generally acceptable than any hitherto proposed.

What head of any self-constituted branch of Christianity could have presumed an audience of nations for such a plea? No merely national church enjoys sufficient power. The lawful Head of a *universal* religion alone could command attention in a universal war, and in their recognition of this fact the Powers have paid a splendid tribute to the Successor of St. Peter.

May God speed the day when the Holy Father's influence for good shall be equally strong among what are now the pagan nations of the world!

\* \*

*At the close of a missionary rally in the Moody Tabernacle, two hundred young men and women volunteered for evangelistic work in Africa and Asia.—Chicago Examiner.*

THE average Catholic would have no hesitancy in listing the Moody Tabernacle as a non-Catholic house of worship. The name, first of all, runs counter to his Catholic instinct; and secondly, the aim of such a "rally"—quite Catholic, to be sure—is so astonishingly novel to him: recruiting the foreign missions from our American boys and girls!

"Surely," he would say, "one would not find such rallies in the Catholic Church!"

And we could very properly reply, If not, why not? May we not expect—or rather, should we not expect—as great, if not greater, generosity from our own Catholic young people?

It is not to be supposed that at the meeting above noted these two hundred young people heard for the first time the needs of the foreign missions. If this were true, one could hardly expect such a generous response to this appeal.

No, we are convinced that such enthusiasm is not spasmodic, neither is it due to enchantment on the part of the orator; but it is the result of a well-planned

system that lays particular stress on imparting to young people the possibilities and value of rendering spiritual aid to the heathen. The cause of foreign missions is kept constantly before their minds. They have special sermons and talks, and letters from the missionaries are read to the children in the Sunday-schools.

It is not surprising, then, that, when an appeal like the above is proposed to these young men and women, they are prepared to offer themselves whole-heartedly for so noble a cause.

If we are to show a like solicitude for the foreign missions, we must advance along similar lines. It is gratifying to note of late, in some of our leading Catholic papers, the frequent appearance of articles on this most vital subject. We need not fear that such articles will displease or weary the reader, nor that a column devoted regularly to this matter will prove profitless. On the contrary, we could give plentiful examples to disprove both of these objections. In addition, we have observed that a soul imbued with a real love for the foreign missions is inclined to perform in the daily round of life acts of mortification and sacrifice which, we believe, would never be performed without this impetus.

\* \*

ANOTHER recruit in the ranks of foreign mission helpers is *The Queen's Work*, which, during the past month, sent an offering of \$450 to missions in India, Madagascar, and Africa.

Speaking of the best method of employing such contributions, the *Age of Missions* says: "Before everything else we should help in the formation of the native clergy, a work which was always of the greatest importance, and is today absolutely essential, since we are sure to suffer for years to come from the great loss of European priests killed in the war."

It takes no elaborate argument

With reasonable economy enough could be saved from the expense account of an ordinary funeral to enroll in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society, as a Perpetual Associate, the deceased relative or friend.

Who, if not you, will remember your beloved dead?

nor silver-tongued oratory to bring home the fact that the Catholic Church of America must act promptly and generously, not only in helping to educate native clergy, but in supplying priests from our own country, if the missions already started in pagan lands are to be preserved.

Since the beginning of the war, the foreign missions have lost forty per cent of their missionary priests, through recall, disability or death. Moreover, the source of further supply is cut off and most missionary countries of Europe will be unable for many years to do more than recruit the ranks of their home clergy.

Naturally then, the Mother Church is calling on America, the country least harmed by the war, to take her proper place in apostolic work, to show her gratitude for the benefits received in the past century from the Church in Europe and to prove her appreciation of the true faith by generously securing it to those still "in the valley of darkness."

To what extent have we answered this call? In priests? The native born missionaries from the United States to pagan peoples could be counted on the fingers of both hands. In financial aid? To quote from the report of the Propagation of the Faith Society:

*Total given to the U. S. (from the S. P. F.) \$6,309,214.00.*

*Total received from U. S. (by the S. P. F.) \$3,030,429.41.*

These figures cover the period from 1822 to 1912. The average contribution from American Catholics last year for foreign missions was five cents apiece.

This is not because we are es-



sentially a selfish people, devoted only to grasping the almighty dollar, but because the foreign mission field is a new one to us, who have been so busily engaged in firmly establishing the Church in this country, and we have not yet been educated to a proper realization of our duty as Catholics to "teach all nations." We are being taught, however—and please God, we shall soon be neophytes no longer.

\* \*

### The First Procure.

ON the eve of Fr. Walsh's departure from San Francisco for the Far East, in that city, in the presence of the Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, D. D., Archbishop of the Diocese, together with several priests and an interested body of laity, was opened our first *Procure*.

A *Procure* might be called a sub-station, and the newly founded *Maryknoll Procure* in San Francisco will be headquarters for the activities of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society on the Pacific coast.

The interest manifested by Californian Catholics in spreading the true Faith has brought their state to the fore as a protagonist of foreign missions. With a representative house of Maryknoll at the port of departure, a resting place for travelling missionaries and a centre of missionary activities, California acquires further right to the title "Apostolic."

*Have you read our new book?*

### The Martyr of Futuna

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**O** MARY, Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, guide and protect thy devoted servants in pagan lands, who are telling off the decades of their years to thy Son's eternal glory!

*The joyful mysteries—of the birth of a vocation; the presentation of one's whole self for God's work in pagan lands; the finding of great joy in the temple of self-sacrifice.*

*The sorrowful mysteries—of mission life; perhaps whole years barren of fruit, when zeal brought no return, nor made Him better loved Whom another might have enthroned in the hearts of men.*

*The glorious mysteries—the sunset of the missionary's life, after the heats of the day; the peaceful joy of knowing that whatever life's mistakes, it was lived for God alone, and has made Him, if only a little, better known and better loved.*

*"And at the end a cross is hung." Not the cross of sacrifice, for that was constant, but the cross of the Risen Christ, His labors over; the cross of victory for those who have greatly loved; the heavenly cross that appeared to Constantine with the words: "In this sign conquer."*

*O Mary, Queen of Apostles, who brought God to man, pray for thy devoted followers who would bring men to God!*

### Chinese Propaganda in the United States.

(Under this title we hope to publish from time to time items of interest which will stimulate effort in this country towards the conversion of the Chinese residing here. To this end we desire to make a register of every conversion, with the name of the priest interested and the name and place of origin of each convert. If requested, the name of the priest will not be mentioned, but we are of the opinion that the movement will be helped more if names are not withheld.)

ON his way to the Coast Fr. Walsh was told of this conversion:

A Chinese student from a State University in the Middle West contracted tuberculosis and was sent to a private sanatorium in the Scranton diocese. After some weeks of residence there this young man became an object of interest to a certain Protestant congregation, which made his conversion the subject of special prayers one Sunday. The following day the patient sent for Fr. L. and asked for instructions, which were gladly given.

Later a Protestant nurse suggested that the Bible should supersede the catechism, and advised the Chinaman to give up his instructor. That night a Catholic nurse was in charge, and to her the Chinese patient stated the above facts and expressed his desire that Fr. L. should also be acquainted with them. The meddler received her lesson, and the young man was not bothered again. Fr. L. soon afterwards gave his Chinese convert all the Sacraments, and the young man died happy in his new-found faith.

The Chinese embassy was much interested in this young man and sent a personal messenger from Washington each week to inquire into his condition and to meet his wants.

**Make every member of the family one of our Associates. Fifty cents for each will do this.**

### Dissociated Press News.

To Inquirer:

*The plan adopted by the parish of Albion, New York (Buffalo Diocese) for the support of a Maryknoll student is: one half to be met by the parish, the other half by the pastor.*

Much of the war news from the western front has centered about Rhiems and Lille. After months of artillery duelling, this section of France is today one vast sieve of shell holes. Before the war it supplied priests, sisters, and financial aid to two missions among the poor of Madagascar,—one with 82,000 Catholics, the other with 120,000. Cut off for three years from the artery that nourished them, what must be the state of these missions today? And this is but one typical instance.

Within earshot of the noise of battle, the young son of Mill Hill, *St. Joseph Studiehuis*, born only five years ago, is developing as if in a garden of peace and plenty. *St. Joseph's Study-House* is a preparatory school, which already occupies a neat substantial brick building and counts one hundred and twenty students in training for the foreign missions.

From a recent letter of the Reverend Director we quote:

Of course we are hard hit by the war. The price of everything has gone up. We only hope America will remain true to herself in the rationing of neutrals.

By the way, how are you off for auxiliary-brothers? And how is the Holland lad at Scranton? We are getting a large number of applications for next year again.

In connection with the founding by the Rockefeller fortune of two medical colleges at Peking and Shanghai, to cost \$1,500,000 each and be maintained at an annual expense of \$300,000, it is interesting to recall the words of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, who went to China three years ago on behalf

of the Carnegie endowment for International peace:

*"Any Western organisation which desires to promote friendly intercourse with an Oriental people, can do nothing better than contribute to the introduction of Western medicine, surgery and sanitation into China.*

*"The field for such beneficent work is immense, the obstacles to overcome are serious but not insuperable, and the reward in the future comparative well-being of the Chinese is sure. The Chinese are too intelligent not to trace practical beneficence to its spiritual source, and to draw all the just inferences."*

### The Fall River Diocese Burse.

IN the Fall River diocese Maryknoll has many friends. Bishop Feehan has expressed to us in no uncertain terms the warmth of his interest. Many of his priests have shown their love for our work by ably assisting us, both in securing material aid and in directing vocations. Among the laity the very inception of the work found staunch friends, whose loyalty has never failed. And five youths of the diocese have already undertaken apostolic studies at either Maryknoll or the Vénard.

This diocesan interest has now been officially evidenced. During the past summer, Bishop Feehan gave permission to a band of Maryknoll "boosters" to work for the foundation of a *Fall River Diocese Burse*, which will be devoted to the support and education of one aspirant to the missionary priesthood from the Fall River diocese.

The Right Rev. Bishop began the burse with a gift of \$100, and private subscriptions have brought the amount up to \$603—a splendid nest egg.

It is not expected that this burse will be completed by substantial gifts from the few. We

have the hope that many, hitherto strangers to the work, will now be interested, and, in helping to build up the burse, express their appreciation for the zeal of those of their diocese who seek to consecrate their lives to apostolic work in heathen lands.

For this new expression of affectionate interest by Bishop Feehan and those who have followed his generous lead, Maryknoll is deeply grateful.

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Our books especially make acceptable gifts. Your selection of them will benefit your friend, yourself, and the cause for which Our Saviour came on earth.

The list includes interesting stories and inspired biographies of those who have dared much for Christ. All are attractively printed and bound, and offered at most reasonable prices.

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Address: The Field Afar Office  
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## THE FIRST DEPARTURE FROM MARYKNOLL

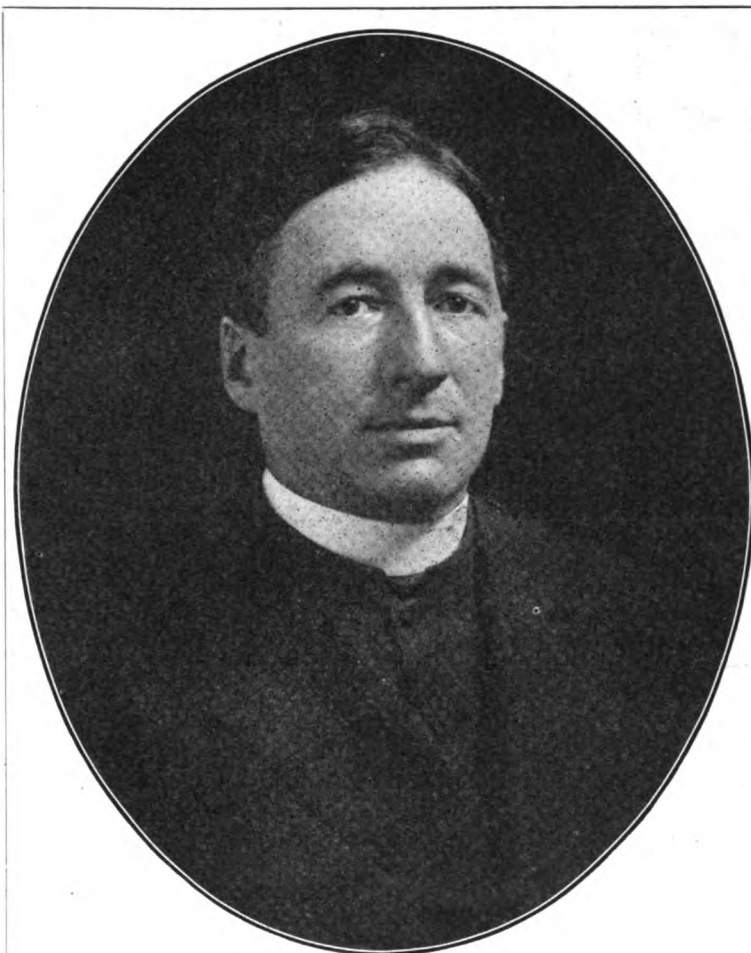
THE sun setting beyond the Maryknoll hills on the eve of Fr. Superior's departure for the Far East prefigured quite aptly the event which was to take place on the morrow: the passing, for awhile, of a light from our midst to bring joy and warmth to other hearts.

Those who have followed, in these pages, this growing work for the salvation of pagan peoples long ago discovered that its leader could smile through shadows and find something to be thankful for in every trial—and they wondered at it.

Those who have visited Maryknoll have almost invariably remarked the simplicity, cheerfulness and mutual charity they found here—and they wondered at it.

To us, it is all very simple, because we know the heart of him who, under God, directs Our Lady's Knoll; and while a frown of disapproval may greet these lines as they fall under his eyes in some distant mission, we feel that those who love the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary and the work for which it exists will appreciate a glimpse into the truly apostolic soul of its Director, opened in loving confidence to his spiritual sons, and will understand then why things are as they are at Maryknoll.

To the priests, students and brothers, assembled in the Sem-



VERY REV. JAMES A. WALSH, M.A.P.  
Superior of Maryknoll.

inary chapel the evening before he left, Fr. Superior spoke as follows:

This little ceremony here today marks a striking event in the history of our young Society,—an event of twofold import. It commemorates the eve of the first departure from Maryknoll for fields afar; and it is the occasion of the first making of the *Propositum*, the purpose to remain in the Society during life, by the priests of the Society. It is thus a truly historic event, the significance of which we can only begin to appreciate now.

In the last few weeks I have been asked many times who will guide Maryknoll while I am absent. This was a very natural question for people outside to ask, and there was only one answer to it,—God. God has

guided Maryknoll so far. This work is His. Daily we have here the opportunity of seeing His Providence, His hand directing the work. The consciousness of this is enough to make a man realize that he is nothing but an instrument,—and often he fears lest he prove an unworthy one.

God has indeed been lavish, giving what was needed and that so generously that we have had to realize it is evidently His will to push this work. That is why, as I look forward to the absence to begin tomorrow, I feel no hesitation, I have no misgivings. I have only a supreme confidence in God's watchful care over Maryknoll and the Vénard.

Any work of God can get along without any man, and God will show how well our Society can prosper without the extra effort of any individual. The sooner we who aspire to the life of the missionary, realize the wonderful Providence of God the better it will be for us. Many of our solitudes will be removed and our work will go faster than it would otherwise. I

voice your faith in Providence as I acknowledge here on the eve of departure God's lavish generosity; and I thank Him in your name and in mine and in that of this young Society.

So much for the eve of what may be looked upon as the first Maryknoll departure. Now there is this other event,—significant, portentous,—the making of the *Propositum*. We have been here, shaping the one course. We have all had our eyes on the great mission which is before us. We have been personally interested in the formation of the Society. Within the experience of several here we have received from Rome the Decree of Praise, officially approving the efforts already made. And yet we know that each of us in his heart has been looking forward to the time when this

body would be developed to the point where we could feel that it was vigorous—though young—and solidly established, and that its members were confirmed in the splendid resolution they had taken to enter upon and continue the work.

Now we witness the flowering of that resolution in the *Propositum* which several of us are going to make. To continue to death in the service of the Society, that is the purpose which will be expressed today. The strength of this Society is not based on a vow. It is grounded solely on the fidelity of the individual members. The *Propositum* calls for a supreme confidence in the Society itself, in its purpose, in its constitutions. It calls for the faculty of adjusting oneself to the dispositions of others. And it calls for control of self.

In these things lies the strength of the Society, and as you witness the offering of some of us today keep these ideas before your minds. You are to be members of the body of this work. First of all, then, you must have a confidence that is unshakable; a confidence in the purpose of the work, a confidence in the constitutions which have been framed, not by tyros, but by the experience of three hundred years, a confidence in those who guide the Society, a confidence in your fellow-members that they will work shoulder to shoulder with you for the common end. Such is the confidence that must be cultivated in those who would become and remain members of this Society.

Then there is that little delightful characteristic of fitting into the dispositions of others, that makes for so much of our happiness, not only here and at the Vénard, but later, when we shall gather from time to time, after months of fatigue, trial, loneliness and desolation, to meet one another in the perfect union of brotherhood. In this unity of spirit we are going to be strengthened; or lacking it, we are going to fail. God's grace will be given to us in proportion as we cling together, meet one another's dispositions, bear one another's defects, and exercise a mutual Christ-like charity.

Finally, we must have not only this supreme confidence, this regard for one another, but also the element of self-control. We have taken "Restraint" as one of the watchwords of our life here. The man who can restrain himself for God, he is the man through whom God is going to work wonders in this world. That element of self-control must be exercised particularly in a work of this kind and in a Society not bound by vows. We must learn now to control ourselves in little things, so that we may be able

to practise control later in the great crises which we must expect in our lives.

If this is our spirit we need have no fear that God's grace will be withheld. This is the spirit which is characteristic of the soldier of Christ, the spirit which Christ our King expects of His followers. We are seeking His kingdom and if we keep this idea before our minds all things else will be added to us, as is so beautifully expressed in the Gospel of the day. As the *Propositum* is made by some let all renew their purpose to reach the height of the ideals which they formed on entering this work and which have been recalled to them today.

I have one request to make,—and I feel it is hardly necessary to make it,—that you will remember me in your prayers. I want to feel that you are praying that God, the Father of my heart, will guide me; that my Elder Brother Jesus Christ will nourish me as often as it is possible for me to arrange for that Visitation; that I shall have the strength and light of the Holy Ghost, that tremendous Engine, eternal, infinite, that Power awful in Its strength. I do not know just what will be the result of my journey—I simply have this confidence, and I do not believe that it is presumptuous, that God is going to bring me to the right place in view of our future work. We know that God works through human means, and I want the strength and light to represent you, the body of which I am privileged to be the head, and want you to coöperate with me that I may secure that strength and light.

And when you speak to our Blessed Mother, put me in her keeping, that I may come back safely to you.

When he had finished speaking, Fr. Walsh made the *Propositum*, and was followed by the other priests of the Society, each in turn reading aloud, on bended knee, before the Sacred Presence on the altar above, his firm purpose of making the interests of the Society his own until death.

This ceremony, striking in its simplicity, is no less than a deliberate enlistment in the foreign mission forces of the Church Militant for a period limited only by life. Those who took part professed their matured desire to devote their lives to establishing the Kingdom of God in the hearts of pagan men and pledged their will-

ingness to forego whatever personal inclinations might be opposed to this great work. The spirit, indeed, is willing—may God's grace strengthen the flesh!

In the chapel, after night prayers, the tension grew stronger. All felt that it was the "last night,"—that the morrow would witness the departure of a most loving father, ever ready to spend himself for his children, who made their interests his care, their pleasures his joys, and their sorrows his own,—who, by supplying a means of training, had furthered their desires for a missionary life,—and who was now going before, at a time unfit for travel, to arrange for their work in pagan lands and to prepare the way that their own later following might be easier. He, in turn, knew that no father ever commanded a more devoted loyalty. Disciple and Superior—each was praying for the other. All were reluctant to leave. When would they be together again? Only God knew; only God—Who compelled not, but Whose impelling grace was shaping the destinies of all to His own Most Holy Will. May that grace never fail him, their father, and them, his children!

Gradually the stalls were emptied. One by one the lights disappeared. In the ruddy glow of the sanctuary lamp their God and Father kept eternal vigil.

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Address:  
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### The Pioneer's Log.

(Fr. Superior's Knolligram.)

**A** DIEU, Maryknoll! A Dieu! In His hands thou art secure, and under the protecting favors of her who mothered the Saviour of men all will be well with thee!

It was a real tug at the heart-strings, the get-away on that beautiful bright morning in early September. The great river seemed never so near, the little chapel never so attractive, the Departure Hymn never so significant. The actual parting at the Seminary porch dropped into solemnity as soon as it began, much as we would have had it otherwise; and down at St. Teresa's, where tears and smiles come more or less readily, the handshake and blessing could not be too brief for the father of the flock.

Even Collie seemed to realize the seriousness of the moment, as, with ears at the perpendicular and eyes jumping, he stood silently observing until the friendly car had whisked the traveler out of sight and hearing.

A Dieu, Maryknollers! until we meet again. When? Where? Only God knows, but we dare to hope that it will be again at the Knoll, within six short months, and that when the roll is called that day all who witnessed our first departure for a field afar will be there to make so much happier the welcome home.

Elizabeth, now battered enough to be called Liz,—Elizabeth, the once graceful and tidy motor-truck,—followed with the bags and a few attendants, and with characteristic restlessness arrived ahead of us at the Scarborough Station. We had time to check

**FIFTY DOLLARS** will secure a Perpetual Associate Membership, applicable to the living or to the dead.

the baggage; to pose before a passing steamer for Fr. D.'s own and only *Graflex*; and to throw some lingering glances at that fine expanse of water, the Tappan Zee, not to mention the grim walls of Sing-Sing behind which was one of Maryknoll's special friends—the Chaplain, we hasten to say.

across the North River to Hoboken (*Hobucken*, if you are a native). The ferry-boat had few passengers—the holiday travel seemed to favor getting away from the place—and the harbor was unusually quiet.

We crossed to the other side of the boat to observe the *Vaterland*,



"Bishop Hoban stayed to discuss the site of the new Vénard."

An hour later we arrived in New York. The great metropolis was in holiday mood. It was Labor Day and everybody was doing his best—some with poor success—not to work.

We left some friends at the Grand Central,—a priest, a layman, a seminarian, and one representative of the sex that on such occasions is sure to think, say, and do kind things. The representative in question did not forget—to request the unusual. This time it was a call on the departing Superior of Maryknoll to bless her new Chi Rho ring. Holy water was produced in a scent bottle—and the ceremony which took place in the Grand Central might, for all that we who took part in it know, have been mistaken by the curious onlookers for some hasty marriage. We hope not.

Two Maryknollers escorted me

the huge sea-monster, once the pride of the German marine, at whose stern was now flying the Stars and Stripes. Scores of men were working on and around it, and we were told that hundreds upon hundreds of American youths would soon be its passengers, bound for a destination far less certain than my own,—for these are war-times.

At Hoboken Monsignor Dunn, Maryknoll's "Uncle John," was waiting. Monsignor Dunn had hoped to make the long jump with me but home needs were pressing—and what seemed to be an opportunity that might have meant much for the cause of foreign missions passed.

Good-bye, New York,—mine of activities, breeder of vice, stimulant to heroic virtue, home of the good, the bad, the indifferent,

where legions of devils roam and where angels follow the souls of men or keep guard under the lights that twinkle in hundreds of sanctuaries where Jesus dwells unseen.

At Scranton, whose station was crowded with holiday excursionists, we found the Vénard Director and were soon under the hospitable roof of the Episcopal Residence. What His Eminence Cardinal Farley has been to Maryknoll, the American Seminary for Foreign Missions, that Bishop Hoban has been to its first preparatory school, the Vénard. His house has been a home to us and his consecrated hand has at once protected and blessed us. Later Bishop Hoban took me out to the Vénard, and the day was so perfect that he stayed to walk about the place and discuss with our young faculty the site and proposed new buildings. The Vénard, you know—or do you know?—is likely to outstrip Maryknoll in numbers.

The few hours at the Vénard were all too short, but their close was a memorable one. The previous evening, in the chapel at Maryknoll, six priests had, in the presence of the veiled Majesty of their Master, publicly expressed their *Propositum*, the purpose to remain attached for life to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. And now, at the Vénard, three more were ready to do likewise. The ceremony took place after night prayers and was an inspiration to all who were privileged to share in it. Hardly less moving were the recitation of the *Itinerarium* (the Church's prayer for the beginning of a journey) and the singing of the Hymn of Departure. Salutations followed, and our once-respectable closed carriage rattled away to the car-line, which was reached just in the nick of time.

A night ride to Buffalo brought me in time for Mass at the old Cathedral, and a morning stay

proved a good opportunity to talk with Bishop Dougherty, whose long experience in the Far East has left him enthusiastically sympathetic towards the entrance of American Catholics into the field of missions to the heathen.

Another night, and the stockyards of Chicago came into view. I found a welcome at the Paulist House there, spent a profitable afternoon, and took train that evening for Des Moines, where one of Maryknoll's earliest and best friends, Bishop Dowling, had left his chapel ready for my Mass. It was Friday, and the Mass was, as usual on that day, for all our benefactors,—now a growing host.

Ten hours at Des Moines meant a day of recuperation. Early that evening I turned into a train berth for the fourth consecutive night, satisfied in the thought that while I was going west the earth is round and I might consider myself already on the home stretch.

The next morning I found myself looking from a train window out upon prairie land,—stretches upon stretches of dried grass, stunted corn-fields, and genuine dirt, with here and there a straggling settlement. A few names caught my attention. Among them was a *Bellaire* that recalled to me, by way of contrast, the hillock on which the young French martyr Théoplane Vénard discovered while yet a boy of nine years, his vocation to the apostolate and the supreme sacrifice. That was in Kansas, the state which gave Maryknoll her latest priest, and my heart warmed to the place.

I entered Denver a stranger, and none whom I met knew of Maryknoll, or the Vénard, or THE FIELD AFAR, or our blessed young martyr, Théoplane. Kindness radiated, however, from the hospitable Rector of the Cathedral—a Scranton priest, by the way—and from his genial assistants. An opportunity was soon found

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to interest also the nearby Sisters of Charity,—and when I left the slightly and progressive capital of Colorado it was with the strong hope of returning for a longer visit.

Short as the stay was, a possible vocation manifested itself in that time. The protégé of a Denver priest, a youth who has persistently expressed his desire to be a foreign missionary, was given a momentary interview which may yet be chronicled as the providential occasion when the first Colorado Maryknoller discovered his life-work. On such little things do great purposes often hang.

Salt Lake City came into view that afternoon. I had planned to stop over in this city, where I knew that a welcome would await me at the Marist Fathers, whose missionary spirit wherever they may be found is strongly Catholic, but all that I had the time to see was a very respectable railway station and some streets lined with small houses. Of Mormons themselves I saw little. What interests me most in reference to these people is the spirit of propaganda which they possess. I believe it is safe to say that there is rarely a passenger boat crossing the Atlantic with immigrants in normal times that does not carry one or more Mormon agents, making known the supposed advantages of Mormonism and the attractions of Utah.

At the next station a young Japanese from New York boarded the train. Speaking with him about his island home, I made it my business—as I intend to do



all along the line—to disillusion him of the impression that the Catholic Church is practically and exclusively the French church. This idea has so strongly clutched the average Japanese mind that a stranger arriving in Tokyo or Yokohama must, if he would find a Catholic priest, inquire for the French church.

It is a fine tribute to the splendid missionary spirit of French Catholics; but it is a pity, none the less, that the opening eyes of the Far East do not perceive that the Church which every good Frenchman loves as his very life is the One Church of Christ, which appeals to all nations. Perhaps some day—soon, we hope—American priests will work shoulder to shoulder with their French brothers in Japan for the love of Christ as American laymen are doing today in France for the love of country.

*"The earth is a bridge for crossing the water; it serves only to support our feet.....We are in this world but not of it, because we say every day: 'Our Father, Who art in Heaven.' We must wait, therefore, for our reward, until we shall be at home, in our Father's house."—Curté of Ars.*

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OUR friends in fields afar still keep in touch with Maryknoll, as witness the following:

**AFRICA**—Letter, Fr. P. Rogan, at the front; letter and promise of Mass, Fr. Hurkmans, Nagongera.

**CHINA**—Letters: Fr. Lebbe, Shao-Shing; Sr. Angeline, Canton; Fr. Robert, Hongkong.

**INDO-CHINA**—Letter, Fr. Cothonay, Tong-king.

**INDIA**—Letter, Fr. Kroot, Kurnool.

**JAPAN**—Letter and cancelled stamps, Bp. Combaz, Nagasaki; letter, Bp. Berlioz, Hakodate.

**KOREA**—Letter, Bp. Demange, Taikou.

**PHILIPPINE ISLANDS**—Letter and stamps, Bp. MacGinley, Naga; letter, Fr. Killion, Jaro.

### THE PHILIPPINES.

A speech of welcome was addressed recently to one of our missionary bishops by a young woman whose knowledge of English fitted her, in the opinion of her classmates, for the task. The bishop in question has a solemn face but a keen sense of humor.

We quote from the address:

My Lord the Bishop:

Needless to tell Your Grace the

great difficulty I experience while talking to you in a language that I do not know yet. Therefore I cannot be very long and coming to the point I tell Your Grace in plain words.

When word went around that a new Bishop was coming it was a delightful sight to see the girls roaming about asking one another, "Who is who?"

Few hours later some one told us: "The new Bishop is tall, thin, kind, an apostle, a saint, and the man for this place. He loves the children as the Lord did. In a word, a Bishop who is going to be the Providence, the Guardian Angel, and every good thing for this place more still than the late Bishop"—what is to say a good deal, my Lord.

Welcome, my Lord. This is the place assigned to you by the Holy Father. Your Grace must be pleased with this distinction, because a little and nice spot is this beautiful nest, built by the generosity and efforts of your predecessor.

Receive the most hearty welcome from the Sisters and all the girls. We are poor and we have nothing to give Your Grace, but what we have it we give to you: we are going to say some prayers to the Almighty to help Your Grace fulfill your difficult task. We are going to be your devoted girls and promise to be with you in prosperity as well as in adversity. Remember us, Lord.



IF TWO SISTERS TEACH FORTY FILIPINOS, HOW MANY ARE NEEDED FOR HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS?

## INDIA.



AT THE SHRINE OF THE SNAKES.

It is sweet to be remembered. Here is a letter from India with a request—what else could it be?—which on the surface looks like a compliment to this paper. The writer is presumably a native Indian and this is what he says and how he says it:

From this far East India place where I am working as missionary for our Redeemer amidst the jungle people I am writing this letter. If it reaches there then only I hope your Very Rev. will be kind enough registering my name to send me charitably the magazine "Fields Afar," whose reading is anxiety to us amidst labors in so inhospitable a climate.

Also, if possible, I dare to ask two or three hundred pictures of Blessed Virgin with Infant Jesus, colored and very impressive ones, so as to help a little in my work. Whatever is sent will be of use to us.

Now Very Rev. Father, I have asked too much. Please excuse my childish missionary requests.

The war is roaring up and guns booming and here we helpless—simply starving. Please pray for me, my missionary work, and the conversion of so many heathens in India.

May Our Lady of the Missions give to your colleges saint and healthy vocations, so as to come and advance the work of evangelization.

Rome is always pleased to note the increase of native clergy, signifying as that does that the religion of Christ is sinking its sacred roots deep into foreign soils. Rome, then, and all who have at heart the conversion of the world, will rejoice that greater additions are being made to the ranks of native priests in heathen lands. A recent evidence of this appears in the following letter from Bishop Joulain of Ceylon:

Everything in the world is upside down. As I do not expect any missionaries from Europe for a long time I am preparing missionaries here on the spot. I have now 22 native priests, almost all of whom have been ordained by me. I have also 12 young clerics in Minor Orders, who will soon come out from the Seminary; and 23 students at my St. Patrick's College. I think that most of these will turn out well, as they all come from old Catholic families and are really good boys.

You have set a good example with your American Foreign Seminary, and we are trying to follow you. Through *THE FIELD AFAR* I see that God is blessing your undertaking and I thank God with you for it. Poor Catholic Church, she is so much in need of missionaries! We were longing for the end of this awful war, and now the whole world is disturbed. But let us put our trust in God, Who is not allowing these disturbances among the nations without some sublime designs.

Once, on a sick-call in a tenement district in cultured Boston, the writer found the only bath tub used as a depositary for coal and

wood. The world is changing rapidly, it would seem. Witness:

Rain and water as given us by God are good and pure, but when that water filters through the roof of my Parochial Hall it becomes like sarsaparilla soda. This soda acts like our Indian laundryman, whose proficiency and pride consists in distributing dirt all over rather than in taking it off.

When it rains in Europe hail falls from the sky, but in India scorpions drop from the roof. These can inject a serum which warms you up to such an extent as to lead you a devil's dance for full twenty-four hours.

When I am on tour to my different chapels in this large district one of my worst trials is the want of a bathroom. To be without a bath in a hot country like India is not conducive to health or good nerves. Thanks to wonderful America—land of inventions and patents—a bath is possible even under adverse conditions. One or two advertisements which I have read lately in the papers claim to change instantaneously a grand parlor into a bathroom. A missionary parlor, such as I have, is also bedroom, dining-hall, office, study, judicial court, and so forth, so it may well be given the additional honor of being a bathroom.

Dear Father, when the new apostles from America start for the field afar see that the knapsack which they carry on their backs includes a portable bathroom: it may save a life some day. Meanwhile, if any of your readers care to experiment to see the wonderful effect of a bath in India, they may confer the "Order of the Bath" on the Cabinet Manufacturing Co., Toledo, Ohio, for their collapsible tourist bath.

Wishing the readers of *THE FIELD AFAR* the blessings of health, I remain,  
Yours in Christ,

Jos. D'Souza (Mattigiri, India).



WHERE ANCIENT SUPERSTITION AND MODERN PROGRESS MEET.  
*Snake worship at foot of a telegraph pole.*

## CHINA.

When Fr. Chabloz, S.J., (who sailed from San Francisco with Maryknoll's Superior on September 15) tells us that his territory of Kiang-sou is the home of 34,000,000 Chinese, the zeros mean little to us. To get an adequate idea of what these millions are, we Americans, accustomed though we are to large cities, must exercise our imagination. New York State is larger than Kiang-sou and houses eight million souls; Kiang-sou is smaller than New York State and tries to mother thirty-four million children.

Our Food Commissions are busy devising ways and means to meet our bodily needs, and the responsibility of our eight million immortal souls is heavy on our bishops. Yet, as Fr. Chabloz told us in his recent visit to Maryknoll, in Kiang-sou, with its population four times the size of New York's one small band of missionaries is the guardian of both soul and body of its thirty-four million people.

A member of the band, Fr. Bar-maverain, S.J., writes in response to a gift from America:

Your \$20 came in the nick of time. I was just about to dismiss my pupils, finding it impossible to support them any longer. Your gift has saved the day. I shall buy rice for my children.

Poor China! She needs all the help, spiritual and material, your generous hearts can give. There is a lofty side to the Chinese character, but it appears only under the transforming influence of religion.

In our district are four million souls and we have baptized only about six thousand. In all this territory we have not a church. We are obliged to say Mass in a hut, awaiting better times. This year a whole section of our Province was inundated when the river Hoai overflowed its banks. The unhappy natives have left their dwellings and have gone begging with their families into more prosperous regions. My poor Christians came to bid me good-bye. Some of them offered me their children and then went away sad and dejected, to wander half-naked through the towns. The worst of it is that a great number return only after they have sold their wives and children. The missionary's heart aches at this spectacle, yet how can one aid so many?

Fr. "Plain Pat" O'Reilly has this message for our readers:

I assure you I never forget your great work in my prayers and Masses. I have made the Vénard my favorite and will offer a Mass each year for those young hopefuls. I know that they will repay me by their influence with Jesus and Mary.



Tomorrow I start for three weeks of mission work. In all that time I shall not meet a soul who understands English, French, Latin, or Irish. By the way, I recite my rosary and Angelus in the sweet tongue of the Gael. Whenever I pray in private I glide naturally into Irish. Many an odd prayer in that language goes up for Maryknoll and all the boys, not forgetting the Reverend Superior and the brave Teresians. Fr. O'Leary and myself often correspond in Irish and last St. Patrick's Day I got a card from him addressed only in Irish and Chinese.

The cure for all ills in China is to carry always a pleasant face, never allowing the little demon of depression to enter the sanctuary of the soul. The Chinese appreciate a good joke and many a hearty laugh we missionaries have with them. They have the greatest respect for the ceremonies of the Church, and will sit patiently through a long ceremony of three hours, praying at the top of their voices more than half the time. You might expect this to distract us during Mass but it does not, for there is something wonderfully sweet in their chanting. Its tone varies from cheerful to sad. At the Stations of the Cross it is a wail of sorrow, like the patient crying of a mother who has lost her only child.

Some especially interesting notes on Chinese life and customs have come to us from Fr. Kennelly, our Jesuit friend in Shanghai:

*Popular Charms in China.*

The Chinaman, to protect himself against demons, places charms over the doorway, inside the house, and on the roof, pins them on the bedstead, and wears them about his person.

A cat's image is a favorite charm and a bobtailed pussy set upon the roof is supposed to ward off unpropitious influences. If one house is lower than another, a basin of water or a mirror is put on the lower house to dispel spectral attacks. The mirror, it is said, gives the demons a sight of their own ugliness and thus scares them away immediately.

The tiger is deemed by the Chinese to be a great destroyer of spectres. He can grasp them, tear them asunder, and devour them. When a house-door is opposite a street, a picture of a tiger's head is placed over the door and is believed to be efficacious in warding off evils, especially those that affect children.

*The Reputation of the Chinese Medico.*

Once upon a time, say the Chinese, the god of the underworld fell ill and dispatched an attendant to the world of the living to fetch him a good doctor. "You will recognize him," said the god, "in the following manner. Examine closely the physicians' houses and count the number of souls that beset their doors in order to avenge themselves for having been poisoned. The man at whose door you find the smallest number is the one whom you must invite to come and cure me."

The imp departed to fulfill his errand. Thousands of avenging souls crowded around the doors of the whole profession. He began to despair, when at last he espied a door at which stood only one soul. Elated with joy, he brought the doctor to the lord of Hades and rendered an account of his mission.

"When did you begin to practice your profession?" the god asked the medico.

"Only a short time ago."

"How many patients did you treat?"

"Only one."

"And he died, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Get away! You are no better than the others," was the disgusted reply.

If you are already a subscriber and feel that these pages are helping you to realize more fully the mission of the Church and the sacrifices of present-day apostles, extend this influence to others—at least to one.

## How Gladness Came to the Devil's Den.

By Fr. Melvin, C.S.S.R.



OM'S back, and he says he's seen our Johnny!"

This was the message that, shouted from man to man, brought gladness to the Devil's Den one sultry Saturday in July. Gladness in the Devil's Den is always a rarity but in the summer time it is absolutely unknown. Nevertheless there was gladness there this July day, and men laughed who usually were ill-tempered and sullen.

The Devil's Den was not a special private office of his Satanic Majesty in the regions below, nor yet the darksome cave of some daring band of desperate men. In the offices of the Ironton Steel Company it was known as the Blooming Mill. But, though Blooming Mill it might be to the magnates who dealt in stocks or dallied with dividends in the offices of the Company, to the men who toiled in its heat and grind it always had been and always would be the Devil's Den. They had named it thus from its fancied resemblance to the lower regions, and the chance visitor would have spent only a few minutes in the mill before he agreed that the name was fittingly bestowed.

To the Blooming Mill came endless trains of steel ingots to be reheated before their final shaping into billets and beams and rails, and even into shot and shell for the armies at war across the seas. Day and night rumble and noise and heat and flame were there, and one weary band of toilers gave place to another until the week was done. Then for a time the strident voices of engine and hammer and roll were stilled, and only the fitful glare of the flaming furnace gave portent of the next week's toil.

So irrepressible was the gladness on this Saturday afternoon, however, that Bill Dorn, the man at the charging-crane, forgot himself and grinned cheerfully down from his perch on Superintendent Thomson who was passing below. Now Superintendent Thomson was the terror of the men, and had never been known to smile during working hours since the day of his advent two years before. Wherefore, when Bill forgot himself and grinned, he braced himself for a shock. For the Superintendent regarded familiarity as a breach of discipline. Then the man in the crane reversed his lever with such suddenness as to short circuit his controller and blow out a fuse in the Power House. For Thomson the unapproachable, Thomson the iron man of duty, had actually smiled in return and waved his arm in salute! Bill was still dazed when the whistle sounded the signal to quit work. But he forgot his amazement for the time in the unusual excitement of the men of the Devil's Den.

Instead of the wonted hurried rush for dinner pails and the rapid departure from the mill, which usually marked quitting time, today there was a leisurely movement towards the shanty called, by courtesy, the office. When the last of the "hunkies" had departed one of the group of about twenty seated on the rude benches that served as resting places between the comings of steel stood up and addressed the crowd.

"Well, fellows," he began, "I know you're all anxious to hear what our Johnny looks like and if he spoke to me at all. But before I begin, Mike here has a little bet to pay, as you remember. Ten years ago when Johnny came here to work on his first vacation and told this gang that he had ten years more to study before he could be a priest, the bets were even that he wouldn't stick. Mike here staked a box of ten-centers against his getting through. I

took him up. Johnny landed at the station an hour ago and he's a sure enough priest all right. Mike knew this and like a good sport came prepared to pay his bet. So produce the goods, Mike, and fellows, smoke up."

Mike, a brawny heater from the furnaces, thus adjured, brought forth from the office a box of cigars and passed them around with the remark: "It hain't very often a man's glad to lose a bet, but I guess you all know that I'm blame glad to furnish these smokes on our Johnny. 'Twasn't that we doubted he had the right stuff in him. But ten years seems too long for any man to stick at the books."

"That's all right, Mike," said Tom Byrne, the winner of the bet, biting off the end of his cigar and lighting it, "but Johnny never did nothing by halves, so I outguessed you on his stickin' powers."

"Them cigars is fine, Mike," remarked Pat Cleary, drawing deep puffs from his Havana. "They make a fellow feel just right for listenin' to a story. Fire away Tom, and tell us how our Johnny looked and how he acted."

"Well," said Tom, flicking the ashes from his cigar, "Johnny looks about the same as he did two years ago, except for the Roman collar. But by gum, if I do say it myself, he's a credit to the Devil's Den. A finer lookin' priest hain't never stopped off the train in Ironton. I wouldn't be surprised if the boy is Pope some day."

"G'wan," said Cleary sententiously, "he's got no show fer that job. You know he's going to Africa or Chiny or some such place fer to convert the hathen. Furrin mishners hain't never made Popes."

"Aw, I don't know," argued Tom, "if he hain't Pope he deserves to be. But to come back to the station. When our Johnny, or Fr. John as we'll have to call him now, stepped off the train,

I had sneaked back into the corner here I thought he wouldn't see me. For I had me workin' clothes on and me hands weren't none too clean. But I couldn't hide from that boy. No, sir, you'd think I was his daddy the way he acted. 'Why if there hain't Tom Byrne! Come over here and shake hands with me,' says he, coming forwards. But I backed away at that. 'No you don't, Johnny,' says I. You see I even forgot to call him 'Father' and he didn't seem to mind it a bit. 'You're not goin' to be shakin' hands with the likes of me today—sure you wouldn't get rid of the oil and grease for a week.' 'Oh come now,' says he, 'you've got to shake hands.' And he grabs me hand and wrings it just like he used to do when he worked in the Mill. At that I couldn't see straight for happiness. So I up and says to him: 'Fr. John,—I remembered me manners this time—if it weren't for goin' to your Mass tomorrow I wouldn't wash that hand for a month. I'm proud to be the first man in Ironton to shake hands with our priest.' He grinned at that and says: 'Well, Tom, I expect to see all of you at the Mass tomorrow and give you my blessing.' Just then somebody else grabbed him and I had no chance to say anything more. So I came back to work."

"Well this bunch ought to be some happy today," remarked Jim Carrol, who was seated on a piece of steel at the end of the bench devouring every word of the speaker. "But how does Johnny look? They say to get ordained changes a man."

"About the same, as I said before," answered Byrne, "but—"

"Aw, cheese it," interrupted Cleary, "here comes that blame Thomson. What's he doin' around here any how?"

The men who had been so care-free and happy became constrained and silent as the Superintendent approached.

"Isn't this somewhat unusual?"

said the latter pleasantly. "The whistle blew some time ago."

No one answered, but each looked at the other as if waiting for him to speak. Suddenly Bill Dorn remembered that wave and smile.

"We're just celebratin' the home-comin' of Fr. John Ward, better known as our Johnny," said Bill boldly. "Mike Kelly here is treatin' to cigars on a bet that he lost. So we're just smokin' and talkin' things over. Have a cigar Mr. Thomson,"—and Bill passed the box.

The others were well-nigh paralyzed by Bill's boldness. They expected Thomson to wither them with a glance. They gasped for breath at what followed.

"Indeed I will, thanks," said the Superintendent. "I remember Fr. John very well. He was here the summer I came."

"Yes," muttered Mike Kelly under his breath, "and blame hot you made it for him the first two weeks."

"But," continued the Superintendent, "did Fr. Ward work in the Mills only after he had begun to study, or was he here before?"

"Before," said Bill Dorn, whom success had made reckless. "You see, sir, it looked like hard work for Johnny all his life."

"How did he come to study for the priesthood?" asked the Superintendent, seating himself to the surprise of the men.

"Well, Johnny was always a good boy, better than any of us," explained Bill. "But his daddy was poor, and though Johnny at times longed to be something better than a clerk in the Mill, he saw no chance of anything but a hard life before him. However, one night one of the 'hunkies' was caught under an engine and the priest was sent for. The Polish priest was sick, so Fr. Doyle, who knows a little of their lingo, came to help. The poor 'hunky'

was hit hard, and as the engine couldn't be lifted off him for at least half an hour Fr. Doyle had to come right into the Mill and hear his confession. Our Johnny went to get his Reverence and brought him back in record time. When all was over with the 'hunky,' the priest asked who Johnny was. 'He acted as though his own father was injured instead of this poor furriner,' was the way the priest put it. 'Oh, that's our Johnny's way,' the finishin' foreman told him. 'He's always helpin' the down and out—the wildest Polack in the works'll eat out of Johnny Ward's hand.' Then he called Johnny and told him to take the priest home.

"On the way out of the works the Father got talking to Johnny and finally came right out and said: 'My son, you should have been a priest.' Johnny told us about it afterwards, but that is all we knew until three months later Fr. Doyle sent Johnny away to study at the Furrin Mission Seminary—*Maryknoll* they call it. Every year he came here in the summer to work till two years ago. Now he's a priest and leaves for his mission in China next month. So you see, Mr. Thomson, why we call him our Johnny. The book larnin' never made no difference to him. He always treated us just like brothers."

"Yes," said Mr. Thompson, rising, "but the laborers are not the only ones who used to eat out of Fr. John's hand, as your foreman put it, Mr. Dorn. I noticed that Fr. Ward, or our Johnny, as you call him so affectionately, could do more with you men than I myself. I asked him about it and he told me your religion made you respect him even before he was a priest. I had several talks with him, but never ventured to ask him his life history, which I thank you for telling me. But I must be going. Good afternoon, men," and he started for the entrance of the Mill.

"Good-afternoon, sir," replied



the men dazedly. They were too surprised at the condescension of the Superintendent to say more.

"By the way," said the Superintendent, as if by an after thought, "I asked the General Manager for a special favor for you. Any who wish to go to the evening services tomorrow need not report at five o'clock. As I take it for granted you will all wish to go the furnaces will not be opened till midnight."

"Thank you, sir," they exclaimed with one breath.

"And Mr. Dorn," he went on to the gasping Bill, "if you will permit, I should like to accompany you to the Mass tomorrow. A little ceremony will take place in the Lady Chapel first, to which all of you are invited if you care to attend. You see, Johnny, *our* Johnny, did not stop with you and the Polacks. He influenced me. And Fr. Doyle completed the work. The new Fr. Ward is going to baptize me half an hour before his Mass, and I am to receive First Holy Communion from his hands. I want my men to be with me in the church. It will look as though the Company were celebrating."

And with a wave of his hand and a smile, he was gone, before even Bill Dorn found voice to speak.

The men sat still for a minute. Then Pat Cleary broke the silence. "Well, what do you think of that?" said he, reaching for his dinner pail and coat.

"Think of it?" asked Mike Kelly, following suit, "all I got to say is, it looks like our Johnny'll have no trouble convertin' the heathens in China—he's begun on a mighty big savage here at home!"

And feeling that this fully voiced their sentiments, the men of the Devil's Den silently departed to take the great news to their homes.

By paying five dollars you can receive The Field Afar for six years.

### The New Laundry.

WHY do folks wash on Monday? Because they've been thinking about it all day Sunday? We don't know, but lately someone sent a wireless asking, "Why do the Teresians wash also on Tuesdays and Wednesdays?"

As Æsop had his dinner, we put it up to him.

"My child," he said, "a certain little ant went out one day to scrub an elephant, and do you know, it took him some time—longer than you'd think!"

While Maryknoll was expanding, the aboriginal tubs were congesting—till finally wash days were so multiplied that even the tramps lost track of the safe days for calling.

Only a moving picture could do justice to what we saw on our last visit. The tiny stove would have melted a heart of ice, the water grew cold and hot by turns, and soap wasted away under our eyes. The wringer had no respite from its endless round, big lumps of starch were all broken up by the strain, and the temperature throughout reminded one of Dante. In the evening when the smoke cleared away, huge heaps of mangled clothes could be seen lying here and there in the twilight.

Once a week were bad enough,

### WANTED.

*A young Catholic American woman who has been teaching advanced French in a High School wishes a position as teacher of French or English, or both, in a Catholic school.*

Address: THE FIELD AFAR

Ossining : : : : New York

but think of such a conflict spoiling even more days out of the seven—and incidentally holding up the office work! But now things are changing for the better. St. Martha's, our new laundry, is rapidly nearing completion, and will be equipped to care for Maryknollers present and to come with a saving of time, labor and good spirits. Only one thing mars the content of our good Teresians: the wolf is already at the door, seeking an installment on the walls and the machinery!

We have just been advised that the Rev. Francis X. Leclair, of Manchester, N. H., whose death was mentioned in a recent issue of THE FIELD AFAR, bequeathed to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society the sum of three hundred dollars as an addition to the *St. John Baptist Burse*.

Founder of this burse and constant worker for it, this holy priest showed in his efforts to help others to the priesthood his own gratitude for its great graces.



THE RISING WALLS OF ST. MARTHA'S.  
"The wolf is already at the door."

## Our Last Month's Menu.



Oh, no! we wouldn't think of asking for more!

## RECEIVED AT MARYKNOLL.

Surplice and vestments; 2 statues; books; towels; clothing; altar linens; pins and thread; crucifix; candlesticks; old gold and so forth from Conn., N. J., N. H., Mass.; cancelled stamps and tinfoil from Calif., Conn., Ill., Md., Mass., N. J., N. Y., O., Pa., R. I., Nova Scotia; automobile.

## FROM YOUR STATE AND OTHERS.

STATE	GIFT	NEW SUBSCRIBERS
Alabama	\$15.25	
California	13.00	11
Connecticut	251.84	351
District of Columbia	7.23	4
Illinois	6.03	14
Indiana	2.00	19
Iowa		1
Kansas		1
Kentucky		1
Louisiana	1.50	
Maine	-54.60	
Maryland	33.02	1
Massachusetts	527.97	165
Michigan	2.00	3
Minnesota	10.00	3
Missouri	6.00	3
Nebraska	4.48	
New Hampshire	26.00	
New Jersey	36.83	12
New York	3,811.88	125
Ohio	247.96	
Pennsylvania	63.38	28
Rhode Island	47.64	10
Texas	1.00	
Vermont	325.00	
West Virginia	2.68	
Wisconsin	20.00	
Wyoming	.60	

## FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS.

Alaska		1
British Honduras	\$1.00	
Canada	3.61	
Canal Zone		3
Newfoundland		1
Philippine Islands	25.00	

Total of New Subscribers 758

## MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft. Sold up to Oct. 1, 1917, 2,693,751 " For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,756,249 " SEND FOR A LAND-SLIP.

## VENARD LAND.

Total area at The Venard, 6,000,000 ft. Sold up to Oct. 1, 1917, 1,102,144 " For sale at 1/2 cent a foot, 4,897,856 "

From young apostles who have already been good to Maryknoll comes another generous gift with these words:

The children of the Church of Our Lady of Mercy wish to contribute this \$16.27 to the burse of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. (East Greenwich, R. I.)

## PERPETUAL MEMBERS.

Living: J. L.; Rev. Friend; F. L.; H. W.; R. W.; Mrs. H. O.; M. L.; K. P.; J. H.

Deceased: Rev. Albert J. Bader; Mrs. Adolph Mayer; Miss Sarah Leonard; the Proctor Family; Lieut. R. J. Barron, U. S. A.

## THE IRON DUKE.

Elizabeth, our faithful truck, though built for freight, has never yet refused a lift to humans. At least they were usually human when the ride to the station began, but once dear, solid-tired Elizabeth was well started, no interest in the mere catching of trains survived. Members of the Anti-Waste League who happened to be still conscious, generally took advantage of the opportunity to "offer it up." No one ever complained though, for naturally the etiquette of a foreign mission seminary is expected to be "different."

Still, it was very sad to regard topless, springless Elizabeth with one eye, and read with the other a telegram from the Apostolic Viceroy of Patagonia announcing his arrival in the Ossining Station.

But now we sigh no longer, for a beautiful Ford touring car, only one year old, has come to solve our transportation problem. It was given to Maryknoll through the thoughtful generosity of Mr. J. F. Bader of New York City, in behalf of the estate of his deceased brother, Rev. Albert J. Bader, a retired army chaplain. With a long-felt want at Maryknoll filled, our gratitude will insure continued prayerful remembrance of the departed priest as a spiritual member of our Society.

## STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS.

A burse or Foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.

## MARYKNOLL BURSSES (Complete).

Cardinal Farley Burse	\$5,000.
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse	5,000.
John L. Boland Burse	6,000.
Blessed Sacrament Burse	5,000.
St. Willibrord Burse	5,000.
Providence Diocese Burse	5,000.
Fr. Elias Younan Burse	5,000.
Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse	5,000.
O. L. of Miraculous Medal Burse	5,000.
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse	5,000.
Holy Trinity Burse	5,000.
Father B. Burse	6,273.31
Bishop Doran Memorial Burse	5,000.

## MARYKNOLL BURSSES (Incomplete).

Abp. John J. Williams Burse	*\$5,279.21
All Souls Burse	3,193.84
Cheverus Centennial School Burse	*3,179.12
C. W. B. L. Burse	3,000.00
St. Joseph Burse	2,455.40
St. Teresa Burse	2,051.50
O. L. of Mt. Carmel Burse	2,028.39
Holy Ghost Burse	1,820.19
Curé of Ars Burse	1,759.81
St. Patrick Burse	1,621.87
Holy Child Jesus Burse	1,180.54
St. Anthony Burse	1,159.10
Precious Blood Burse	1,087.10
Pius X. Burse	1,046.00
St. Dominic Burse	1,020.57
Fr. Chapon Memorial Burse	1,015.37
St. Columba Burse	915.90
O. L. of the Sacred Heart Burse	869.36
St. Anne Burse	643.00
Fall River Diocese Burse	603.50
St. John the Baptist Burse	523.50
St. Francis of Assisi Burse	509.55
St. Stephen Burse	346.00
Ven. M. Sophie Barat Burse	305.00
Susan Emery Memorial Burse	302.20
Holy Family Burse	255.00
St. Francis Xavier Burse	226.51
St. Lawrence Burse	232.75
Bernadette of Lourdes Burse	201.00
St. Rita Burse	176.25
O. L. of Mercy Burse	162.54
St. Boniface Burse	150.40
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse	150.00
St. Agnes Burse	145.25
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Burse	117.08
Children of Mary Burse	115.00
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, Burse	108.00

## THE VENARD BURSSES (Incomplete).

Little Flower Burse	\$2,049.49
Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse	1,261.00
C. Burse	550.00
Bl. Sacrament Burse	537.50
St. Aloysius Burse	65.00

## SPECIAL FUNDS.

Abp. Williams Catechist Fund	\$9,500.00
Foreign Mission Educational Fund	5,000.00
Vénard Student Fund	1,371.91
Anonymous Catechist Fund	1,000.00
Bread Fund	554.47
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Fund	85.00

\*On hand but not operative.

†\$1,000 on hand but not operative.



## MARYKNOLL CIRCLES.

THE Maryknoll Auxiliaries of Brooklyn and Philadelphia were represented at the Knoll recently in the persons of their secretaries, Miss Katherine Freeman and Miss Mary McGucken. These visits were further proofs of that active and personal interest which is the secret of their successful organization and practical results.

The Philadelphia Auxiliary is already known to our readers. That of Brooklyn—under the patronage of the Immaculate Conception—is of more recent organization. It consists of young ladies who meet to sew for mission needs, and who send to Maryknoll substantial fruits of self-denial for the cause they love.



## THE MARIA CIRCLES.

Each Maria Mission Circle shall consist of three or more members, who will meet to pray and work for Catholic missions. Each Circle member may enroll contributing members.

The Circle shall have no officers except a secretary. The organizer shall always act as secretary. If she should withdraw, her place shall be filled through election by the Circle members.

Each meeting shall open and close with prayer. There shall be either an address or twenty minutes of reading on a subject of mission interest. Members shall agree on a regular offering to be handed to the secretary at each meeting, along with any gifts from contributing members. The meeting should not last longer than an hour.

No unnecessary discussion of persons or of personal matters shall be permitted at meetings.

Money collected shall be forwarded by the secretary each month, through a properly authorized channel, for the need designated by a majority of the Circle members.

Address: The Circle Director,  
Maryknoll : : Ossining, New York.

## JUST DE BRETENIÈRES (Bret-on-yair)

The life of this 19th century martyr sells for sixty cents, postpaid.

Address: The Field Afar  
Ossining New York

## Lest We Forget.

IT is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead," and our daily mail brings increasing evidence of such remembrance as the month of the Holy Souls draws near. Here are extracts from letters recently received.

I enclose check for five dollars, for the happy repose of the soul of my dear mother.

One dollar is to make my father a member in your Society, and four for Masses for his soul.

Please enroll as members in the Society my father and mother, both of whom are dead.

Three dollars are the contents of a mite-box; the other is a Mass offering for the holy souls.

I am sending check for one hundred dollars, for two Perpetual Memberships: one for my sister S—, who is dead, and one for myself.

Please have three Masses said for the following:

1. The most abandoned priest in Purgatory.
2. All the priests in Purgatory.
3. Relatives and friends in Purgatory.

I am sending you a watch from a lady who met with a tragic and sudden death. She had made no provision for Masses for her soul. I am going to send you some more jewelry from her, and ask that in return you give a share in the prayers of Maryknoll to this soul who was called away without warning.

"Render to God the things that are His—for the night cometh, when no man can work."

IN your charity please remember the souls of:

Rev. A. J. Bader	James McElhinny
Rev. John J. Durick	Mrs. Mary Casey
Sr. M. Stanislaus	Daniel Ward
Mrs. Mary Dillon	Mrs. Mary Ray
Michael Kehoe	Elizabeth Walsh
Alice Partidge	Mark McGuire
Meta Randall	John Whalen
Kevin Redmond	Mary Whalen
Regina Colgan	Rose Irwin
Mrs. Ellen Fox	Edward Courtney
Frances Sautler	John McDermott
Michael Hearn	Mary Cotter
Lieut. R. J. Barron,	Joseph Walker
U. S. A.	Bro. Chrysostum

## The CATHOLIC SOLDIER and SAILOR needs your help

Send it through

## The Chaplains' Aid Association

which supplies prayer books and doctrine articles to our Catholic men in Army and Navy.

Address: 580 FIFTH AVENUE  
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Honorary President—

His Eminence JOHN CARDINAL FARLEY

President—

JOHN J. BURKE, C. S. P.

## The Fate of the Cancelled, Stamp.

"Please explain in what way the stamps are used for the rescue of Chinese babies," writes a New York reader.

For years we, too, tried to discover the answer to that question, but it was only last winter that we succeeded in unearthing the following definite information:

Ordinary cancelled stamps, such as the current one and two-cent issues in the United States, are sold by the pound and go back to the paper mills to be made into pulp.

Out of every hundred pounds of ordinary stamps the man who picks them over finds usually about half a pound of more valuable material, such as 50c., 75c. and \$1.00 parcel-post or other stamps, and sometimes a rare or very old issue. These are set aside, removed from the envelopes carefully so that the colors will not run, and sold to collectors all over the world.

The profit from the sale of stamps has been used to buy babies in China as well as for other charitable purposes, but we doubt if poor parents selling a baby would be induced to do so by the offer of actual cancelled stamps. Industrious Chinese workers do use the stamps, however, to decorate cards, vases, and the walls of rooms.

(We have a leaflet on this subject, which will be sent to any address on request.)

# The Missionary

AS SPOKESMAN OF

## The Catholic Missionary Union

AIMS AT

## Converting America

To the One True Church of Christ

Your subscription to The Missionary will help

—to make possible the giving of non-Catholic lectures, and the distribution of Catholic literature in those regions of the country where Catholics are few and where prejudice is rife.

—to make many a poor missionary bless you and yours for rendering possible his works of zeal and providing him with the necessities of life.

—to maintain the Apostolic Mission House where priests are trained to give missions to your non-Catholic neighbors.

—to keep you and your household in touch with the work of conversion which is going on in America, and imbued with that missionary spirit which will bless a hundredfold every home into which it is infused.

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Subscription price, \$2.00 a year. Club-rate with The Field Afar, \$2.25.

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ADDRESS

The Missionary

THE APOSTOLIC MISSION HOUSE

Brookland Post Office

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*If my Field Afar doesn't come soon I'll have to eat another dinner.*

### THE SHEPHERD OF MY SOUL

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## The Field Afar A Globe Trotter.

THE FIELD AFAR is excellent.—*Bishop Casartelli, Salford, England.*

It is certainly a well-edited paper. Do not fail to exchange with us.—*Rev. Paulo Manna, M.A., Editor of "Le Missioni Cattoliche," Milan, Italy.*

It fell into my hands by mere chance, but I consider it a gift of Divine Providence.—*Sister Angelique, Amsterdam, Holland.*

I am most interested in THE FIELD AFAR. Our dear Japan will doubtless profit by the interest Catholics of America are taking in the missions.—*Rev. C. Jacquet, Sendai, Japan.*

May your beautiful work as shown in THE FIELD AFAR grow ever more prosperous.—*Rev. A. M. Clauser, Yule Island, Papua, Oceania.*

I have derived great pleasure from reading it. I wish the dear little paper a long life of useful work.—*Bishop Gramigna, Allahabad, India.*

May THE FIELD AFAR be largely instrumental in cultivating the missionary field, far and wide, to the greater glory of God and as a lasting honor to the Catholics of America.—*A. Hopfgartner, Sibiu, Borneo.*

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It is destined to promote a great and noble purpose, the work of building up Christ in souls. The work to be performed here is immense and only awaits missionary laborers and assistance, spiritual and temporal, from those to whom the Faith has been preached for centuries. THE FIELD AFAR deserves every encouragement and I shall recommend it to all our Catholics.—*M. Kennelly, S.J., Shanghai, China.*

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# THE FIELD AFAR



A NEWLY-CONSECRATED FILIPINO PRELATE.  
(Can you name Bishop Sancho's two American confrères?)

VOL. XI. No. 11 ✠ NOVEMBER, 1917 ✠ PRICE 10 CENTS





St. Teresa's  
—where  
the Teresians  
of  
Maryknoll  
live.

**T**HE Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America is located on a slightly hill overlooking the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City. The place is called, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, *Maryknoll*. The Seminary is under the direction of secular priests who have been organized as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Their object is to train priests for missions to the heathen and to help arouse the Catholics of our country to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this particular need. The Seminary has at present a faculty of ten priests, twenty-five students of Philosophy and Theology, and eleven auxiliary-brothers.

The movement was set on foot by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and the then Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Falconio. It was approved by the Council of Archbishops at Washington, April 27, 1911, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, of the same year.

On July 15, 1915, the young Society received from Rome the Decree of Praise and was placed directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It is incorporated in New York State and is under the spiritual jurisdiction of His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who is Honorary President of the Corporation. The corporate name of the Society is: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

In September, 1916, it opened at Clark's Green, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton, a preparatory house of studies with the corporate title of the Vénard Apostolic School. Here thirty youths are following high school and college courses under the direction of five professors, four of whom are priests.

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Number Eleven

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upon application.

IT is a widespread Catholic prac-  
tice to pray not only for those  
departed souls near and dear to  
us, but also for the most aban-  
doned in Purgatory, who have no  
pleaders left on earth.

Love for the heathen is simply  
the application of the same broad  
and Christlike spirit towards the  
most abandoned on earth, who  
have none to help them Heaven-  
ward.

The rescuing of souls from  
Purgatory and of heathen souls  
on earth are kindred works to the  
hearts that want the living and  
the dead to be all Christ's. "Illu-  
minate those who sit in darkness  
and in the shadow of death"  
should be the echo of the frequent  
aspiration, "Eternal rest grant  
unto them, O Lord, and may per-  
petual light shine upon them."

Every soul that reaches Heaven  
through our prayers, whether  
from the pains of punishment or  
from the darkness of the heathen  
night, will be our advocate on the  
last dread day.

\* \*

A LITTLE missionary, not five  
years old, who has set aside  
half of her pretty dresses for the  
Chinese babies she intends adopt-  
ing, waxes impatient over their  
delay, and writes (very wavily):

dear father

I am waiting for the  
Chinse babies just two  
love from  
Christine.

It is in childhood that those  
principles and interests which are

### CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Editorials - - - - -	161-162
Maryknoll and the S. P. F. - - -	163
Cause of Our Sadness - - -	163
A Note Page - - - - -	164
The Pioneer's Log - - - - -	165-167
From the Field - - - - -	167-169
Story: The Needs of the Dio- cese - - - - -	169
At the Knoll - - - - -	171-172
The Vénard Letter - - - - -	173
The Harvest - - - - -	174-175
Circles - - - - -	176

later on to shape the very course  
of our lives become deeply im-  
planted in the mind and heart.  
Since in the designs of Provi-  
dence America is destined to a  
large share in the work of spread-  
ing the faith among His pagan  
children, it is of the greatest con-  
sequence that our own children  
grow up with a familiar knowl-  
edge of the foreign mission work  
of the Church. Upon mothers,  
priests, and teachers falls the duty  
of arousing this interest.

Relative to "stimulating voca-  
tions," Fr. Donovan, of the *West-  
ern Watchman*, writes:

To talk of stimulating vocations by  
inculcating self-sacrifice and zeal is to  
blabber theory. The question is to find  
in some movement the inspiration to  
deeds of supernatural patriotism.  
Then sacrifice and zeal will come with-  
out direct effort. The Crusades fur-  
nished such an inspiration to decaying  
Christianity in the Middle Ages; later  
the corporal works of mercy did as  
much. But in this age and country the  
mission spirit seems the peculiarly vital  
motive of high and holy endeavor.  
Where priests and sisters have fos-  
tered this spirit among children,  
vocations have multiplied in an un-  
precedented manner..... We have in  
mind a school in St. Louis where the  
children contribute liberally to the

Holy Childhood Association, to bring the faith to the little ones afar off; during Lent they apply their spending money to baptismal offerings; they save enough stamps and tinfoil annually to pay the salary of a catechist; and what is more, they go to Communion in a body one Saturday a month for the conversion of the heathen, and individually almost every Saturday.

As Fr. Donovan remarks: "Such a life is the soil out of which vocations spring." For such a life cannot but bring both the deep realization that it is indeed more blessed to give than to receive, and the inspiration to make this a guiding principle in the vocational quest for happiness.

Youth is generous, and under selfless impulse will strive for ideals noble and exacting, of which an older and more selfish soul would merely dream. Did those in charge of children fully realize what a power is in their hands to mould, were they to arouse in their little ones a personal interest in the trials and triumphs, the sorrows and joys of our missionary churches, both at home and abroad, what an efficient force of men and women would they thus inspire to devote their lives to God's better service as "workers in His vineyard!"

\* \*

A NON-CATHOLIC friend has sent us a clipping which deserves a place in these columns and which has its lesson for American Catholics. The quotation is from a letter written to a well-known author by a British soldier, who died a month later:

Lying here in the hospital, helpless three months from shrapnel wounds which refuse to heal, and just waiting, I have been thinking. You know I have been all over the world. It would seem that I should have plenty to think about. Strange, isn't it, that my thoughts always go back to the one theme of foreign missions, especially as I never thought of them before but in derision; yes, and that not even withstanding help given to me in mission hospitals in Amritsar, Jaffna, and Uganda when I was sick.

I do not remember giving a single penny to the foreign missions in my

life. Even as I travelled in distant lands, often well-knowing that but for the work of missionaries there had been no road for me, I still refused to own the blessings their work conferred on both the natives they set out to convert and the country which gave the heroes birth. Gold was my god. My whole energies were set on trade.

When the calls to arms came I was in London. I joined Kitchener's men. You sent me a New Testament. I have it now. Reading at random one night, for want of something better to do, I was struck by the words of St. John xvii. 3: "And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the One true God, and Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent."

These words have been with me every waking hour these twelve months. They are with me now. And how precious I find them who can say? They cause me to care not a jot for this poor maimed body so soon to be laid aside. I have found a Friend; and I realize that this Friend cares for every savage of man's race even as He cares for me. And why should He not? Who made us to differ? Does it lie in my mouth, realizing my own unworthiness and His love, to say to the most benighted negro, "Stand by thyself; come not near me; for I am holier than thou?"

Assuredly not. I envy you fellows who have done so much for the cause. I would gladly die for it, now that it is too late.

Why does our Church keep foreign missions so much in the background? I do not blame any mortal. I am saying that something is wrong with the scheme of things which fails to put "The whole world for Christ" right in the foreground as the battle cry of the Christian church. My little money will presently be found devoted to the cause. But what is that? We can carry nothing out whither I am going. My message is that all who are wise should work in the service while it is day, remembering the coming night.

\* \*

A FIVE-CENT trolley ride will prove to any Missourian that America is becoming daily better disposed towards the foreign mission idea. The signs of the times are all pointing that way and any observant commuter, sitting on the front seat near the motorman, can convince himself that the world is growing less provincial and coming gradually to think more of the other man.

The old lady with the bundles at your elbow no longer has to

With reasonable economy enough could be saved from the expense account of an ordinary funeral to enroll in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society, as a Perpetual Associate, the deceased relative or friend.

Who, if not you, will remember your beloved dead?

fret and ask in querulous tones what route the car intends to take; no longer need the fare collector announce in the peculiar patois of his tribe the avenues that pass; for now the public servants of our cities have put up signs and measured distances and named and numbered everything.

This is a revolution in our outlook on life. Our fathers were content to live in Greenwich Village and keep to themselves the knowledge of how to reach the lane that passed their door. The stranger among them had to ask the way of passers-by. But the one time British colony has stirred itself, and in its effort to uphold the principle of the equality of all mankind has inevitably broadened its viewpoint and welcomed strangers to its shores, sharing its benefits with all who came.

We were handicapped at the start, and it will take years to thaw our civil selves sufficiently to take an adequate interest in the man beyond our borders. But the day will come, and its coming will be hastened by our individual attempts to be less provincial. The day we took down the wooden fence that used to shut Maryknoll's lawn from the gaze of peaceful neighbors was a day nearer the ideal for which the lawn at Maryknoll was bought. This is the age of porches on our homes, of fenceless sharing of our suburban plots with all the world, of better roads that put *Peckville* on the map of the hemisphere, of telephone and telegraph, of daily transatlantic news, of interest in foreign lands and Christian regard for the independence of our smaller brother nations.



The aircraftmen of our Army, now being trained to fly the skies, are symbolic of the times in which we live. As they rise from the ground and tread the byways of the birds, they better realize how small is that part of this world's acreage from which they came. They get a wider horizon and hence a truer conception of the relative importance of the dwelling places of men.

\* \*

### United We Stand.

IT seems quite natural for the Society of the Propagation of the Faith to look with loving solicitude on the development of Maryknoll, for does it not look forward to the day when, if need be, it will take beneath its sheltering wing our own American priests, gone forth to share their heavenly treasures with the poorest of God's creatures, the pagans?

Within the past month two striking evidences of this interest have been given, the one from the East, New York, an old and sympathetic friend since before the beginning at Maryknoll; the other from the Middle West, St. Paul, a new friend, but evidently new only because the work of Propagation itself is quite new in that city.

From New York City came "The Good Work," the organ of the Propagation of the Faith Society, and our pulse quickened when it was laid on our desk. The cover page was devoted to the departure of Maryknoll's Superior for the Orient, and as we read the lines under the title, "The Herald," we felt once again the warmth of that spiritual kinship which Monsignor Dunn has always manifested for all work for souls, a kinship which leads him to win for us at every opportunity the interest of even those who cooperate with him in his own fine work. Some of our best friends have learned to know and love Maryknoll through Monsignor Dunn.



".....he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and every one that liveth and believeth in Me shall not die forever."

The St. Paul branch of the great Society spoke to us through its Director, the Rev. James A. Byrnes. Fr. Byrnes' own words best reveal the truly Catholic character of his Propagation work:

We are preparing to place a few *Foreign Mission Tables* in the rear of some of the larger churches in the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Should you care to have THE FIELD AFAR and other literature pertaining to the work of Maryknoll appear on these tables? I should be happy to receive copies of the magazine and a package of any leaflets or cards that you publish. My idea is not to sell THE FIELD AFAR, but to have copies to offer gratis, for the purpose of acquainting people with your work. I should think a hundred copies placed in this way each month would in a short time bring good returns.

We were only too glad to comply with this request, and our package brought the following reply:

THE FIELD AFAR and booklets have arrived and I thank you most sincerely for them. I am enclosing herewith check for \$10, by way of lessening your expense in the matter. I intend to "rubber stamp" each copy of THE FIELD AFAR, inviting those who find the magazine attractive to send their subscriptions.

May God bless and protect Fr. Walsh on his mission in the Far East, and make this work at Maryknoll prosper in his absence!

### The Cause of Our Sadness.

Enclosed one dollar—yearly dues of FIELD AFAR—a paper we all appreciate and look for every month.

I am a constant reader of THE FIELD AFAR and can hardly wait for its arrival each month.

Have just finished reading the last number of THE FIELD AFAR. It is simply irresistible.

I do enjoy THE FIELD AFAR. There is so much to every sentence it contains that is equal to many magazines ten times its size.

I should like you to know how much pleasure your FIELD AFAR gives us. We look forward to the time when we shall receive it each month.

THE FIELD AFAR is the most popular magazine which comes into our house, especially with the young folks. My brother, who is nineteen, says, "It's great!"

I have one fault to find with your paper and that is, that I do not receive it often enough. A month is a long time in between.

There is an empty space on our library table which causes much disappointment—our FIELD AFAR has not arrived. Please put us back on your list at once.

I enjoy your little paper very much and often see my father glancing through it. This is remarkable, as he does not practise his religion and generally ridicules such things.

If you have taken my name off your FIELD AFAR subscription list please put it right back again. That paper is one good thing I must have as long as my pennies hold out. Why, the pictures alone are worth more than the year's cost, as a suave agent might say.

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### Leaks by Wireless.

THE approach of Christmas, heralded by Advent Sunday, seems to awaken to new life the faith and love of every Christian soul.

This year, with the war at our very doors, ought we more than ever to beg the Divine Infant, through prayers and sacrifices, to bring back to this distracted world peace and goodwill.

And as we pray for this peace on earth, let us not forget to ask also for eternal peace for those countless souls to whom Christ's blessed coming is as yet unknown.

In these days, when everybody is "doing his bit," we feel we should do ours by giving one of our priest friends a bit of notice.

This friend began by being just a subscriber to THE FIELD AFAR. Soon he was reading it from cover to cover. His next move was to direct two of his finest boys to the Vénard Apostolic School, when it was in its infancy. He then secured an "aunt" for one of them and became "uncle" to the other, that the burden of the struggling school might be lessened as much as possible.

But this was not all. He has now sent the first installment—\$65—towards a burse in honor of St. Aloysius, to be devoted to a Vénard student.

The amount must be increased to \$100 before the burse can be entered on our list. Will you, if you cannot help to raise the figure, at least ask St. Aloysius to "do his bit" and interest those who can?

Fr. Gill, the Spanish historian, writing of the missions, says:

The heroic patience of our missionaries, repaying insults with benefits, the unwearied goodness and charity of our Catholic nuns, have conquered the suspicions of the pagans. As an instance, in Brussa, a Mahometan city of Asia Minor, the Sisters of Charity are revered as saints. The women and children kiss their hands in the streets, and they can go with perfect security into quarters where even the police enter only with great precaution.

Fr. Verbrugge, Superior of the Mill Hill Fathers in the Philippines, who spent many years among the head hunters of Borneo, informs us that the missionaries there enjoy the absolute confidence of the natives—the vast majority of whom are still pagan—and can travel, unattended and unprotected, through any part of the island, day or night, in absolute safety; while officials of the government never dare to venture into the interior without strong guards, and even with this precaution many have been murdered by the natives.

*"For though I should walk in the midst of the shadow of death I will fear no evils, for Thou art with me."*

While making his seminary course at Montreal, a young French Canadian, Romeo Caillé, managed to acquire a working knowledge of Chinese between theology hours, in the hope of being one day sent as a missionary to the Far East.

There being eight thousand Chinese in Montreal, of whom only about two hundred are Catholic, the Archbishop has decided that for the present Fr. Caillé shall work in this great Chinese field at home. And so on September 16th Fr. Caillé sang High Mass for his new parishioners and preached his first sermon in Chinese.

Connected with the church are two flourishing schools; and, with the aid of seven nuns of the Immaculate Conception who understand Chinese (one being a native of China), an exhaustive house to house canvass of these foreigners is being made.

What fruits will come from this devoted zeal to God's glory, and this far-sighted initiative that led Fr. Caillé to study Chinese during odd hours! How many will be the reactive graces from this initial movement in favor of foreign missions! America is waking, slowly perhaps, but surely, to her Apostolate.

*The spread of the Faith should have been more rapid in the past, and should go on now far more swiftly than it does.*

*Today the sentiment of heathendom has altered greatly, and the prestige of America has changed the bitter feeling against Christianity into one quite sympathetic. Hence it is the Church's pressing duty to evangelize all peoples, and to do it quickly. Consider how rapidly the western world, the different countries of Europe, were converted from barbarism to Christianity.*

—Our Sunday Visitor.

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### The Pioneer's Log.

(Fr. Superior's Knolligram.)



AFTER a stop about forty miles from San Francisco, a United States Army officer of considerable weight bustled through the train. I was chatting with a St. Louis man, when suddenly I heard the porter say, "There he is," and I sensed the fact that I was the victim wanted.

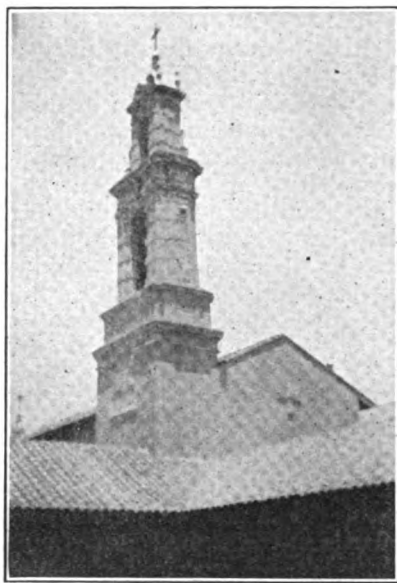
My embarrassment was only momentary, because the Army officer was no other than Maryknoll's San Francisco "Uncle," the Rev. Joseph P. McQuaide, LL.D., Rector of the Sacred Heart Church, Chaplain of the Coast Guard, and friend to about every man, woman, and child within a hundred miles or more of the Golden Gate.

The Chaplain beamed, and everybody and everything began to beam. The porter seemed a changed man, and his eyes danced as he bowed out. The youngster who had already sized up every passenger several times came over to try on the "Captain's" hat. He looked up at our uniformed friend and exclaimed admiringly, "Say, you're fat!"—and his grandmother had a hard time getting him off the train at Berkeley.

The next day we saw, at Menlo Park, the Diocesan Seminary, where for several years we have had warm friends. Wherever the spirit of St. Sulpice is, there may be found a keen appreciation of foreign missions, and the Seminary at Menlo Park is no exception.

Shortly after dinner we left for Santa Clara, that I might see the new Carmelite Convent, talk with the saintly women who reside there, some of whom I had known "way back East," and be assured of their prayers. There is no body of women in this country, I believe, that has a stronger and more personal interest in

Maryknoll than the Carmelite nuns, wherever they may be found; and it was with the "home" feeling that I looked again upon the little Spanish belfry as we whirled past the convent after a brief visit to the neighboring Santa Clara College, where my uniformed companion had made his studies.



"THE LITTLE SPANISH BELFRY"  
OF THE CARMELITE CONVENT  
AT SANTA CLARA.

The day of days at San Francisco—in all there were only three—was Thursday, September 13, for which date was scheduled no less important an event than the opening of the third establishment of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, *the Maryknoll Procure of San Francisco*.

This event took place in the evening, at Van Ness Avenue, where a house for Maryknoll priests has been leased and furnished by the kindly "Uncle" to whom I have already referred. The house, which had been "dolloed up" by the Maryknoll Auxiliary so that it looked alive, is well situated, with an outlook on the Pacific, an Assembly Room, and accommodations for half a dozen

priests and brothers. Here Maryknoll will soon have one of its members, and from this centre a knowledge of its purposes will radiate over the Pacific Slope. Here, too, the young missionaries will find a welcome and a haven of rest after passing the Rockies on their way to the Far East.

The gathering that night was a modest but notable one. The genial and cultured Archbishop of San Francisco, the Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, was there to say his precious word of welcome and to reveal the Christ-like heart that is his. When later I thanked His Grace I was quickly told that there was no occasion to do so, and that he would be lacking in the spirit that should animate any bishop if he failed to take advantage of such an opportunity to further the Cause of Christ. Archbishop Hanna felt, too, that the reactive influence of this new venture would be most beneficial to the entire diocese; and in a captivating talk he made known his sentiments, to the edification of all who listened and to the uncooled delight of Maryknoll's "Uncle."

Fr. Bradley, the Paulist, a zealous apostle to the Chinese of San Francisco, was there that evening with several priests, including Fr. Davrou, S.J., a well-known missionary of China, Fr. Moore, S.J., of the Japanese Mission, and my steamer companion, Fr. Chabloz. The Assembly-Room in the basement was crowded to the door with an interested body of the laity. Everybody felt that the occasion marked the quiet entrance of a new force into the spiritual life of the Church in California, and that as such it was an historical event worthy of record.

I experienced a deep wave of happiness that night when, after my return to the Rectory, I realized what had occurred. I had often thought of this establish-

ment as a possibility, and had often remarked that after New York, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania, California was evidently our best friend, but I did not look for its strong welcome quite so soon. May God bless the Maryknoll Procure of San Francisco, and may He bless San Francisco which, in the spirit of the gentle Saint of Assisi, has opened its arms to our young Society!

Saturday, September 15, was our sailing date and shortly after one, on schedule time, our steamer, the *Tenyo Maru*, cut loose from her dock. Some friends were there to see us off and among them were Fr. Davrout and Fr. Breton, both former missionaries, one a Jesuit, the other an alumnus of the Paris Seminary, detailed for work among the Japanese of Los Angeles.



THE MARYKNOLL PROCURE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Was "the Chaplain" there? Ask rather, if by any chance he missed that opportunity to express his interest in Maryknoll. Whatever time he could spare from the barracks in those few days belonged to Maryknoll's representative.

Out into the bay a little tug pulled us, and there left the *Tenyo Maru* to her own devices. We were delayed by a special inspection order from Washington but at length, with countless seagulls at our heels, we moved along.

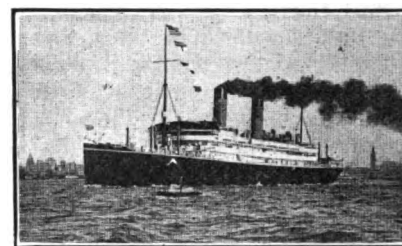
As we passed the Presidio I looked for the Chaplain, who had planned to signal us, but I could not distinguish him; and in a few more moments we had steamed out through the Golden Gate and were riding good-sized waves on the Pacific.

The *Tenyo Maru* is what might be popularly called "some steamer." It is like all great liners in the main, but has its own peculiar atmosphere due to the character of the employees, practically all of whom are Orientals.

In the dining-room we have been placed in the care of an attractive young Chinaman. This "boy's" name is pronounced like *tack*, but there is nothing in him to suggest either a hard cracker or the pointed instrument of torture that needs the blow of a hammer on its head. We shall write him up as plain Tak—and he is worthy of mention. Tak was born of poor but Chinese parents, somewhere near Canton, that portion of the Chinese Republic (is it one yet?) that contributes to the United States most of its laundrymen. Tak looks young, but he assures us—and his countenance compels belief—that he is twenty-four years old. At breakfast he appears in a neatly-laundered dark blue affair; at noon the shade of blue grows lighter; and at the evening meal Tak is in immaculate white. We like Tak, and we may see more of him later.

When the occasion offered I have talked with Orientals, for the sole purpose of discovering if they have caught the idea that the Catholic Church is the Church of the world; that its head is the Holy Father; that its members can be found in all countries; and that its strength in the United States is considerable: and I am convinced that the average Chinese or Japanese resident in the United States has yet to know just where the Catholic Church

stands in relation to the several denominations of Protestantism. Doubtless there are not a few American Catholics who, as students or business men, come in contact with friends from across the Pacific, and a few inquiries followed by a statement of fact would, I believe, do much towards setting right some wrong impressions.



THE TENYO MARU—"SOME STEAMER."

I met on deck the young Chinese physician who sits at our table, and encouraged him to open up. He is a native of Ning-po, received his preparatory training at a Mission College (Protestant), attended the Harvard Medical School in China, and took a post-graduate course in the United States, to which country, after teaching two years, he proposes to return for further study.

He is intelligent, bright of manner yet dignified, and knows English well. When he learned that my companion and I are Catholic priests he made known his own affiliations. He is an Episcopalian, although he had often attended services in the Mission Church of Roxbury, near which he roomed when in Boston. (The Mission Church, I may say for the benefit of the uninitiated, is the very popular church of the Redemptorist Fathers.) I put a few questions to him with some interesting results. Personally he had not met Catholic priests. He declared that there are in China more Catholics than Protestants, and we were surprised to learn that the ratio is about ten to one. He had remarked the absence of

American priests, but had attributed it to indifference rather than to the burdens laid on American priests by the influx of immigrants.

When he learned of my mission the doctor seemed earnestly interested and anxious to suggest. I note here what he said and it may be taken for what it is worth. Perhaps it carries a warning worth while. According to his statement, the Catholic priest in China "mixes too much with politics." This statement was speedily modified, until it reached substantially the charge that Catholic priests had at times incurred the hostility of the pagans by seeking persistently for their flocks as well as for themselves the protection and punitive power of their own governments. He added that undoubtedly the Chinese converts themselves were largely to blame, because the consciousness of the foreign protection made them bold, thus antagonizing the more their fellow-countrymen.

I did not feel that I could just then dispute his statements, but reminded the doctor that the Catholic priest would naturally depend less than any Protestant missionaries upon the protection of his government. He is alone, without a family; he lives among the people as one of them; and he is in China with the idea of making it his home for life. Perhaps a general charge has been made from a few examples. In any event, I appreciated his candor and would get the other side before forming a judgment.

The conversation then turned

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to the relations between Catholic and Protestant missionaries in China, and the doctor maintained that the Catholic priest holds himself absolutely aloof from his Protestant neighbor. He felt that there was some common ground on which both could stand and work together. I told him that I knew of friendships existing between the two classes, but explained to him the special difficulty for a European, especially one of the Latin nationalities, because Protestantism has hardly a foothold in Latin countries and is represented there by unprincipled or ignorant proselyters whose ill-concealed aim is to belittle the Catholic Church. In the United States, as I explained, Catholic priests and Protestant ministers often meet together for some common good; as, for example, the cause of temperance, or the suppression of immoral enterprises. I pointed out, however, the radical doctrinal differences between the Catholic Church and all Christian denominations, and expressed regret that the Far East could not be taught the truth of Christ by an undivided following. The young man assented earnestly and seemed to appreciate the fact that Jesus Christ would naturally have founded a Society—a visible Body with a visible Head—which must be somewhere even now.

## Auctober Auction.

Buffalo and Bridgeport offered "Fifty-Fifty," a friend in Pennsylvania made it "Sixty-Five," Minneapolis and New York raised it to "One Hundred," Trenton went one better with "One Hundred and Twenty-Five," Scranton raised it to "Thirty," Manchester caused a sensation by jumping to "Three Hundred," but it was finally knocked down to Rochester for \$400.

What were they bidding for? Why, the "Generosity and Foreign Mission Interest Medal," of course!



FROM overseas have come, since our last issue, the following:  
**CHINA**—Letters: Fr. Buch, Ning-po; Fr. McArdle, Kashing; Fr. Hoogers, Shanghai; Fr. Champeyrol, Hongkong; Sr. Mary, Wenchow; Bp. Faveau, Hangchow. Booklet, Fr. Clement, Peking. Photographs and promise of Mass, Fr. O'Leary, Kashing.  
**INDIA**—Letters: Archbishop Morel, Pondicherry; Fr. Tinti, Gannavaram.  
**INDO-CHINA**—Letter, Fr. Cothonay, Lang-Son.  
**JAPAN**—Letters: Archbishop Rey, Tokyo; Bp. Berlioz, Sendai. Letter and cancelled stamps, Bp. Combaz, Nagasaki.  
**KOREA**—Letter, Bp. Mutel, Seoul.  
**BORNEO**—Letter, Fr. Dunn, Kuching.  
**PHILIPPINE ISLANDS**—Letter and cancelled stamps, Bp. MacGinley, Neuva Caceres. Letters: Fr. Gram, Olongapo; Fr. Hinterhuber, Barbaza.

## AT HOME ABROAD.

Already I am rejoicing at the pleasure your coming will be to us. (Bp. Combaz, Nagasaki.)

Your letter gives me great pleasure, announcing the welcome news that we shall see you in Taikou. (Bp. Demange.)

You are doing a magnificent thing. There is every reason to hope that after the war you will be in a position to aid the missions most effectively. (Bp. Joulain, Ceylon.)

I am much interested to hear of your proposed journey to Japan and China. May Our Lord keep you safe in the many difficulties and dangers you will meet with, and bring you back safe to your beloved Maryknoll. (Fr. Henry, Superior, Mill Hill.)

I am exceedingly glad to know that you are coming. China is big enough for many more workers and you can do a lot of good here. In South China many are American by education and return to their homes well-disposed towards Christianity. (Fr. Robert, Hongkong.)

It is needless to say how welcome he will be. We shall receive him as a brother, and he will be "at home" in each and every post that he favors with his visit. We join our prayers with yours for the preservation of his health, the success of his journey, and his happy return to Maryknoll. (Bp. Berlioz, Sendai, Japan.)

## CHINA.

The Chinese horoscope is much more complete than the ones we see occasionally in the papers. For instance, it will tell you that:

*People with dimples will marry more than once;*

*A man with thick hair will never be prime minister;*

*A woman with much white in her eyes will probably murder her husband;*

*A man with a horse's mouth will die of starvation;*

*While he who has a dog's nose will live to a ripe old age.*



## RICH IN HAPPINESS, AND

Earnest words are these, which will not fall on deaf ears if American Catholics are alive to their duty and their opportunity:

America is, incontestably, the country most popular with the Chinese. Fortunately we have here an American missionary, the excellent Fr. Fraser of Canada. His province—Che Kiang—is the one where Protestants most abound, and the great majority of them are American. They go about telling every one that America is the great Protestant republic, and that the Catholic governments are the old decadent governments of Europe.

Let us hope that your zeal, blessed by God, will soon fill China with zealous apostles, modern in bearing and progress but antique in virtue, true American St. Pauls, who will establish the reputation of the universal Church and Catholic America. (Fr. Vincent Lebbe, Tientsin.)

That China is profiting by her study of Western civilization who can doubt? A missionary to that awakening nation writes:

China is in a hopeless political muddle. Sun Yat Sen is getting up a government in Canton now, and he sends out several hundred wires a day proclaiming himself for Republicanism. Everyone knows it, but he wants to make sure there is "no doubt—no possible probable shadow of doubt—no doubt whatever." You remember he was one of the leaders of the Revolution of 1911, which succeeded in making a Republic of China. He was elected President, and after a short term found things too hot for him. He could not guide the destinies of a liberated four-hundred-million. He threw away the reins of government, and Yuan Shi Kai took them up.

We had a monarchy here, but it lasted only a week. This change of program is interesting, at least. It does not seem improbable that China may be divided into two kingdoms eventually. The Yangtze River has already drawn the line of demarcation. At present we may surely call ourselves, *The Dis-United States of China*.

It is our little friend, Sr. Mary Angeline, once A FIELD AFAR secretary, whose name was Mary Donavan, who writes:

My letter was begun while I was acting as step-mother to twenty-three children. Seated in the shade of a banana tree, I strove to keep one eye on the little workers and the other on my paper. You may imagine my success! Often when most eloquently disposed I was obliged to put down my writing materials and take up hoe, rake, or shovel to console a heart whose fatigue was betrayed by tears.

Last December Sr. Claire, our conductress to China, and I were placed in charge of the Government founding hospitals, some three miles from the mission at Canton. These hospitals had been under the direction of Chinese Protestants, from whom the Government withdrew them in our favor. Here we have our hands, hearts, and minds filled to overflowing.

Imagine a missionary sister sleeping with a loaded revolver under her pillow! When we began to remain here over night we were presented with two, but accepted only one as we were more afraid of the weapons than of the possible malefactors.

In January our Reverend Mother Superior fell a victim to the variola and I returned to Canton to care for her. The frail constitution which was

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to combat the disease gave us much cause for alarm, but the Queen of Apostles, to whom we had recourse, responded to our supplications with an almost miraculous restoration. When the inevitable quarantine was ended I returned here to Tong San.

THE FIELD AFAR leads us to believe that you, too, will very soon be gathering "yellow lilies." May God speed you, is my daily petition.



## POOR IN SPIRITS.

## INDIA.

From native priests in India appeals come not infrequently to the United States, but it is only such a beggar as Maryknoll that draws to itself an Indian money-order. The writer of the lines which follow is afraid to have his name published—perhaps because he would be thought to be sufficiently provided:



The *Modern Martyr* arrived a few weeks ago. It was at once given to my students for their spiritual reading in common. They are quite taken with it. One of them told me later that he would like very much to translate it into Malayalam. I hope that Blessed Théophane's noble example and burning words have fired their souls with zeal for the conversion of the millions of pagans surrounding us here.

We have set about collecting spiritual alms for the Missions. My seminarists are asked to say one Hail Mary daily for the conversion of souls, and on Fridays to recite St. Francis Xavier's prayer for that holy purpose.

I am sending you a money-order for another copy of *A Modern Martyr*, and also one rupee (about thirty cents) each for the Blessed Théophane Vénard and Little Flower Burses. My monthly income is seventeen rupees (about six dollars), so you will understand that I cannot send more than this poor offering, but miserable as it is I send it to testify my great interest in your work and my devotion to those two young saints. I wonder that their Burses are not already oversubscribed! Let the Catholics of America but know the lives of those loveable souls and they would surely complete their Burses without delay.

A generous soul in Kandy sends me his *FIELD AFAR* after he reads it, but the roundabout journey delays its arrival and sometimes I wait for months. So I beg of you to send one copy to my address regularly. I will say a Mass for your work, as you have asked mission priests to do.

For some thirty years Belgian Jesuits have been at work among the hill-tribes of *Chota-Nagpur*, and they have succeeded in making good Christians out of thousands among these pagans. Fr. Van den Bossche, S.J., who is stationed in the very heart of the mission, has sent us the following interesting notes on his people:

They are exceedingly fond of music, dancing, and processions, and we try as far as possible not to take away from them such of their pleasures as are compatible with Christian morality. Not long ago I saw for the first time the national dances of the tribes *Ouraon* and *Munda*.

Two of the strongest youths in the village advanced into the arena, decked out in all that could give them a fierce appearance. They pranced about to

the sound of pipes and drums, and then, keeping perfect time with the music, they attacked each other, striking savage blows in the air. The one who was supposed to have been hit, rolled on the ground, turned most extraordinary somersaults, rose again, and bounded towards his adversary to begin a second "round." These waltzes are very popular.

Both the *Ouraons* and the *Mundas* are exceedingly proud of what their folk-lore tells them of their prowess on the battle-field. They cherish the memory of many fierce conflicts fought for the independence of their native soil, but the strangest story is that



AT AN INDIAN SODA-FOUNTAIN.

which relates how the *Ouraons* were finally overcome and forced to flee to the mountains.

After numerous battles in which they had been worsted, their enemies hit upon a very simple way of defeating them. They waited until a certain festival on which, as they knew, every man of the *Ouraons* would be dead drunk with rice-beer. Then they advanced, sure of an easy victory. But they had reckoned without the women, who, as soon as the alarm was given, arose to the cry of battle. Donning the men's dress and armor, these female warriors rushed out and contended with the utmost bravery, until at last they were obliged to surrender. This, according to the legend, was the end of national independence, for on that day, abandoning their rich rice-fields in the plains, the *Ouraons* had to seek a new home.

Can you supply the missing letters in

M R KN L ?

If so, send one dollar in stamps with correct answer and receive absolutely

FREE OF CHARGE

one year's subscription to THE FIELD AFAR.

## The Needs of the Diocese.

FR. RYAN took the steps two at a time and bounded into his study. It was a breach of clerical decorum, but he was happy and wanted to relieve himself. A lusty "Hip! hip! hurrah!" would have expressed his feelings better, but he was a new man in the house and still a little in awe of the pastor. He contented himself with rubbing his hands and a glance at the crucifix, and hurried to wash for supper.

"'Twas a good day's work," he sputtered, as the soapy lather got in his mouth, "and what a coincidence—a penniless student and a benefactress, both on the one day! And John Flynn will make a good priest, too—and she seemed so eager to help him. Two hundred dollars—every year till he is ordained—it was a privilege, she said—and she is right. I wonder am I late for supper? She would have kept me an hour longer—it was worth it, though. I guess I'll send him to St. Mary's and give him a suitcase as a present—no, I guess a cassock would look better, coming from a priest. Hello! There's the dinner bell!" and with a tug at his collar he tried to walk unconcernedly into the dining room.

Fr. Ryan was ordained one year, with never a sorrow in his life, and his healthy buoyancy found it hard to be sedate. He did not realize that it was his big-heartedness and the love of fun twinkling in his eye that made the young men warm to him, that made John Flynn turn to him in confidence to tell him of his secret hopes of studying for the priesthood. It was only that very day that John had broached the subject, and he was to come again that evening to talk it over.

Fr. Ryan dispatched the meal with a heartiness that made the cook ejaculate, "What a fine appetite, God bless him! Sure 'tis a

pleasure to cook for the likes of him."

The doorbell buzzed as the meal was finished, and with a hasty thanksgiving Fr. Ryan excused himself to welcome John, whom he was expecting.

The two were soon seated and John began, with a smile and a stammer: "Father, I—I didn't tell you all I wanted to this morning. I guess I was so excited I forgot it. It is this way: God is making it so easy for me to go on for the priesthood that I feel I ought to do more for Him. I would like to offer myself for a more difficult mission, and work for Him where men are needed most. If I went to China even, as a missionary, it would be making but a little sacrifice in return for the graces He has heaped on me. The diocese doesn't need me as much as China does, and besides, my going will surely stir others to take my place here. What do you think, Father, of my going to Maryknoll?"

This was all too sudden for Fr. Ryan to answer at once—and then the buzzer announced a hurry sick-call. The priest jumped up.

"Let us do nothing hastily, John. We will talk it over tomorrow, and pray in the meanwhile. I must go now—it's a sick-call," and with his hearty handshake he hurried out.

The streets were deserted and dimly lighted as Fr. Ryan left the church, carrying his Divine Master on his breast. He tried to concentrate his attention on his precious Burden, but somehow he found himself repeating John's words: "God is making it so easy for me to go on for the priesthood,"—and then came the echo from his conscience, and he whispered to his God:

"But You have made it still easier for me! What sacrifice have I ever undergone? What have I offered you, Jesus? This

Train the little ones to use a mite box for love of Jesus Christ.

boy thinks You have been generous with him and what can I say for myself? What have I that I have not received from You? My life has been all joy—no pain, no opposition—everything made smooth for me—and does the diocese need me any more than it needs John? Dare I tell him to make the sacrifice and I myself hold back? Is a boy to outdo me in charity?"

And he quickened his pace, stumbling along heedless of his steps.

The long hours of that night saw a light in Fr. Ryan's room, and the young priest paced the floor, and stood and sat in turns, and passed his vigil in deep thought. He felt a strange emotion, as though face to face with the crisis of his life. There was exultation, too. God, Who but lately rested on his breast, was near him now, and the way seemed clear, astonishingly clear. Had he not years ago breathed deep with the thought of the foreign missions? Had he not been willing then to offer himself joyfully? What was it that had kept him back? Oh, yes—Maryknoll had not been in existence then, and it all had seemed visionary. And was there not in his hesitation now just a trace of weakness, a little protest that God was asking too much? But, "I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me." And the young priest knelt for one deep, fervent prayer before retiring for the night.

It was a tired Fr. Ryan that greeted John Flynn the next day.

"Well, John, I have prayed as I promised," he said, "I see no reason why you should not go to Maryknoll. The diocese has greater need of an example of self-sacrifice. I have written to the Bishop already, for—well, the diocese got along without me a year ago and I am sure someone can fill my place now. So, John, I too, like you, am asking to go the whole way—to China."

*A Maryknoller, 1917.*

### Toddling Coadjutors.

SACRIFICE is the measure of love. Those beginning early in life to deny themselves for others are doubly blessed in learning so soon the secret of true happiness, and in especially endearing themselves to Him Who loves little children—pagan as well as Christian.

That this sweet truth is realized by our religious teachers is evident from the increasing efforts many are making to awaken in their charges a practical interest in foreign mission work.

We quote from a few letters recently received:

Please send me some sample copies of *THE FIELD AFAR*. I am going to put it into the hands of all the pupils of the Academy. (Newburgh, N. Y.)

Here are names and addresses of five girls of my class who wish to help *THE FIELD AFAR*. Please send each of them ten copies every month. (Jersey City.)

I am enclosing \$6.—\$5 for land-slips filled by the children and \$1 for a Mass intention for the father of one of the little girls. (St. Mary's, Pawtucket.)

Our pupils collected and sold tinfoil and this \$3.30 is the proceeds. They wish to buy three hundred square feet of land at Maryknoll, and send the extra thirty cents for you to use as you like. (Nebraska City.)

"The children are sorry and disappointed that their check is not larger," wrote a good Sister from Rhode Island.

Expecting from this to find about thirty cents, we took up the check—and saw the generous sum of \$34.65, to be distributed as follows:

Burse offerings (\$1 apiece for ten) .....	\$10.00
Vénard land .....	1.00
Maryknoll land .....	15.65
Cement fund .....	2.50
FIELD AFAR sold.....	.30
New subscriptions.....	2.00
Mass offering .....	2.00
Books sold .....	1.00

### At the Knoll.

FR. VERBRUGGE, the first Superior of the Mill Hill missionaries in the Philippine Islands, has come to be a familiar figure at Maryknoll.

Though not yet more than three score years, his life in Borneo and the Philippines has been a wearing one. On the eve of departure for his Philippine mission he fell



“PADRE JULIO.”

seriously ill in New York City and is now convalescing, as all his friends hope, at Maryknoll, where every foreign missionary is welcome to what we can give in food and shelter.

In spite of his trying experiences, “Padre Julio’s” bump of cheerfulness was not even scratched, and he has given, besides many instructive talks on mission life, an extra shine to Maryknoll’s sun of humor.

The other day the “Padre” had his first soda in fifty-five years. Until tasting it he thought the ice-cream was mashed potato. What an opening there would be for an enterprising soda-clerk among the head-hunters of Borneo!

*Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make ten dollars nine,  
And subscribing have before us  
FIELD AFAR news just in time.*

(We owe our rhyme man a month’s rent.)

One evening last week an expressman drove up to the front door and left a delightfully mysterious box. Just as we were wondering where we could steal the reels, it turned out to be a Victrola, with seven eleven records.

The tocsin was sounded at once, and all hands, even the dish-washing quartette, assembled, to a musical treat of which we had often dreamed. Alas! Just as Caruso was reaching high “high Z” in a fairy aria, the editor awoke. But, do you know, sometimes dreams come true!

We know that Maryknoll is on the map, for the Suffragettes have found us out. One day while the back door was locked, a delegation swooped down, under the camouflage of two henpecked Fords. They wanted to know if we didn’t believe women could rock the cradle with one hand and steer the ship of state with the other. We gave three woofs for the Goddess of Just Rights and apologized for the crack in our mirror. Leaving, they left.

How the hens got wind of it we don’t know, but they haven’t been the same since. The Reverend Procurator soliloquizes vaguely about “moulting,” but it’s subscrip-

tions to land slips we get no more eggs till those hens get club privileges, moving pictures, and Saturday afternoons off.

Almost every visitor to the Knoll is surprised at the growth we have reached and the state of our estate. Expecting, as they tell us, to find a “one hoss” place, magnified and bolstered into an “institution” by a certain facile-penned editor’s irrepressible optimism, they are agreeably bewildered at the work that Providence has wrought here in a few short years.

The actual number of the students, brothers, and Teresians; the size and quality of the buildings; the general appearance of a matured and stable growth; together with the realization that Maryknoll is also the mother house of a preparatory college that, in acreage and number of students, is larger still; all this comes home to them with striking force when they are actually “on the ground.”

For this reason, it would give us special pleasure to welcome those benefactors who have never seen Maryknoll save in print, and who, naturally, must venture a hope, when sending a donation to the cause of foreign missions, that it will be used wisely and well. For



ST. MICHAEL'S IN ITS NEW WINTER COAT.

answer to this hope, we refer confidently to our visitors who have seen us as we really are.

Brother Gregory, a Spanish Franciscan who told a decade in China before visiting us, is a guest who will not soon be forgotten.

"For me this night is very joy," said the good Brother, beginning a talk on China which proved "many interesting" to all his hearers and was seasoned with a touching episode about the "steal man who took at night my Father's trunkees."

Brother Gregory's account of the work of Sisters in asylums, schools, and hospitals so fired the enthusiasm of our Teresians that we almost had to implore them not to take the next boat for the Far East.

The excitement of ordinary aeroplaning is dull dozing in comparison with the spinal shivers that come from making a *Bread Fund* soar,—and we use self-raising flour, at that.

Of course, the thrills depend on the kind of machine you use—a moneyplane or a buyplane.

When cash takes wings, you have a moneyplane—when it talks, a buyplane.

The later species of flea is more efficient in action—it always delivers the bread to the back door, but, with the majority of the poor in our great and sky-priced republic, we have found ourselves running a moneyplane instead. This is due to the vagaries of our Baker, who strangely refuses to kill the goose that lays his golden bread.

Now, if somebody were to plant a mine under our Bread Fund and send it soaring, we could stop eating cake all the time.

Seven Bridgeport girls have put up fifty dollars to furnish a room in honor of St. Joseph.

Instead of being praised by their friends for their generosity,

they will not even be known, for their gift was made anonymously. But, though "the right hand may not know what the left hand doeth," there is One Whose All-seeing Eye such an expression of love cannot escape.



BROTHER GREGORY — FROM CHINA.

A second offering travelled all the way from Montana and gave us the privilege of naming the room; while the third, a Memorial from Massachusetts, was made up by the members of the family, who contributed their new coins until the fifty-dollar mark was reached.

The other evening  
Collie  
Lay down  
On what looked  
Like a soft spot.  
How could he  
Know it was  
Fly Paper?  
We never saw Collie  
More provoked.

Send for a mite box and let the family gather gradually for each of its departed a Perpetual Memorial Associate Membership.

Readers who met Miss Ria Nobechi as she passed through this country will be interested to know that she has at this writing arrived in Japan.

She was an attractive figure for the Occidental, but more than an ornament was Miss Ria Nobechi. She could travel as well as any campaigner, and she would give more talks in a day than a suffragette could deliver in a week. Even on her journey to the coast Miss Nobechi kept up her record, as may be noted from the following lines, dated at Sacramento, Cal.:

I spoke at the Sacred Heart Convents in Lake Forest, Loretto, and St. Louis, and at the St. Francis Hospital at Colorado Springs. Everywhere I was most cordially greeted.

Having been delayed two days by the unfortunate flood, I did not want to stop at Salt Lake, but was obliged to do so in order to avoid arriving at San Francisco at midnight. I went to see Fr. Schultz, who was very kind to me. He has two Japanese boys in his service. One of them answered the bell and I was very glad to see him. Father asked me in Japanese how I was, so I began to speak to him in my own tongue, but that was the only thing he could say and I was quite disappointed.

It was about eight o'clock when I got back to the station, where I had dinner. After saying my prayers in the waiting-room I went into the sleeper, which was to leave at eleven p. m. We arrived in San Francisco in the morning and I took the 5 p. m. train for Sacramento.

*Have you read our new book?*

## The Martyr of Futuna

BLESSED PETER CHANEL

The life of this young Marist martyr of the nineteenth century is as interesting as it is inspiring.

Prepared from the French by Florence Gilmore. Bound in olive, with gold stamping. 210 pages. 16 illustrations.

\$1.00 Postpaid

Address: The Field Afar Office  
Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.



THE Vénard lost one of its best friends in the death of Sister M. Stanislaus, of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, who had been stationed at St. John's School, Pittston, Pa., for the past year. Sr. Stanislaus never lost an opportunity to put in a good word for the Vénard and the cause which it represents, and this trait of hers was only in keeping with the rest of her zealous and kindly character.

We are a regular crowd this year—four priests, one deacon, one auxiliary and thirty-six students—and this right in the face of our friend H. C. L. But all that bragging about the Vénard farm last year was not without a whole lot of truth in it. Our cellar is stocked with quite a few vegetables, and the wolf that comes to our door will have to fight his way through a whole cellar full of provender before he can bother us. Of course, "not in bread alone does man live," and the treasurer is one who has reason to know it very well. That is why he feels like plunging in Bethlehem Steel every once in a while. But the fact is that God is very good to us and so are His people—so much so that we hardly ever get through thanksgiving long enough to turn to petition.

The new chapel is ready at last. We had the pleasure of celebrating Mass in it for the feast of All Saints, and now we feel right at home in this bright and attractive little room where Jesus dwells in the Sacrament of His love. To us it is a real beauty-spot, and we hope that the kind benefactors, through whose generosity it was made possible, will feel some of the satisfaction that we experience in thus being able to afford a habitation in some degree worthy of Him Who dwells there.

Our good friends of Scranton, Wilkes-barre, Carbondale, Olyphant, Minooka and other places in the valley have the brand of generosity that wears well—a fact which is more than encouraging to us, because we are in this business for keeps.

The latest evidence of their kindness has taken the practically helpful form of sewing bees. In groups these good friends make trips to the school, and spend a day here taking many a stitch in time that will help to forestall the buying of new clothes.

Since Fr. Superior's farewell visit on his way to the Far East, China has been the talk of the hour, and it is an open secret that more than one Chinese manual is being diligently perused.

Three Vénard Auxiliaries,—the Vénard Centre Circle and the St. John's Circle of Scranton, and the Field Afar Society of Olyphant,—have begun the season's activities with gifts aggregating over a hundred dollars.

#### THE MISSIONARY HEN.

*Adapted from a poem (not original) sent from Worcester, Mass.*

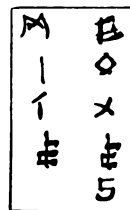
I know a thrifty little lad,  
We call him Careful Ben,  
Who has among his household pets  
A missionary hen.

And oh; the way that hen can lay!  
You'd really think sh' knew  
That she was destined for such work  
As mission hens can do.

We call her "Missionary Hen,"  
But Ben calls her his "Queen,"  
Because he sells the eggs she lays—  
The funds go to Clark's Green.

This hen just had a brood of chicks,  
I think 'twas nine or ten,  
Ben sold them all, and thanked the  
Lord—  
And his missionary hen.

When his mitey box is filled again,  
He's hoping "mitey" hard  
To bring it down near Scranton town,  
And enter the Vénard.



This is the season for installing a mite box in your home and keeping it there until Christmastide. Members of the family, young and old, and visitors as well, may find occasion from time to time to express in a practical way their interest in our work. Our little messenger *does not ask the substance* of your offerings for charity—home, parochial, and diocesan needs claim that. It seeks only the crumbs that are left over, saved by some act of self-denial.

Children especially can be trained by the mite box to sacrifice their candy and the "movies" for the love of souls,—a fine lesson in this self-seeking and comfort-loving age.

Make the mite box at least as indispensable in your household as is the clock on your mantel; and remember that while the clock ticks off the seconds of time that will be no more, the mite box registers the acts that count for eternity.

*"Arise, O Jerusalem, and stand on high: and look about towards the east and behold thy children gathered together from the rising to the setting sun, by the word of the Holy One rejoicing in the remembrance of God."*  
—Bar. v. 5.



PREPAREDNESS AT THE VÉNARD.



## The Harvest.

BRINGING OUR THANKSGIVING  
TURKEY.

## RECEIVED AT MARYKNOLL.

Altar linens; vestments; old clothing; books; thread; groceries; towels; tobacco. Cancelled stamps, tinfoil, etc., from D. C.; Mass.; Pa.; La.; Ky.; N. Y.; N. J.; Conn.; Fla.; R. I.; Md.; N. H.; Calif.; Nova Scotia; Anon. Old gold, jewelry, etc., from N. Y.; N. H.; Neb.; Mass.; Cuba; Canada.

This friend from Connecticut points out an excellent way of helping "the boys" at the front:

Enclosed find two dollars, for which please say two Masses for my three brothers who are all at the seat of war.

## FROM YOUR STATE AND OTHERS.

STATE	GIFT	NEW SUBSCRIBERS
California	\$14.50	9
Connecticut	86.25	168
District of Columbia	15.50	2
Illinois	31.00	3
Indiana		1
Iowa		5
Louisiana	4.00	
Maine		3
Maryland	5.05	14
Massachusetts	728.29	80
Michigan	3.00	
Minnesota	101.00	1
Missouri	4.00	4
Montana	2.00	
New Hampshire	304.00	1
New Jersey	157.00	9
New York	785.57	112
Ohio	45.67	2
Pennsylvania	233.03	32
Rhode Island	54.69	15
Texas	1.00	
Washington	1.00	1
West Virginia		1
Wisconsin	10.00	1

## FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS.

Canada	\$1.25	5
England	1.00	
Philippine Islands	2.00	

Total of New Subscribers 469

## VÉNARD LAND.

Total area at The Vénard, 6,000,000 ft.  
Sold up to Nov. 1, 1917, 1,129,274 "  
For sale at ½ cent a foot, 4,870,726 "

With an offering from the Jersey side came these words:

We are proud of the fact that Jersey City is represented at your Seminary, particularly in its infancy, and we regret that we cannot do more to help your work.

## MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.  
Sold up to Nov. 1, 1917, 2,608,847 "  
For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,751,153 "  
SEND FOR A LAND-SLIP.

It was on its way for some time, but it knew where it was going, and it reached us at last with this message:

Enclosed you will find ten dollars for St. Patrick's Burse. It gives me great pleasure to be able to send it. I am rather late about it but I never forget St. Patrick. (Lynn, Mass.)

Touching is the faith shown in these words, and we ask our readers to pray that it may speedily receive its reward:

For this dollar please enroll my husband, who is dead, and myself as Associate Members for one year. I hope to be heard by the good Lord, as I am now without home or position. I trust in His infinite goodness.

From a Machine Gun Company in a southern camp comes this request for prayers, which we feel sure our readers will be glad to give:

I hope you will pardon me for not attending to my duty sooner. I wish you all success and ask the benefit of your prayers, for I shall need them when I am in the war.

Suffering rightly accepted begets sweetness of soul and a compassionate sympathy for those yet more miserable. This is instanced by the contribution recently received from the lepers of Tracardi, New Brunswick. The Sister in charge writes:

I have made a little collection among our dear lepers for your best of all good works. They wish this dollar to go to the Holy Ghost Burse. Oh, that we were in a position to do much more for your noble work!

Would you like to have a beautiful statue of Blessed Théophane Vénard in your class-room?

One will be sent to you for 15 new Subscriptions to *The Field Afar*. Or if you prefer to buy it, we have the statue (in ivory or bronze finish) for three dollars.

An army chaplain in the Philippines sends this suggestive account with a gift he was requested to forward to Maryknoll:

Enclosed is twenty-five dollars, sent to you by some of the army men and women of this post.

Zealous Catholic people in the States have been sending me their religious books, pamphlets, magazines and papers. Occasionally *THE FIELD AFAR* is among the others. Hence this contribution. Also, there are signs of more coming your way.

You might ask your readers to send me Catholic literature for my men.

God prosper your good work. (Corregidor, P. I.)

A Capuchin reader writes:

Was much pleased with the note: "The F. A. is more anxious to spread its publications than to profit by them directly." This is to the point—we must bring its cause into the highways and byways. Pittsburgh is already anxious for mission work, as proved on another page of the last issue. Now by my efforts *THE FIELD AFAR* will be gladly received by the local Library branch. Our district here is predominately Catholic, and hence I believe much good may be done for the cause.

If there are any charges refer them not to the Library,—which does not pay for religious papers but accepts them when offered gratis,—but to our good pastor of St. Augustine's, Rev. Fr. Agatho, O.M.Cap. Any other help I can give in making the work known, or in putting before the public any books or literature, will be gladly given.

### The CATHOLIC SOLDIER and SAILOR needs your help

Send it through

### The Chaplains' Aid Association

which supplies prayer books and doctrine articles to our Catholic men in Army and Navy.

Address: 580 FIFTH AVENUE  
New York City

Honorary President—

His Eminence JOHN CARDINAL FARLEY

President—

JOHN J. BURKE, C. S. P.

## STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS.

A burse or Foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.

## MARYKNOLL BURSSES (Complete).

Cardinal Farley Burse.....	\$5,000.
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse....	5,000.
John L. Boland Burse.....	6,000.
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	5,000.
St. Willibrord Burse.....	5,000.
Providence Diocese Burse.....	5,000.
Fr. Elias Younan Burse.....	5,000.
Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse..	5,000.
O. L. of Miraculous Medal Burse	5,000.
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse	5,000.
Holy Trinity Burse.....	5,000.
Father B. Burse.....	6,273.31
Bishop Doran Memorial Burse....	5,000.

## SPECIAL FUNDS.

Abp. Williams Catechist Fund..	\$9,500.00
Foreign Mission Educational Fund .....	5,000.00
Vénard Student Fund.....	1,471.76
Anonymous Catechist Fund....	1,100.00
Bread Fund.....	556.98
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Fund .....	85.00

Our book-keeper and recorders try hard to keep things straight, but accidents will happen, and the following letter from a priest-victim reveals the kindly indulgent spirit with which they are received by most of our readers:

I was greatly amazed to receive your letter, stating that the late Fr. S. owed you a year's subscription for ten copies of your interesting magazine. I am happy to say that, although late in sending you enclosed check, I am still quite alive! I wonder where you got the news of my death? Did you have a Requiem for the repose of my soul? With best wishes for the work, I am as ever,

Your somewhat late,

Fr. S.

We slipped up on the Requiem, Father, but we were tempted to offer a Mass of thanksgiving that you did not sue us for libel.

Make every member of the family one of our Associates. Fifty cents for each will do this.

Most attractive little *Book Marks* have come from the *Society of the Divine Word*, Techny, Illinois. The set consists of twelve cards, illustrated and bearing information on mission subjects, and sells for the very reasonable price of five cents.

\*On hand but not operative.

†\$1,000 on hand but not operative.

## Your Interest and Ours.

ANNUITIES are composed of A principal and interest. You invest your money in Maryknoll, we invest it in golden eggs, and you get the interest during your lifetime. It is to your interest to give us the principal, and it is our principle to give you the interest with regularity and exactness. At your death we devote both principal and interest to whatever use you may specify—burses, funds, and so forth.

In the past month three insurance policies have been transferred to us—two of \$1,000 each and one of \$5,000. Another friend had given two insurance policies and an annuity of \$3,000—besides another and greater proof of his devotion to our cause. Later these gifts will all emerge from their chrysalis state as policies and become beautiful butterflies of assets for carrying on God's work among the pagans.

WE ask of your charity a remembrance in prayer for the following:

Rev. D. W. Hearn,	Catherine Murphy
S.J.	Cornelius McCarthy
Leo Perry	Francis Kenyon
Edward Marrell	Michael Kelliher
Mrs. K. Burns	John Tully
Thomas Conlon	Katherine O'Donnell
George Hew	Ralph Fogarty
Mrs. C. Maitland	Jerome Tobin
James Nelson	Julia Tobin
Mrs. Carr	William Tobin
Bernard Carr	George Tobin
Katherine Berry	Sarah Tobin
Somes Doyle	Emma Crane
William Ryan	Mrs. Reynolds
Mrs. A. Burke	Sr. Josephine
Henry Alexander	Mrs. A. Dougherty
Sr. M. Angela	

To a New Rochelle boy belongs the distinction of being the first Maryknoll *Router* to enter the Vénard. This boy was an earnest worker for THE FIELD AFAR, yet the time he gave to thirty-odd customers did not prevent him from winning for himself an enviable rank at the Catholic school which he attended.

## RECEIVED AT THE VÉNARD.

Dictionary; pictures; baseball gloves; clothing; fruit; tin foil and cancelled stamps; records; old clothing; bread, ham, ice-cream, cake.

## Thanksgiving.

TO return to give glory to God in thanksgiving for His mercies is a Christian obligation. More than one of our readers have found a donation to Maryknoll a good means of fulfilling that obligation.

Here is \$1 in honor of the Blessed Virgin, in thanksgiving for a great favor received.

I am enclosing \$2: one for the Immaculate Conception Burse, and one for a favor received. (N. Y. C.)

Enclosed find twenty-five dollars, which I promised Our Lord I'd give to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society if I obtained a position in the School this term.

Here is a small gift in thanksgiving for the recovery of our boy from appendicitis. Asking your blessing for the family, and wishing you success in your endeavors—

I promised an offering in return for a favor, and now that I have received it I am sending the money (I am sorry it is only the small sum of one dollar) to Maryknoll.

In thanksgiving for a favor received I am sending you this dollar for the Precious Blood Burse. You will hear from me often, for when I want something I promise Our Lady an offering for Maryknoll—and lo, the favor is forthcoming at once! The donations will be small but I hope to make them frequently. (N. J.)

As a thanksgiving for a favor received, I am enclosing \$1 for Maryknoll mission work. I read the Maryknoll notes in the *Providence Visitor* every week and thought it would be nice to give my thanksgiving that way. I am not sorry, for my favor was granted far better than I ever hoped for. I wish you every success and hope that I may be able to send you some more thanksgivings.

## NEW POST-CARDS.

Are you interested in post-cards? We have a new stock that includes views of Maryknoll, China, India, Japan, Africa, and Oceania,—more than forty subjects in all.

The price is low—perhaps too low—but you may have as many as we can supply at fifty cents a hundred.

### Schools and Burses.

WE are glad to note the widening interest among the Sacred Heart Alumnæ in the *Blessed Madeleine Sophie Barat Burse*. This Burse was started by a Sacred Heart girl, almost two years ago. The following letter from St. Paul may prove suggestive to more of Blessed Mother Barat's daughters:

We are a club of Sacred Heart pupils and we wish to add our mite to Blessed Madeleine Sophie Barat's Burse, for the special intention that we may some day soon have a Sacred Heart Convent in either St. Paul or Minneapolis.

Hoping the Burse will soon be completed, we are

Very sincerely,  
The Barat Club of St. Paul and  
Minneapolis.

It seems quite fitting that the Burse started in honor of *Our Lady of Mercy* by Sisters of Mercy in Pennsylvania should receive a stimulus toward completion from a Sister of the Order in another state, whose "family pride" is evidently suffering. She writes:

Whenever I read over the list of Burses I am decidedly ashamed to notice how slowly that in honor of *Our Lady of Mercy* progresses. It seems to me that the Sisters of Mercy throughout the country ought to be able to attend to that Burse if only they understood. I am sure the young ladies in their boarding schools and academies would be glad to help if it were explained to them. Now what I would propose is this: could you not in some way reach all the different communities of Sisters of Mercy? I shall be glad to do my part and will give ten dollars to help with the postage if you think the plan worth trying.

The missionaries who will be helped to their holy goal by means of this Burse will remem-

### MARYKNOLL CARD GAMES.

*Interesting and fascinating.  
May be played alone or with a number of friends.*

*Trumps—little sacrifices and self-denials.*

*Stakes—immortal souls.*

*Particularly appropriate for Advent.*

Send for a set with full directions.

The Field Afar Office, Ossining, N. Y.

ber in daily Mass the members and works of this Congregation.

IN your prayers please remember the souls of:

Rev. John Coady	Patrick McGann
Rev. Charles Car-	Katherine Shaw
rick	Mrs. M. Hurley
Rev. William Mur-	Margaret Carroll
phy, LL.D.	Mary O'Brien
Rev. Joseph Buser	Edward Sheridan
Mrs. Sarah Clark	John Flynn
Patrick Shea	Julia Foley
Joanna Shea	Mrs. C. Farrell
Frank Tesio	John Fahey
John Carrigan	Barbara Fahey
William Righton	Thomas Fahey
John Gobeille	William Steele
Mrs. Mary Heide	Mrs. P. Larned
Elizabeth Kelly	William Freeman
John Casey	Mrs. J. Kerr
Philip Murray	T. A. Kirkwood
Mrs. J. M. Phelan	Sr. Alma Joseph
John Shaw	



### THE MARIA CIRCLES.

WE ask all our Circle members and friends to pray for the repose of the soul of Miss Mary Geber, Secretary of Maria Circle No. 17 of Pittsburg. Miss Geber was an untiring worker and her beautiful soul was an inspiration to all who knew her.

We have learned of two parishes that, following the "Little Red Stocking" suggestion of the Maria Circles, are planning a beautiful Christmas celebration. The pastors personally superintended the distributing of *little red stockings* for the Christ Child's gift for His missions. At Christmas time the people will come together to present the funds accumulated, and the Maryknoll Christmas play, "Grandmother's Christmas," will be given.

During the weeks preceding Christmas the *little red stockings* will teach their lesson practically to every child and grown person in the parish. The meaning of Christmas; the will of God that all men should receive the Faith and share in the joys of Christianity; the sense of co-operation with the Christ Child by carrying the tidings of salvation throughout the world; these things will grow into the consciousness of all, until the parish zeal will reach out to the ends of the earth.

And after this going forth to give the first and best Christmas gift to the Savior's Cause these good parishioners will find at their own altar and by their own firesides richest blessings and unprecedented joy,—because the Lord will not be outdone in generosity.

### A Little Red Christmas Stocking.

To Every Catholic Boy and Girl:

Will you help us to secure for the Christ Child His share of this year's Christmas gifts? We ask you to hang up a stocking for Him beside your own Christmas stocking—a little red stocking with card reading "Christmas Gift to the Christ Child for His Missions."

Your mother will make the stocking for you. Ask Santa to make the Christ Child's gift greater than your own. Then when your friends, big friends and little friends, come in to see your Christmas tree, show them this little red stocking which you want filled for Him who, being the great Lord of all, became a little Child in order that He might save all men.

Two-thirds of the earth as yet do not know Christ. Do you think it is right, then, that Catholics should attend to their own personal joys and cares on Christmas Day, spending for others so much money that would send missionaries to bring souls to God?

Every boy ought to have what he wants on his own birthday: and Christmas Day is Christ's birthday. Every child wants its stocking filled on Christmas morning: so why should we not fill a stocking for the Babe of Bethlehem, the sweetest of all children, the one Baby whom we could not possibly do without? What does the Christ Child desire? The souls of all men. He wants all to know of Him and all to come to Him. The Church works to bring all men to Him through her missions.

Get your friends to help you fill the little red stocking. You will enjoy much better your own gifts after giving the best to the Christ Child; and this will be truly a happy, happy Christmas.

### MARIA MISSION CIRCLES.

The Knights of Columbus are furnishing recreation centres and supplying the religious needs of the soldiers, of whom forty per cent are Catholics.

Pope Benedict has asked the K. of C. to support the Red Cross in special work. This war fund is endorsed by President Wilson and by Cardinals Gibbons, Farley, and O'Connell.

Will YOU help our soldiers here and overseas? Mail checks to K. of C. War Camp Fund, P. O. Drawer 96, New Haven, Conn.

# The Missionary

AS SPOKESMAN OF

## The Catholic Missionary Union

AIMS AT

## Converting America

To the One True Church of Christ

Your subscription to The Missionary will help

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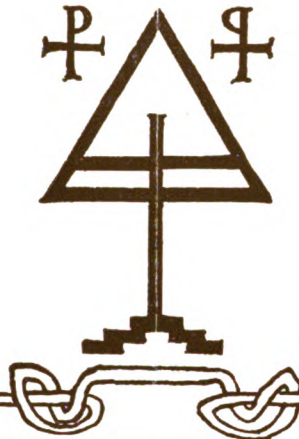


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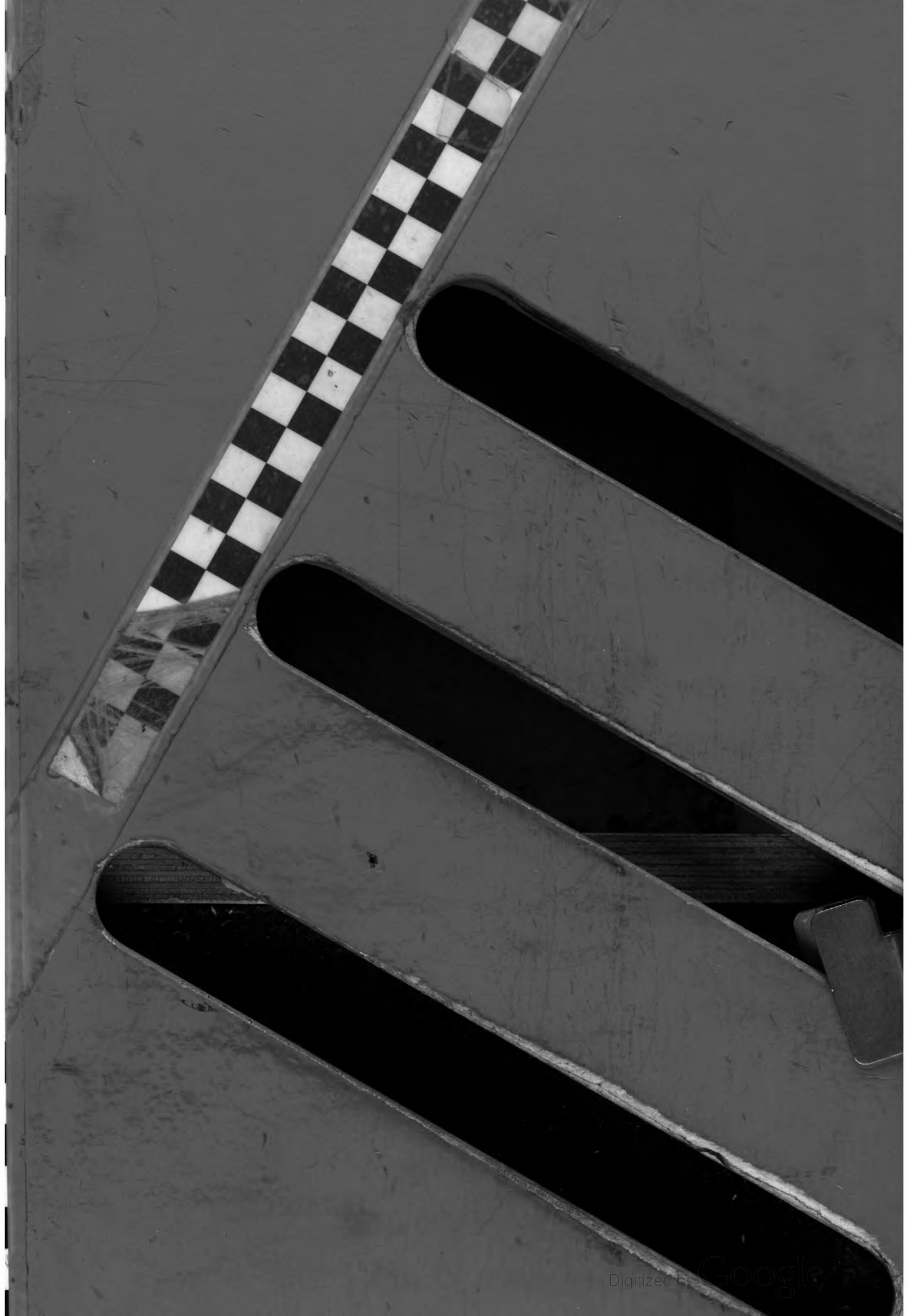














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